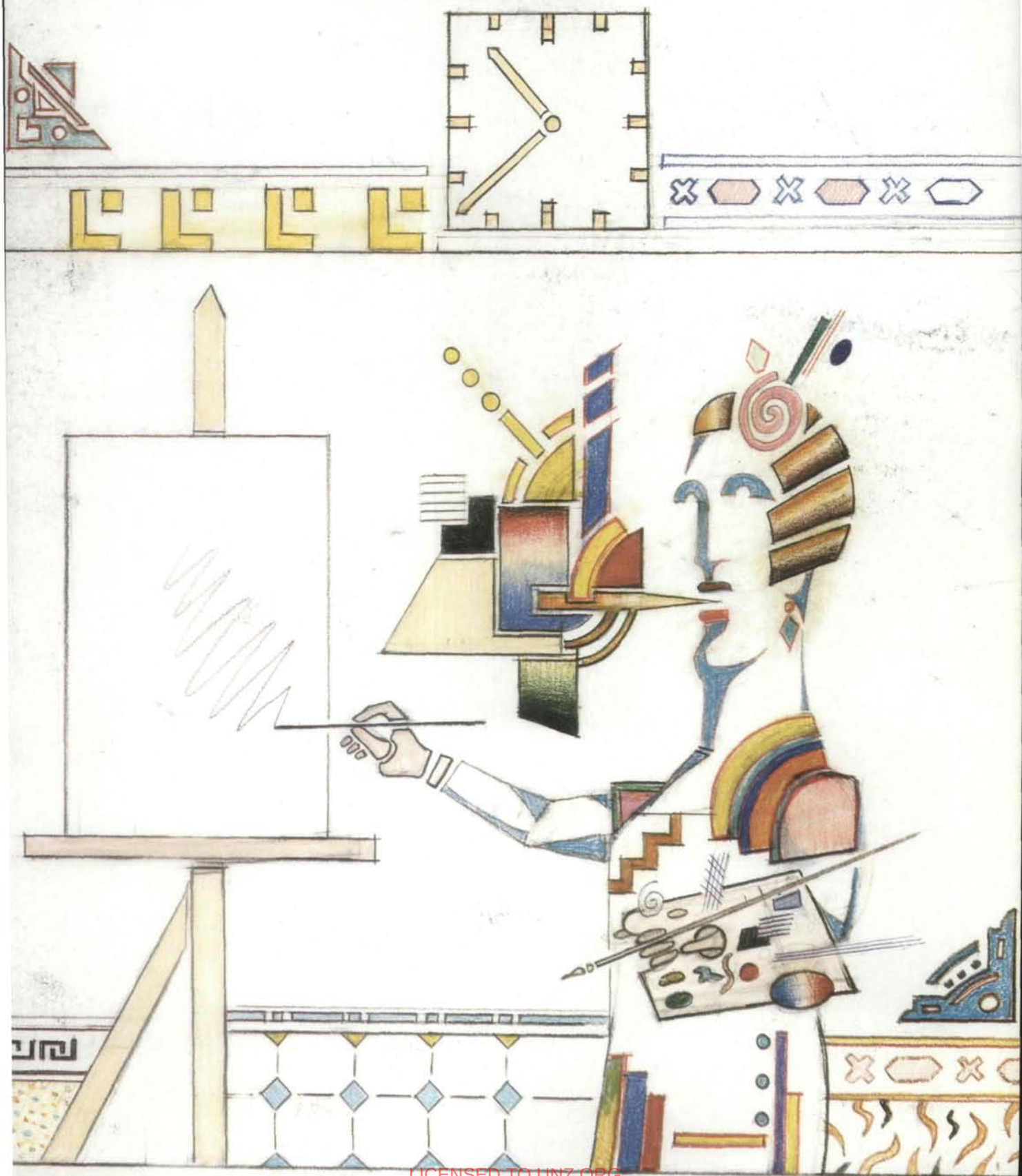


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THE NEW YORKER



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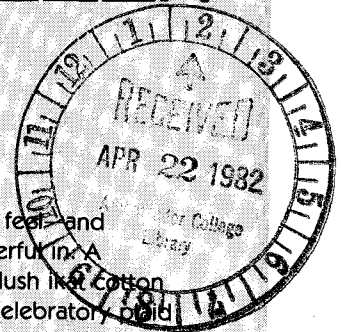
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

THE ACTING COMPANY—John Houseman's troupe of exceptionally gifted young players—most of them, though not all, recent graduates of Juilliard—will be appearing in William Wycherley's **THE COUNTRY WIFE** through Saturday, April 24. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 869-4731. Wednesday, April 21, at 7:30; Thursday, April 22, at 2 and 8; Friday, April 23, at 8; and Saturday, April 24, at 2 and 8.)

AGNES OF GOD—Elizabeth Ashley, Geraldine Page, and Amanda Plummer have much to say about a peculiar subject—the apparent virgin birth to a young nun in a convent of a child subsequently found dead. The discussion is a lively one, though the playwright, John Pielmeier, has found no satisfactory way of bringing it to an end. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/12/82.) (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinéés Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

AMERICAN BUFFALO—Al Pacino is a funny, electric Teach in this revival of David Mamet's comedy of crime. James Hayden and J. J. Johnston are his cronies. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleeker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinéés Sundays at 2:30.)

BELLA FIGURA—Brother Jonathan Ringkamp's play about an American Franciscan brother in Venice has some good moments, although it seems somewhat contrived. It is very well acted, under John Schwab's direction. With Reed Birney, Jo Henderson, Dominic Chianese, and James Greene, among others. (Ensemble Studio Theatre, 549 W. 52nd St. 247-4982. Nightly at 7:30. Matinéés Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, April 25.)

THE BROWNING VERSION—A revival of the Terence Rattigan play, with Lee Richardson and Sheila Allen. Previews Wednesday, April 21. Opens officially on Thursday, April 22. (Roundabout Stage Two, 307 W. 26th St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinéés Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

CATHOLIC SCHOOL GIRLS—A rather silly but harmless comedy by Casey Kurtti, in which the four actresses who play the girls also double as the nuns who teach them. (4/12/82) (Douglas Fairbanks Theatre, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinéés Sundays at 3.)

CRIMES OF THE HEART—The events that befall an unhappy family in a small town in Mississippi give a brilliant young playwright, Beth Henley, a chance to write a succession of highly comic scenes. (11/16/81) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 246-6740. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinéés Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

DREAMGIRLS—The slickest possible production of a musical comedy whose book, music, and lyrics are almost totally lacking in character. If Michael Bennett, the director, had been a Union general, the Civil War would have lasted about twenty minutes. (1/4/82) (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-4311. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinéés Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

THE DRESSER—An oddly Dickensian play, which might well have formed a part of "Nicholas Nickleby." Tom Courtenay and Paul Rogers take the leading roles, and what actors they are! The author is Ronald Harwood. (11/16/81) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinéés Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, May 1.)

EMINENT DOMAIN—Philip Bosco and Betty Miller head an admirable cast in a play that charges along in a vigorous, old-fashioned

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way until, at the climax (which takes place offstage), the plot implausibly unravels. The author is Percy Granger. (4/12/82) (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinéés Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

EQUITY LIBRARY THEATRE—A revival of Patricia Joudry's play **TEACH ME HOW TO CRY** is the seventh in this season's series of eight productions. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinéés Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, May 2. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

THE HAGGADAH—Elizabeth Swados's celebration of Passover. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinéés Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

HOW I GOT THAT STORY—Don Scardino plays an American reporter in Vietnam, and Bob Gunton plays everybody the reporter runs into in Amlin Gray's bitter and shrewdly written comedy. Both actors are excellent. (Westside Arts Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinéés Sundays at 3.)

JOSEPH AND THE AMAZING TECHNICOLOR DREAMCOAT

—Bill Hutton heads the cast of a musica derived from the Old Testament story. Andrew Lloyd Webber composed the score and Tim Rice wrote the lyrics. Tony Tanner is the director. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8 and Sundays at 5:30. Matinéés Wednesdays Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

LIGHT OPERA OF MANHATTAN—Through Sunday May 2: Lehar's **THE MERRY WIDOW**. (Eastside 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesday: through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinée Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sunday: at 4.)

LIVINGSTONE AND SECHELE—A British play by David Pownall, with Mike Champagne and Afemo Omilami. (Quaigh, Hotel Diplomat 108 W. 43rd St. 221-9088. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinéés Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

MASS APPEAL—A worldly, self-satisfied, middle-aged priest and an idealistic young seminarian seek to find common ground, not altogether in vain. Milo O'Shea and Michael O'Keefe make up the small cast, and they suffice. (11/23/81) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinéés Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

NEGRO ENSEMBLE COMPANY—Two productions in two theatres. At Theatre Four: Charles Fuller's gripping drama **A SOLDIER'S PLAY** is about an investigation into the shooting of a black sergeant in an Army camp in Louisiana in 1944. In a series of flashbacks, the investigator (a black Army captain) and the audience move closer and closer to the truth about the murder and about a number of other matters as well. The performances by

TABLE OF CONTENTS

THE TALK OF THE TOWN	27
"RAIN CHECK" Frederick Barthelme	33
"THE SWAN AT SHEFFIELD PARK" (POEM) David St. John	36
"HYPPOLITE" Natasha Stewart	38
PERSONAL HISTORY (THE SHOUMATOFF FAMILY—PART I) Alex Shoumatoff	45
LETTER FROM LONDON Mollie Panter-Downes	108
MUSICAL EVENTS Andrew Porter	112
FURTHER EVENTS Nicholas Kenyon	116
REFLECTIONS (ROLAND BARTHES). Susan Sontag	122
BOOKS (BRIEFLY NOTED).	142

COVER: Saul Steinberg

DRAWINGS: Dana Fradon, Stan Hunt, J. J. Sempè, William Steig, Roz Chast, George Price, Mischa Richter, Peter Steiner, Charles Barsotti, Edward Koren, Frank Modell, Ed Fisher, James Stevenson, Tom Funk, Robert Mankoff, Joseph Farris, William Hamilton, Robert Weber, Ed Arno, George Booth, Lee Lorenz

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

all members of the company are excellent, under Douglas Turner Ward's direction. Adolph Caesar is the sergeant, Charles Brown is the captain, and Larry Riley is a private whose easygoing manner is especially irksome to the sergeant. Winner of a 1982 Pulitzer Prize. (12/7/81) (424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinees Saturdays at 3 and Sundays at 2:30.)... At the Cherry Lane: Taken together, the small scenes of Leslie Lee's good play **COLORED PEOPLE'S TIME** present a composite picture of black life in this country from the days of slavery to the bus boycott in Montgomery in 1956. The acting, under the direction of Horacena J. Taylor, is more than satisfactory. (4/12/82) (38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Wednesday through Friday at 8; Saturday at 8:30; and Sunday at 7. Matinees Saturday at 3 and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, April 25.)

OTHELLO—A well-acted and unusually handsome production of Shakespeare's sure-fire thriller, starring James Earl Jones and Christopher Plummer. (2/15/82) (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

PASTORALE—Deborah Eisenberg's comedy consists of the funny conversation of a number of young people who are house-sitting in the country for a year or so. Christine Estabrook, Judith Ivey, and Thomas Waites play the principal conversers, and they are very good. (4/19/82) (Second Stage, 16th floor, 23 W. 73rd St. 787-8302. Final performance Wednesday, April 21, at 8.)

POOR LITTLE LAMBS—A musical romp about the Whiffenpoofs of Yale. Many songs in the wonderful score are by distinguished alumni (among them Cole Porter, '13), and they are very well sung by the company. There is also a great deal of funny, dirty talk. A silly plot almost sinks the show but doesn't. With Miles Chapin as a memorable Whiff. (3/29/82) (Theatre at St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. 751-4140. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

PUMP BOYS AND DINETTES—A thoroughly engaging and spirited little cabaret musical, set in a gas station with diner attached, somewhere in the South. Most of the appealing songs were written by Jim Wann (lead singer, guitarist, and pump boy) or by his wife, Cass Morgan (singer, percussionist, and counter girl). The six singer/instrumentalists are delightful; Mark Hardwick, at the piano, is especially so. A Dodger Theatre Company production. (11/16/81) (Princess, Broadway at 48th St. 586-3903. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

SISTER MARY IGNATIUS EXPLAINS IT ALL FOR YOU and **THE ACTOR'S NIGHTMARE**—A very funny evening in the theatre. "Sister Ignatius," the second of Christopher Durang's brace of one-acters, is a scathing satire on Catholic education: a crazy nun verbally molests her small pupils until she is given her comeuppance by four visiting alumni. In the curtain-raiser, "The Actor's Nightmare," a businessman dreams that he is on a stage and forced to perform, giving rise to a cluster of shrewd and wicked parodies of respected playwrights. Everyone in the company does very well, under Jerry Zaks's nimble direction; Elizabeth Franz is splendid as the nun, and Jeff Brooks is fine as the actor-in-spite-of-himself. (11/2/81) (Westside Arts Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

THREE ACTS OF RECOGNITION—A play by the German writer Botho Strauss, translated by Sophie Wilkins. (4/19/82) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

TORCH SONG TRILOGY—Three plays—humorous, sad, sentimental, and witty—by and starring Harvey Fierstein, as a Jewish homosexual hustler and drag queen. The four-and-a-half-hour running time goes by quickly. (2/1/82) (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 691-6226. Nightly, except Tuesdays, at 7:30.)



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THE UNSEEN HAND—A revival of Sam Shepard's astonishing, marvellous comedy. (Provincetown, 133 Macdougall St. 777-2571. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

WALTZ OF THE STORK—A so-called "comedy with music," written, directed, and acted by Melvin Van Peebles, whose talent, energy, and attractiveness are everywhere apparent but who has plainly undertaken more than any one man should. (1/11/82) (Century, 235 W. 46th St. 354-6644. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

LONG RUNS—AMADEUS: A highly intelligent Peter Shaffer thriller having to do, on one level, with the possibility that Mozart's early death was a result of his having been poisoned by a rival and, on another level, with that rival's indignant repudiation of God. Frank Langella plays the villainous putative murderer, Antonio Salieri; Dennis Boutsikaris plays the hapless Mozart; and Suzanne Lederer plays his pretty, perky wife. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **ANNIE**: A long musical derived from the celebrated comic-strip characters Little Orphan Annie and Daddy Warbucks. With Marcia Lewis as an alcoholic scold. On Thursday, April 22, there will be two sign-language interpreters for deaf patrons. (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 6:45. Matinees Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)... **BARNUM**: David Mitchell's circus set is a knockout, but this little musical has nothing to do with Barnum. Some other time, perhaps, the great man will be allowed his due. Mike Burstyn has the role of the impresario. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **CHILDREN OF A LESSER GOD**: An excellent play about a totally deaf young woman and a hearing young man who attempts to teach her the art of speech. With Phyllis Frelich and James N. Stephens. Mark Medoff is the author. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **A CHORUS LINE**: A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **CLOUD 9**: Caryl Churchill's comedy about the "confusion" of sexuality—first in a British outpost in Africa in 1880 and then in a park in London in 1980—is a witty and original work that adds a measure of confusion all its own. It is very well performed under Tommy Tune's brilliant direction, by Veronica Castang, Nicolas Surovy, E. Katherine Kerr, Don Amendolia, Michael Jeter, Concetta Tomei, and Jeffrey Jones, all of them in multiple roles (m. & f.). Effective sets by Lawrence Miller. (Lucille Lortel Theatre, 12 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinees Sundays at 3.)... **DANCIN'**: Superb young dancers (who can also sing) carry out the witty and sexy notions of the great show-biz choreographer Bob Fosse. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 541-6490. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sunday at 3.)... **DEATHTRAP**: A thriller almost as clever as "Sleuth." The author is Ira Levin, and the star is Farley Granger. (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **EVITA**: A sentimental musical about the life and death of Eva Perón. An excellent cast and a stylish production, but Evita remains a very peculiar choice for a heroin (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-3600. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **THE FANTASTICKS**: 9,144 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St. at Bleeker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)... **42ND STREET**: Once upon a time there was a silly wonderful Warner Brothers musical about a young hooper who goes on in place of a disabled star and herself becomes a star overnight. The legitimate musical that has been fashioned from the movie musical is just a silly but by no means as wonderful. With Jerry Orbach, Tammy Grimes, and Wand Richert. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **KE EXCHANGE**: A charming first play by Kevin Wade, with Ben Masters and Priscilla Lopez as a pair of lovers and Mark Blum as a young bridegroom, all of whom meet on their bicycles in Central Park on Sunday afternoon. The performances, under Barnet Kellman's direction, are all that any dramatist—new or old—could hope for. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 260-8480. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)... **LENA HORNE: THE LADY AND HER MUSIC**: Singing better than she has ever sung before. Miss Horne gives one of the most sensational performances in recent years. (Nederlander, 208 W. 41st St. 921-8000. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Sundays at 3.)... **OH! CALCUTTA!**: A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinees Sundays at 3.)... **ON MO' TIME**: A sunny salute to the good old days of black vaudeville, in good old N'Orleans. Vernel Bagneris is the clever inventor of this oddity. Dick Vance plays trumpet in the accompanying jazz band. (Village Gate, 160 Bleeker St. 473-7270. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)... **THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE**: Gary Sandy, Kay Ballard, George Rose, Tony Azito, and Maureen McGovern in a lively takeoff of the everlasting original. The director, Wilford Leach has spruced up—some would say "roughed up"—Gilbert and Sullivan, making them more coarsely clownish than they would have wished to be. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **SOPHISTICATED LADIES**: Maurice Hines and half a dozen fellow-dancers and singers make their way at breakneck speed through some thirty-five Duke Ellington numbers. A very slick production, though the great Duke himself seems oddly absent from his own party. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **SUGAR BABIES**: Mickey Rooney and Ann Miller pay tribute to what they pretend were the great days of burlesque. A marvellous show, with old-fashioned chorus girls and with beautiful costumes and settings by Raoul Pène du Bois. (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **WOMAN OF THE YEAR**: A musical designed from start to finish to show

off the multifarious talents of Lauren Bacall, who for energy and reliability is right up there with the tides in the Bay of Fundy. The music and lyrics are by Kander and Ebb, and the direction is by Robert Moore. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

CIRCUS—The hundred-and-twelfth edition of Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey's wingding. (Madison Square Garden, 564-4400. Tuesdays at 10:30 and 2:30; Wednesdays and Fridays at 1:30 and 7:30; Thursdays at 10:30 and 7:30; Saturdays at 10:30, 3, and 8; and Sundays at 1 and 5:30. Because of hockey playoffs, the evening performance on Friday, April 23, may be cancelled. Closes Monday, May 31.)

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL—Presenting "Encore," a great big show celebrating the Music Hall's fiftieth birthday. Fireside chats by the Rockettes. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Mondays and Tuesdays at 11 and 2:30, and Wednesdays and Fridays through Sundays at 2:30 and 8.)

ORBITED BROADWAY—A musical satire of Shubert Alley denizens. The lyrics to the song parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Palsen's Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. Wednesdays at 9; Thursdays through Saturdays at 9 and midnight; and Sundays at 9.)

BENEFIT PERFORMANCE—Luise Rainer reciting the narrative poem "Enoch Arden." The beneficiary is the White Barn Theatre, in Westport. (Lucille Lortel Theatre, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Monday, April 26, at 8.)

DANCE

AMERICAN BALLET THEATRE—Wednesday, April 21, at 8: "The Kingdom of the Shades" from "La Bayadère," "Other Dances," "The Wild Boy," and "Les Rendezvous." ... Thursday, April 22, at 8: "Airs," "Jardin aux Lilas," and "Billy the Kid." ... Friday, April 23, at 8: "Les Rendezvous," "The Wild Boy," and "Raymonda." ... Saturday, April 24, at 2: "Airs," "Flower Festival Pas de Deux," "Jardin aux Lilas," and "Bourrée Fantasque." ... Saturday, April 24, at 8: "Raymonda," "Jardin aux Lilas," and "Billy the Kid." ... Monday through Thursday, April 26-29, at 8, and Wednesday, April 28, at 2: "Swan Lake." ... Friday, April 30, at 8: "Les Sylphides," "Sphinx," and "Bourrée Fantasque." ... Saturday, May 1, at 2: "Les Sylphides," "The Wild Boy," and "Bourrée Fantasque." ... Saturday, May 1, at 8: "The Kingdom of the Shades" from "La Bayadère," "Great Galloping Gottschalk," and "Raymonda." (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000. Through Saturday, June 12.)

PAUL TAYLOR DANCE COMPANY—Final performances of the engagement. Wednesday, April 21, at 8; Sunday, April 25, at 2:30; and Friday, April 30, at 8: "Esplanade," "House of Cards," and "Arden Court." ... Thursday, April 22; Wednesday, April 28; and Saturday, May 1, at 8: "Mercuric Tidings," "Private Domain," and "Cloven Kingdom." ... Friday, April 23, and Thursday, April 29, at 8, and Sunday, May 2, at 2:30: "Airs," "Lost, Found & Lost," and "Le Sacre du Printemps." ... Saturday, April 24, and Tuesday, April 27, at 8: "Profiles," "3 Epitaphs," and "Orbs." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

DANCEAFRICA FESTIVAL—Traditional African dances, as well as adaptations of them, performed by twelve companies. Friday, April 23, at 8: A Touch of Folklore and More, Calabash Dance Company, A Piece of the World, and Ko-Thi Dance Company, with drummer Chief Bey and narrator Lady Helena (O'Luoju) Walquer. ... Saturday, April 24, at 8: Charles Moore Dance Theatre, Izulu Dance Theatre, Sabar Akru-Afriq, and Muntu Dance Theatre, with drummer Ladji Camara and narrator Lady Helena (O'Luoju) Walquer. ... Sunday, April 25, at 2: Chuck Davis Dance Company, Art of Black Dance and Music, Women of the Calabash, and Dinizulu and His African Dancers, Drummers, and Singers. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100.)

BOWYER & BRUGGEMAN AMERICAN BALLET COMEDIE—A seven-member troupe in a program that

blends comedy with both classical and modern dance styles. (The Space, City Center, 135 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

RIVERSIDE DANCE FESTIVAL—Performances by three companies. **MUNA TSENG & DANCERS**: Wednesday, April 21, and Friday, April 23, at 8, and Sunday, April 25, at 2. ... **GREENHOUSE DANCE ENSEMBLE**: Thursday, April 22, and Saturday and Sunday, April 24-25, at 8. ... **MEN DANCING**: Tuesday through Friday, April 27-30, at 8, and Saturday and Sunday, May 1-2, at 2 and 8. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929.)

ANNA SOKOLOV DANCE COMPANY—"Lyric Suite," "From the Diaries of Franz Kafka," and "From the Dybbuk." The first of two programs. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. Thursday, April 29, at 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. ... Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

ANGRY SQUIRE, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—A convivial Chelsea bar and restaurant gussied up as a nautical pub. The four-foot-high bandstand is more likely to induce acrophobia than seasickness. Friday and Saturday, April 23-24, pianist Adele Foster will lead a trio; and on Friday and Saturday, April 30-May 1, **JAKI BYARD**, the simultaneously free and stride pianist, will be on hand with his trio. Sets at ten, eleven-thirty, and one.

BLUE NOTE, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—The School of New York Night-Club Décor, which favors industrial carpeting, stainless steel, and lots of mirrors, mirror tiles, and mirror panels, flourishes in this new room. The back wall is graced with a four-color neon sign depicting a bridge (perhaps the Brooklyn) in red, the downtown skyline in blue, two stars in white, and a crescent moon in yellow. Trumpeter **FREDDIE HUBBARD** is here until Sunday, April 25; on Tuesday, April 27, **BENNY CARTER**, the great alto saxophonist, arranger, and bandleader, will take charge with a quartet. There are usually three sets, beginning at ten.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Unchallenged in its sensible, efficient seating (there are tables and chairs for four hundred) and its liberal musical tastes, and, what's more, the shows usually begin on time. Wednesday and Thursday, April 21-22, blues guitarist Roy Buchanan, with blues singer, guitarist, and fiddler **CLARENCE (GATEMOUTH) BROWN** (on April 21), and with Ellen McIlwaine (on April 22); Friday and Saturday, April 23-24, saxophonist **PHIL WOODS** and drummer **ELVIN JONES** and their respective groups; and Friday and Saturday, April 30-May 1, two evenings of doo-wop, with the Capris, Willie Winfield & the Harptones, Eugene Pitt & the Jive Five, the Mystics, and Randy & the Rainbows. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dining.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—Still panelled with dark-stained pine, highlighted with Photo-Realist portraits, and

inhabited by professional conversationalists, who often take a break and listen to the worthwhile live music. Pianist **BIG JIM MC NEELY** works with bassist **MARC JOHNSON** through Saturday, April 24; on Sunday, April 25, pianist **LARRY WILLIS** and bassist **RON MC CLURE** will be the musicians; and on Monday, April 26, pianist **WALTER NORRIS** will come in with his bassist. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

BROADWAY JOE'S, 315 W. 46th St., near Eighth Ave. (246-6513)—The urbanely swinging **JIMMY LYON**, who plays piano until ten in Peacock Alley at the Waldorf, a large, very subdued room, comes to this convivial, buzzing smallish barroom, where he gets an impressive second wind. He's here from ten-thirty to two Wednesdays through Saturdays. Dining.

CACHAÇA, 403 E. 62nd St. (688-8501)—Thousands of miles from Corcovado, Sugarloaf Mountain, Guanabara Bay, Ipanema and Copacabana beaches, and the more than four million resident Cariocas is this second-floor Rio-inspired club. A trio and a vocalist perform the bossa nova and other sambas from eleven. Before and between sets, there is recorded American and Brazilian disco music and *carnaval* music. The club is open nightly, except Monday, from eight to four. Dining and dancing.

CAFÉ PIERRE, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI**, who occasionally lets loose on hot-chord solos on his resonant seven-string (the seventh string is a bass string) guitar, guides a trio Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine to one. Dining and dancing.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—**BOBBY SHORT** is back in the Café Carlyle with his seamless infeld, bassist **BEVERLY PEER** and drummer **ROBBIE SCOTT**. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. Dining. ... **BARBARA CARROLL**, a singer and pianist who sometimes gets a look of wild delight on her face while she's at her nimble work, can be heard from nine-thirty every night but Sunday in the Bemelmans Bar.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—The Bowery Institute of Rock and Roll. The current schedule of visiting performers: Wednesday, April 21, the Messengers, the Run, Good Boys, and the Breakaways; Thursday, April 22, Squirm, Misguided, Lok, and Urban Waste; Friday, April 23, the Revelons, the Werewolves, and Robbie Watson & the Speedo Meters; and Saturday, April 24, DNA and State of Desire. Music nightly, usually long after nine-thirty. Monday is showcase night.

CITY LIMITS, 125 Seventh Ave. S., at 10th St. (243-2242)—When the stars at night are big and bright, you can wear your cowboy boots; when it's raining, you can wear your cowboy galoshes. Various lively, well-miked country- and Western bands are booked to play here for listening and dancing nightly after ten.

COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—Wednesdays through Saturdays, **ALBERTA HUNTER** demonstrates the art of the blues innuendo with her trio. Sundays through Tuesdays belong to singer-pianist **RONNY WHYTE**, a debonair, straight-arrow baritone who works from a repertory of tunes by Coward, Gershwin, Porter, and Joel (Billy, that is). Shows at nine and eleven. Dining.

EAGLE TAVERN, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—Bluegrass, string-band, and





A car that "weighs" its own passengers and luggage, then tells the brakes how much power is needed. Such a car is the Peugeot 505STI.

The car hurtles towards the obstacle. It is a double row of pylons forming a lane 120 feet long and only 12 feet wide that hooks severely to the right.

The driver must bring the car to a halt from an indicated 55 miles an hour within this narrow, curving lane... *while turning.*

There is the hideous sound of tortured rubber. Acrid tire smoke billows in the air. It is frightening to see and hear.

When it is all over, almost two tons of car and passengers have pulled to a stop with several feet to spare.

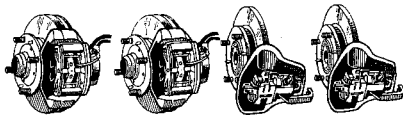


Brakes that "read"

The car is the Peugeot 505 STI.

It is fitted with an ingenious device that "reads" the weight of the passengers and luggage, then instantly calculates the division of braking power that is needed between the front and rear brakes.

The reason: if a car is lightly loaded, it has a tendency to lock its rear brakes as the weight shifts



Peugeot equips every 505 with disc brakes on all four wheels. They shed water and dissipate heat faster than drum brakes.

forward. The result could be a dangerous skid. When the device senses such a light-load condition, it will automatically shut down some of the power to the rear brakes to help keep them from locking. But if a car is *heavily* loaded, as is the case in this test,



Test driver demonstrates emergency-braking power of Peugeot 505 STI. Driver maintains control, even though car is braking and turning at the same time.

full braking power is sent to all four wheels.

The sensation in a panic stop has been likened to running into a giant pillow.



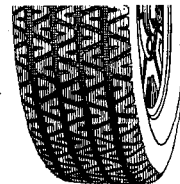
Tires that cling like limpets

Powerful brakes are of little use if the carmaker scrimps on tires; it is the tires, after all, that have the

final word about stopping the car.

You will never find mere letter-of-the-law tires on a Peugeot.

Michelin TRX® low-profile radial tires, mounted on alloy wheels, are standard. Note wide, flat footprint for sure-footed handling.



Every tire is a Michelin steel-belted radial. Special to the 505 STI is the Michelin TRX® tire, mounted on low-profile alloy wheels. The flat, wide footprint of this tire applies a limpet-like grip to the road.

Coupled with stabilizer bars that are thicker than on other 505 models, the tire edges the already-surefooted handling of a Peugeot up another notch in the new STI.

The Peugeot Lion



The lion has represented Peugeot since 1858. It was Peugeot that built the first car ever sold commercially (1891)... the world's first diesel-powered car (1922)... and the first high-rpm diesel engine (1967).

A most-complete car

So lavishly equipped is the Peugeot 505 STI that there is only one option, a 3-speed automatic transmission (\$370) in place of the 5-speed overdrive manual gearbox.

Here is a partial list of the equipment that is standard on this \$14,990 car:

- Air conditioning, factory-installed
- Power-assisted steering
- Power-assisted 4-wheel disc brakes
- Cruise control
- Electric sunroof
- Electric windows
- Central locking system—a twist of the key locks all four doors and fuel-filler door
- Digital AM/FM 40-watt stereo radio with cassette player, scan tuning, and four speakers
- Automatic electric antenna
- Leather upholstery
- Multi-adjustable driver's seat
- Tachometer
- Limited-slip differential



Unhysterical seats

Click open the door of the Peugeot 505 STI and your nose will immediately tell you what the seats are made of; the car's interior is re-dolent of leather. What none of your senses will detect, however, is what lies beneath that soft, tanned hide...

Peugeot has banished springs from its seats. Springs have a natural tendency to flutter and bounce hysterically when a car meets with rough roads. In their place, Peugeot has used polymerized foam.

It is more costly to make all the seats of the Peugeot in this manner—yes, this is a true

5-seater—but the expenditure has led to seats that have been described as almost sinfully comfortable.



The strokes of a master painter

Pass your hand over the paintwork of the Peugeot 505 STI and you will make a further discovery about the car.

No bored, "just-doing-my-job" worker has created this smooth finish. Instead, the critical part has been done by a computerized robot, taught to imitate the strokes of a master painter.

The STI is the only model of the Peugeot 505 available in a metallic claret or classic black. The black is a wet-on-wet process. First comes the enamel itself. Then, while the black is still glistening wet, it is overlaid with a clear coat of lacquer, sprayed to a thickness of 30 microns.



A final search for faults

Once built, every single car is taken to a special track and road-tested by one of Peugeot's 65-member team of expert drivers. Only when it has met Peugeot's standards is the car permitted to leave Europe for the U.S.

Does this mean that nothing will ever fail on a Peugeot? That would be wishful thinking. The perfect, indestructible car does not exist, no matter what its price. But one can usually count on a car to reveal its little glitches and foibles

during the first year of driving.

You will be reassured to know that Peugeot does not care how many thousands of miles you put on your car during the first year you own it. The Peugeot new-vehicle limited warranty is for 12 months... *with unlimited mileage.**

Peugeot has little tolerance for poorly made cars.

*See your dealer for details of Peugeot's limited warranties.

Based on P.O.E. manufacturer's suggested retail prices. Actual prices may vary according to local dealer. Destination charges (\$255), state and local taxes, dealer preparation, if any, and license fees are extra.

For name of nearest Peugeot dealer, call **1-800-447-2882** toll free in the continental U.S. In Illinois, 1-800-322-4400.

Please send me the Peugeot Facts Kit, complete with brochures, road tests by leading car magazines, plus list of my nearest dealers.

☐ Please include details on Overseas Delivery.

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City _____

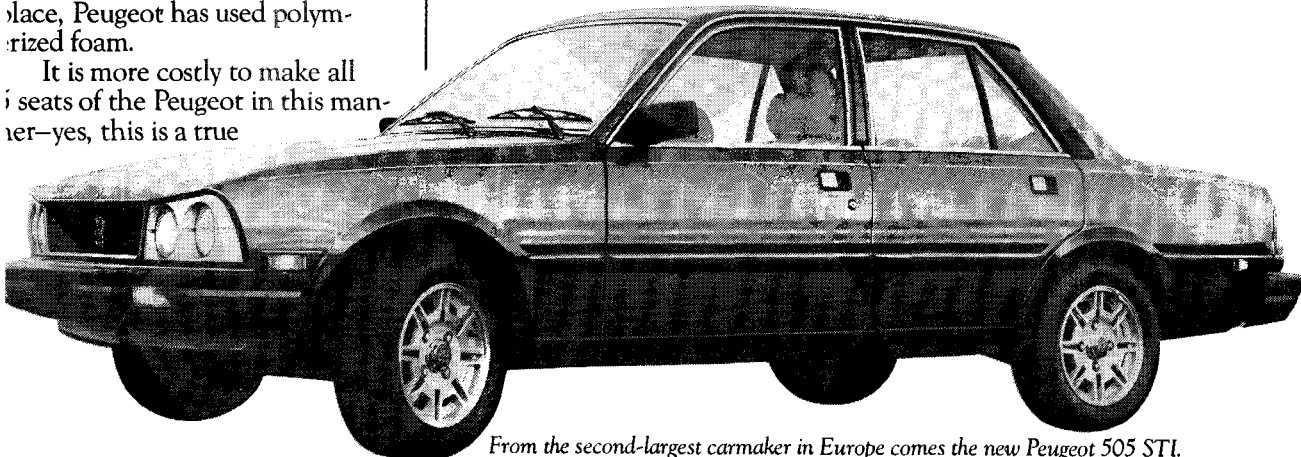
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	1

Irish, British, and American folk music made by visiting players from New England, the Eastern seaboard, and Appalachia is the fare, along with pitchers of beer. The schedule: Wednesday, April 21, Brendan Mulvihill and Terry O'Neil; Thursday, April 22, the Lazy Aces String Band; Saturday, April 24, the Central Park Sheiks; Sunday, April 25, guitarists Jonathan Kalb and Gary Reed & Dave Rimelis; Wednesday, April 28, Charles O'Hegarty; Thursday, April 29, Sally Rogers and Dick Staber; and Saturday, May 1, the Blue Flame String Band. Music Wednesdays at eight-thirty, Thursdays and Saturdays at eight-fifteen, and Sundays at nine.

EDDIE CONDON'S, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—One of the two homes for traditional small-band jazz on the block (see also Jimmy Ryan's below). The house band works out Mondays through Fridays from eight-thirty to two, and Saturdays from nine-thirty to three. Wednesdays and Fridays, other combos play from six to eight-thirty. On Sunday, April 25, the Zottola Brothers—trumpeter and saxophonist Glenn and trumpeter Bob—will co-pilot a quintet from nine-thirty. Dining.

FAT TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A fancy, carpeted, often very crowded, low-ceilinged, belowstairs, mostly mainstream-jazz room. Electric pianist and singer **LES MC CANN** performs through Sunday, April 25; on Tuesday, April 27, **MILT JACKSON** will begin playing fulfilling blues on his Radio City Music Hall of a vibraharp. The first set begins about nine. Dining. Closed Mondays.

FOLK CITY, 130 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (254-8449)—Considerably more musical than Tie City or Food City: Wednesday, April 21, Jim Post and Randy Sabien; Thursday, April 22, Karen Satin & the Bed Sheets and the Elliot Simon band; Friday, April 23, the Frank Christian band; Saturday, April 24, **MIMI FARINA** and David Massengill; Sunday, April 25, Bill Staines and David Mallet; Tuesday, April 27, Cliff Eberhardt (at eleven); Wednesday, April 28, Jesse Winchester; Friday, April 30, Livingston Taylor and Andy Breckman; and Saturday, May 1, **ELIZABETH (LIBBA) COTTON** and **MIKE SEEGER**. Two shows—the first one getting under way about nine—every night but Monday, which is hootenanny night and begins at eight.

GREENE STREET, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—A sort of indoor *piazza del popolo* for SoHo tourists and the *popolo* who can afford to live there. There are brick walls and archways, lots of vegetation (in pots), wicker furniture, and balcony vistas. The schedule: Wednesday, April 21, singer Sathima Bea Benjamin; Thursday, April 22, Maggie Swank; Friday and Saturday, April 23-24, singer **MAXINE BROWN**; Monday, April 26, bassist **BOB CUNNINGHAM**, pianist **BROSS TOWNSEND**, singer Ebony Jo-Ann and dancer Bernadine Jennings; and on Tuesday, April 27, blues and ballad singer **DAKOTA STATON**. Sets begin Sundays through Thursdays at ten-thirty and midnight, and Fridays and Saturdays at eleven, twelve-thirty, and two. Dining.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE** heads up a trio on Mondays and Tuesdays; Wednesdays through Sundays, guitarist **JOE PUMA** holds down the fort with pianist **HOD O'BRIEN**, bassist Ronnie Markowitz, and vocalist Alicia Sherman. These groups play from ten. Pianist Don Golson works nightly from five to ten, except Sundays, when **BROOKS KERR** sings at the piano.

GRIFF'S PLAZA CAFE, Third Ave. at 37th St. (867-7179)—The plaza is the open-air terrace that wraps around this second-story restaurant. The inside is pleasant and modern and warmer. **AL HAIG**, one of the first and still one of the best bebop pianists, is present from eight to midnight Tuesdays through Fridays, and from nine to one on Saturdays. Mondays, **NINA SHELDON** sings and plays piano from seven to eleven.

HANRATTY'S, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—An East Side counterpart of a well-known arty upper West Side bar and restaurant of the same name. The current pianist-in-residence is **ART HODES**, an adept player with a very light touch who recorded with Sidney

Bechet in the forties and who just loves blues (he also loves George Gershwin, Hoagy Carmichael, and assorted piano rags). He's here Tuesdays through Saturdays. On Sunday and Monday, April 25-26, **DILL JONES** will take charge of the dining-room grand. The music runs Tuesdays through Thursdays from nine to one, Fridays and Saturdays from ten to two, and Sundays and Mondays from seven-thirty to eleven-thirty.

HORS D'OEUVRE, at Windows on the World, 107th Floor, 1 World Trade Center. (938-1111)—Pianist **MARTY NAPOLEON** directs a trio some thirteen hundred feet above sea level for listening and dancing Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty to one. Chuck Folds is the pianist who alternates with the trio after nine.

JAZZMANIA SOCIETY, 40 W. 27th St. (532-7666)—A much bigger, airier space than its previous quarters. A group called Jersey Bounce works on Wednesdays. Thursdays are the property of a young octet, the **NEW YORK SAMBA BAND**—tenor saxophonist **ION MUNIZ**, bassist **SERGIO BRANDAO**, guitarist **DATCHA**, percussionists **CYRO BAPTISTA**, **DUDUCA FONSECA**, **TONI NOGUEIRA**, and **JORGE SILVA**, and trombonist **DAVID SACKS** (can you guess which band member isn't Brazilian?)—which plays satisfyingly wild sambas. Friday and Saturday, April 23-24, will belong to pianist **RANDY WESTON**; and Friday and Saturday, April 30-May 1, saxophonist-proprietor **MIKE MORGENSTERN** will perform with pianist **HILTON RUIZ**, bassist **MIKE FLEMING**, and drummer **WALTER PERKINS**. Music from about eight-thirty; on Fridays and Saturdays, following the regular sets—which ought to be about one in the morning—Mike Morgenstern jams with another bunch of musical colleagues.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—This club and Eddie Condon's, just a tiddlydywink's hop east, demarcate a little slice of what West 52nd Street—now labelled Swing Street for tourists but known in earlier times to the initiated as simply The Street—was like thirty, forty, and more years ago, when it was swing and bebop world headquarters and rows of town houses housed jazz clubs. The two present-day 54th Street establishments cling strongly to traditional jazz. Ryan's house band, led by trumpeter Spanky Davis, lets loose Tuesdays through Saturdays. On Mondays, **MAX KAMINSKY** is in charge. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

KNICKERBOCKER SALOON, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant corner restaurant and bar that is crowded with good listeners, and for good musical reasons. Bassist **RON CARTER** gigs with pianist **RICHARD WYANDS** through Saturday, April 24; on Tuesday, April 27, pianist **RAY BRYANT** and his bassist, **JIMMY ROWSER**, will move in. On Sundays and Mondays, **JUNIOR MANCE** and **MARTY RIVERA**, two more good reasons, play some bouncing, bluesy jazz duets. Music from ten.

LONE STAR CAFE, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—An authentic Texas hangout for ex-



patriate Texans, for New Yorkers, and for French tourists. The music is usually good solid blues, rock, folk, or country, and it starts after eight-thirty. Part of the schedule: Wednesday, April 21, **JOE (KING) CARRASCO**; Thursday, April 22, Moffet McDonald, Gary P. Nunn, and Willie and Nenni Nininger; Friday and Saturday, April 23-24, Gary F. Nunn and Shawn Colvin; Sunday, April 25, **COMMANDER CODY**; Tuesday, April 27, Marshall Chapman; Wednesday, April 28, **CHARLE MUSSELWHITE** and **J.B. HUTTO**; and Thursday, April 29, the Iron City Houserockers and Preston Reed. Dining.

LUSH LIFE, 184 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (228-3788)—Tenor saxophonist **CHIC FREEMAN'S** quintet is here through Saturday, April 24; on Monday and Tuesday, April 26-27, alto saxophonist **PAQUITO D'RIVERA** and his flamboyant, macho Latin-jazz quintet will be onstage; and on Wednesday, April 28, trumpeter **WOODY SHAW** will bring in his quintet. Sets begin at nine-thirty, eleven-thirty, and one nightly. Sundays at nine-thirty and mid night, strenuous long-distance pianist **CECI TAYLOR** performs with his "extended" unit a.k.a. a big band. Dining.

MARTY'S, 1265 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (249-4100) The singer's room in this restaurant c many rooms (take a right, then a left to ge to it) is presenting **HELEN O'CONNELL**, who'll b singing "Tangerine," "Green Eyes," an "Amapola," through Saturday, April 24. O Monday, April 26, **KENNY RANKIN**, the pleasant pop-jazz folkie, will arrive. Shows run Mondays through Thursdays at nine and eleven and Fridays and Saturdays at ten and mid night. Dining.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Singer **CHRIS CONNOR**, who was with the Sta Kenton band of the fifties, pays tribute to th master through Saturday, April 24. Begin ning Tuesday, April 27, singer, pianist, an songwriter **DAVE FRISBERG**, who wrote "Tr Hip" and "Peel Me a Grape," and his as sociate, pianist Murray Grand, will perfor at twin pianos. Shows Tuesdays through Sat urdays from nine-fifteen. On Monday night from nine-thirty to midnight, the New Or leans Funeral and Ragtime Band occupie the bandstand. Dining. Closed Sundays.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—The hippest spot on Columbus Ave nue, contrary to popular belief, is not unde construction; it is this R. & B. and jazz club. The lineup: Thursday, April 22, singer **GRAC TESTANI**; Friday and Saturday, April 23-24 electric violinist Noel Pointer; Sunday, April 25, String Fever; Tuesday, April 27, Bil Kirschner; Wednesday, April 28, Dave Tofani; Thursday, April 29, guitarist **ARLEN ROTH**; an Friday and Saturday, April 30-May 1, Noe Pointer. Music from about ten until twe Dining.

OTHER END, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—Folk blues, rock, and jazz in an intimate room th has fine sight lines to the stage. The lineup Wednesday, April 21, guitarist Ryo Kawasa ki and his quartet; Friday and Saturday April 23-24, Peggie Blue & Blue Pearl; Mon day, April 26, soul singer **ETTA JAMES**; an Wednesday, April 28, the Diane Ponz band. Mondays are given over to a showcasi from nine-thirty. Shows Tuesdays through Thursdays and Sundays at nine and eleven thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nin and midnight. Dining and dancing.

PEACOCK ALLEY, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Parl Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—**JIMMY LYON** i playing piano in this quiet room, which func tions as a sort of passageway connecting th hotel lobby with a dining room. Mr. Lyon who has accompanied Mabel Mercer throug out the past decade, has a touch that seem: magically smooth and cushioned, and his tim ing is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesday: through Saturdays from six to ten.

PEPPERMINT LOUNGE, 128 W. 45th St. (719-3176)—A big rock-and-rollers' space tha could be even bigger, since it's usually very crowded, with a balcony to survey it all from Wednesday, April 21, **EDDIE PALMIERI** and hi Latin-jazz orchestra; Thursday, April 22 John Cooper Clarke; and Saturday, April 24 Human Switchboard and the Vipers. Th music might begin before midnight.

RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-

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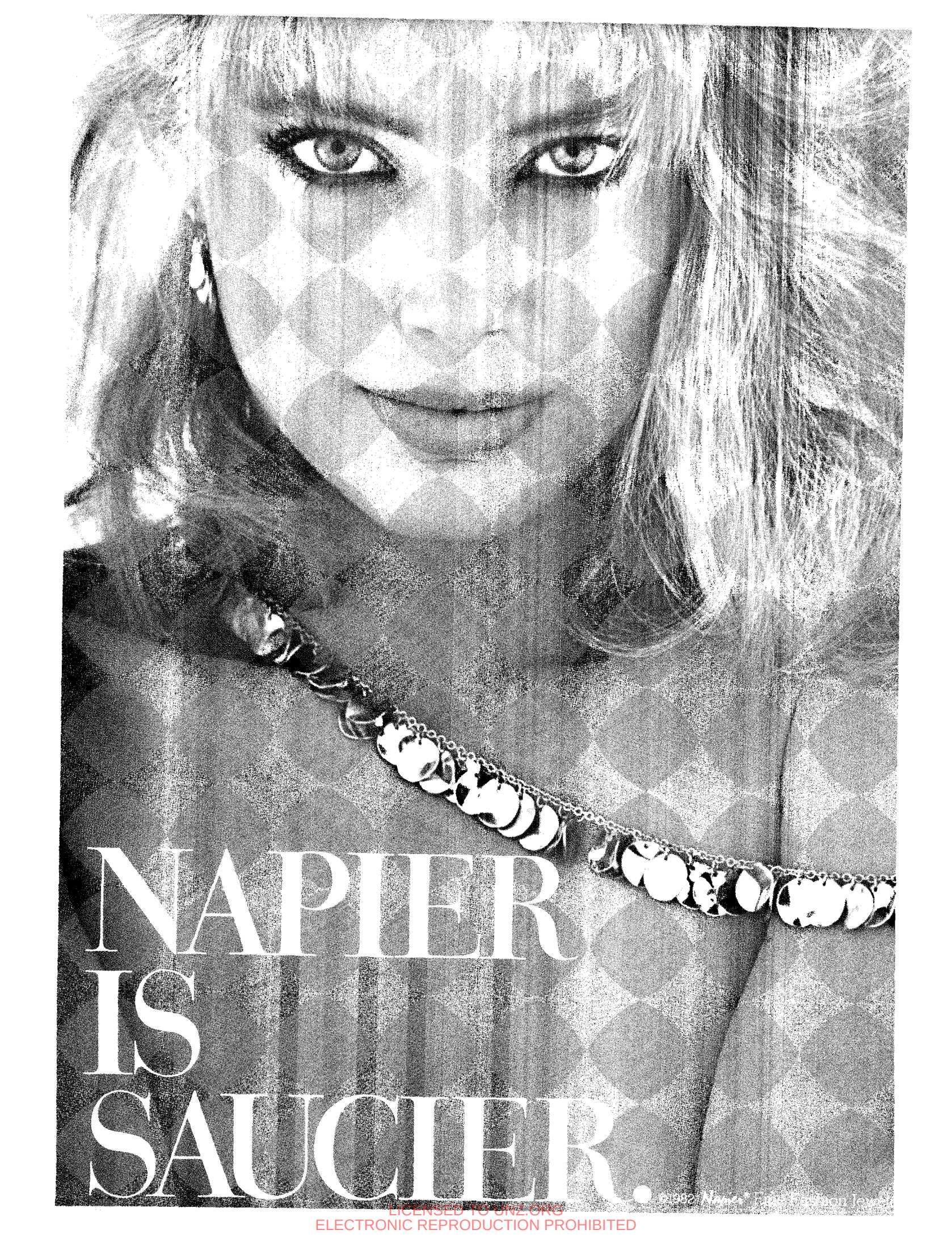
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A black and white photograph of a woman with blonde hair and bangs, looking directly at the camera. She is wearing a necklace with a chain of circular pendants. The text 'NAPIER IS SAUCIER.' is overlaid in large, white, serif capital letters on the lower left side of the image.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

9090)—Lots of tourists, a few sagacious natives, and a bouncy dance septet under the direction of the sagacious trumpeter **SY OLIVER**, who was a singer and the chief arranger for the Jimmy Lunceford band in the thirties. Music Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

RED BLAZER TOO, 1576 Third Ave., at 88th St. (876-0440)—A sort of big, bustling rec room, with waltz Masonite panelling, globe lights, ice-cream-parlor curled-cast-iron chairs, red tablecloths, and traditional-jazz bands every night of the week. The music begins at seven on Sundays and at nine the rest of the time. Dining.

RITZ, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—A ballroom that dates from 1935, when the building was remodelled—the building itself dates from 1889—to accommodate neighborhood social-club dances. It has been turned into a sort of Avalon Ballroom East. Rock from the fifties, sixties, seventies, and eighties. Wednesday and Thursday, April 21-22, the Teardrop Explodes, Pylon, and the dB's; Friday and Saturday, April 23-24, the **FLESH TONES**; Sunday, April 25, the Dragons; Thursday, April 29, Kid Creole & the Coconuts (at ten); and Saturday, May 1, the Rockats. Shows tend to begin sometime after midnight. Dancing.

ST. REGIS-SHERATON, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (753-4500)—One of the prettiest hotel lobbies in the city leads to one of the most stunning hotel night spots in the city, the King Cole Room. Lately, it could be renamed the House of Tributes. The current tribute honors Frank Loesser. Bobby Morse, Lynne Thigpen, Liz Callaway, and Regina O'Malley perform his songs. Shows Mondays through Thursdays at nine-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

SEVENTH AVENUE SOUTH, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—A light, airy second-floor jazz club, in which most of the walls are refreshingly austere. Much of the music is amplified jazz-rock, and it runs from nine-thirty. The players: Wednesday, April 21, drummer **JIMMY MADISON** and trumpeter **TOM HARRELL**; Friday and Saturday, April 23-24, drummer **RONALD SHANNON JACKSON** and his dissonance-and-blues band, the **DECODING SOCIETY**; Sunday, April 25, pianist **JORGE DALTO**; Tuesday, April 27, Chuck Loeb. Wednesday, April 28, saxophonist **HAMMET BLUIETT**; and starting Thursday, April 29, five heavyweights—saxophonist **JIMMY HEATH**, bassist **RON CARTER**, drummer **ART TAYLOR**, trombonist **SLIDE HAMPTON**, and pianist **CEDAR WALTON**.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—A bustling, knotty-pine room. Tenor saxophonist **BILLY HARPER** guides his quintet through Saturday, April 24; on Sunday and Monday, April 25-26, Janet Lawson will sing with her quartet; and on Tuesday, April 27, **JAMES MOODY** will arrive to play tenor sax and flute, sing a bit, and tell some one-liners. Shows from about ten. Dining.

TRAMPS, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—Simple surroundings, sublime blues, R. & B., and occasional reggae music—what else would anyone want? Wednesdays through Saturdays, **CHARLES BROWN**, an R. & B. singer from Texas City, Texas, who was prominent in the late forties and early fifties—his big hit was "Driftin' Blues"—is appearing here. Tuesday nights, you'll find the **UPTOWN HORNS**, a basic-blue soul nonet, setting fire to James Brown's "The Chicken," Steely Dan's "Peg,"

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"Night Train" (that high-school stage-band chestnut), and Jackie Wilson's "Baby Work Out." Shows begin sometime after nine-thirty.

TRAX, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—Rock and roll downstairs. The understated entrance is easy to miss. The musicians: Wednesday, April 21, China Davis and Mark McMillan; Thursday, April 22, Dick Wagner; Friday, April 23, Shrapnel and Saint; Saturday, April 24, the Moberlys and the Messengers; Monday, April 26, Learn to Drive; Tuesday, April 27, John Warren; Wednesday, April 28, Vivian Cherry and Cookie Watkins; Thursday, April 29, Raze and Knucklehead Smith; Friday, April 30, Hooks and Scarlet Fever; and Saturday, May 1, Catholic Girls and Heaven. Music after eleven, usually. Dancing. Closed Sundays.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—On Mondays, exuberant, adept salsa bands take over the big downstairs room at nine for exuberant audiences; on Monday, April 26, there will be two bands, **ORQUESTA BROADWAY** and **ORCHESTRA HARLOW**, and one guest soloist, baritone saxophonist **PEPPER ADAMS**. Tuesdays, jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** performs from nine on the Terrace.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Proprietor and author ("Live at the Village Vanguard") Max Gordon once described his club in a radio interview: "It's a good joint that people like to come to—thank God." Tenor saxophonist **PHAROAH SANDERS**, who sounds good whether he's playing mystical enlightenment music or regular old hard bop, leads a quartet that features **JOHN HICKS** on piano through Sunday, April 25; on Tuesday, April 27, altoist **Richie Cole** will bring in his quintet. Mondays are **MEL LEWIS** big-band blast-off nights. Music from ten.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—A dark, extremely likable, out-of-the-way soul-food place with things—hundreds, possibly thousands, of icicle-like glass drops (the kind that are usually part of chandeliers) and a handful of opaque-glass lighting fixtures from the twenties—hanging from the ceiling. Mondays through Wednesdays, Esther Blue is the pianist; Thursdays through Sundays, pianist **Michell Rothchild** has the floor. Music from eight-thirty to two.

WEST END, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Past the steam tables of piping-hot student food, beyond the pinball machines is a room full of mostly swing music. The **COUNTSMEN**, a Basie-esque quintet directed by two veteran Basie-ites, trombonist-vocalist **DICKY WELLS** and saxophonist-vocalist **EARLE WARREN**, has moved in to perform nightly from about nine.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

ANTHONY BRAXTON ENSEMBLE—Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Wednesday and Thursday, April 21-22, at 8:30.

JOHN McLAUGHLIN—With Larry Coryell, Michal Urbaniak, and others. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7459. Friday, April 23, at 8.)

DANIEL PONCE & NEW YORK NOW—Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Friday, April 23, at 8. For information about tickets, call 249-8950, Ext. 650.

MUHAL RICHARD ABRAMS—Symphony Space. Friday, April 23, at 8:30, with Ursula Oppens and Amina Claudine Myers, piano; Janette Moody, soprano; and Shem Guibbory, violin. ... ♪ Saturday, April 24, at 8:30, with a twenty-two-piece band.

MACEO PARKER SEPTET—Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Friday and Saturday, April 23-24, at 11:30.

BLEEDING ART, TOT ROCKET, VAULT, SPIRAL, URBAN BLIGHT, and ZOOTS—Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Saturday, April 24, at 8:30.

SHEENA EASTON—With Gerard Kenny. (Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Saturday, April 24, at 9.)

BONNIE RAITT—With the John Hall band. (Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Sunday, April 25, at 8. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.)

McLAIN FAMILY BAND—Carnegie Hall. Monday, April 26, at 8.

GRAHAM PARKER—With Tommy Tutone. (Palladium. Friday, April 30, at 8.)

HENRY THREADGILL SEXTET—Public Theatre. Friday, April 30, at 11:30.

SAMMY HAGAR—With Aldo Nova. (Palladium. Saturday, May 1, at 8.)

JOHN CARTER-BOBBY BRADFORD QUARTET—Public Theatre. Saturday, May 1, at 11:30.

JAZZ FORUM—Jazz in a fifth-floor loft. Wednesdays at 10 and midnight: Charli Persip & Superband. ... ♪ Thursday through Saturday, April 22-24, at 10, 12, and 1:30: Walter Bishop, Jr., and Walter Davis, Jr., with their quartet. ... ♪ Thursday, April 29, at 10 and midnight: Bucky Thorpe quartet. ... ♪ Friday and Saturday, April 30-May 1, at 10, 12, and 1:30: Pepper Adams quartet. (Jazz Forum, 648 Broadway, at Bleecker St. 477-2655.)

SOUNDSCAPE—New music and jazz in another fifth-floor loft. Friday, April 23, at 10: Commitment, with Jason Hwang, Zen Matsura, and others. ... ♪ Saturday, April 24, at 9: Anthony Davis and James Newton. ... ♪ Friday, April 30, at 9: Ladji Camara. (Soundscape, 500 W. 52nd St. 581-7032.)

BENEFIT CONCERT—Coleridge-Taylor Perkinson directing the Barry Harris Jazz Ensemble, which includes a sixty-voice chorus, twenty-five strings, an eighteen-piece band, and dancers. For the benefit of the Abby White-site Foundation. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Friday, April 30, at 7:30 and 11.)

ART

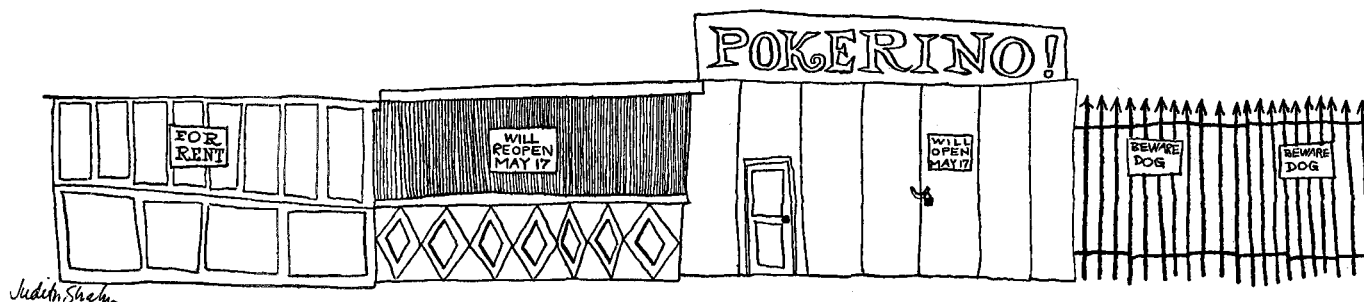
(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

WILLIAM ANASTASI—Collages. Through Friday, April 30. (Ericson, 23 E. 74th St.)

WILLIAM BAILEY—Paintings and works on paper (female nudes and still-lives) by a realist. Through May 5. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

ALBERT BIERSTADT (1830-1902)—Thirteen oil sketches of landscapes, recently discovered in



Judith Shein

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

a private collection in England. Through May 8. (Davis & Langdale, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.)

WILLEM DE KOONING—Large oils from the past year, done with a somewhat thinner paint and a lighter, sunnier palette. Through Saturday, May 1. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.)

BALCOMB GREENE—Fifteen large-scale semi-abstract oils incorporating nude figures. Through Saturday, April 24. (ACA, 21 E. 67th St.)

RALPH HUMPHREY—Three-dimensional paintings. Through May 8. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

ALEXEJ JAWLENSKY (1864-1941)—Twelve portrait heads in oil, spanning the years 1906 to 1930. Through May 29. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Opens at noon.)

LESTER JOHNSON—"Groups Walking, 1981," new paintings from his ongoing series on pedestrians. Through May 6. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

IDA KOHLMAYER—Recent abstract paintings in mixed mediums, representing a departure from the checkerboard patterns usually associated with this artist. Through May 8. (Findlay, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

JACQUES LIPCHITZ (1891-1973)—Relatively small bronzes on Biblical themes: the prodigal's return, David and Goliath, and so on. Through May 8. (Aberbach, 988 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

TODD MCKIE—Recent paintings. Through Saturday, May 1. (Acquavella, 18 E. 79th St.)

JOAN MIRÓ—The first public showing of thirteen gouaches painted (in 1954 and 1965) for a French publisher's limited edition of the satirical play "Ubu Roi." Through Saturday, May 1. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

CARL-HENNING PEDERSEN—Recent oils by a Cobra elder. Through May 22. (Lefebvre, 47 E. 77th St.)

PICASSO (1881-1973)—Etchings, aquatints, and drypoints from the artist's estate. Through May 8. (Saidenberg, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Opens at 1 on Saturdays.)... Paintings and drawings. Through Saturday, May 1. (Iolas-Jackson, 52 E. 57th St.)

KIKUO SAITO / WILLIAM ROBERTS (1895-1980)—Abstract canvases with a twist or two of Oriental-looking calligraphy in the foreground. / Oil paintings in the Vorticist manner, including battle scenes from the First World War, by an English artist who participated in it. Through Saturday, May 1. (Salander-O'Reilly, 22 E. 80th St. Open Mondays.)

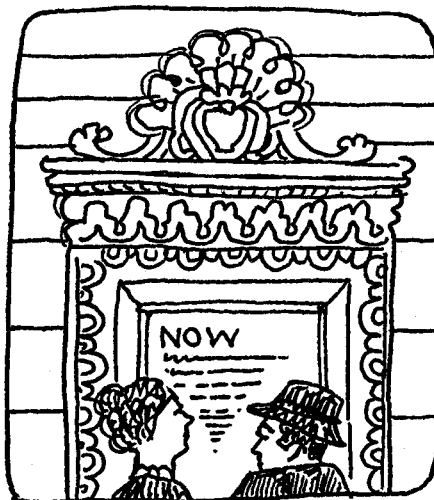
REEVE SCHLEY III—Twenty-five watercolors (and one large oil) of seascapes and landscapes. Through May 15. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

PAUL SIGNAC (1863-1935)—Watercolors and drawings. Through May 15. (Theo Waddington, 1044 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

ANN SPERRY—Recent sculptures. Through May 15. (Lerner-Heller, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

JOHN WESLEY—Recent gouaches on paper and acrylics on canvas. Through May 5. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At **LA BOETIE**, 9 E. 82nd St.: A hundred items produced at the Bauhaus studios, including graphics, publications, and watercolors and drawings by Oskar Schlemmer, Anni Albers, Paul Klee, and others. Also, a lamp designed by Gyula Pap. Through June 30. ... **CDS**, 13 E. 75th St.: One work apiece by seven artists, including Louise Bourgeois, Louise Nevelson, and Robert Motherwell, and two each by seven others (Jake Berthot, Richard Fishman, Cletus Johnson). The latter group was chosen by the former. Through June 12. (Open Mondays.) ... **CENTER FOR INTER-AMERICAN RELATIONS**, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St.: Environmental installations by Toby MacLennan, Rolando Peña, and Geo Ripley (from Canada, Venezuela, and the Dominican Republic, respectively). Through Sunday, April 25. (Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.) ... **COE KERR**, 49 E. 82nd St.: Works by sixteen American realists, Andrew Wyeth, Shirl Goedike, and Robert Cottingham among them. More than half of the artists represented are newcomers to the gallery. Through May 28. (Open Mondays.) ... **PAUL ROSENBERG**,



Westman

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20 E. 79th St.: A sampling of French paintings and sculptures, old and relatively new, by thirty-eight artists not well known here. Four Paris galleries participated in the show. Through Saturday, May 1. ... **SCHLESINGER-BOISANTE**, 822 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Modernist paintings of the thirties and forties by twenty-two American artists (Arthur B. Carles, Mercedes Matter, Ilya Bolotowsky). Through Saturday, May 1. (Open Mondays.) ... **WEINTRAUB**, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Paintings by Duffy, Ensor, Utrillo, and others, and sculptures by Jean Arp. Through Friday, April 30. ... **WILDENSTEIN**, 19 E. 64th St.: A benefit exhibition of nearly a hundred early-nineteenth-century French paintings and drawings. Both Neoclassic and Romantic masters (David, Delacroix, and Ingres among them) are represented, as are some lesser-known artists (Fragonard's son and sister-in-law). Through May 28. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

SCULPTURE—At the **HIRSCHL & ADLER**, 21 E. 70th St.: A show of more than seventy-five American works, ranging from a wood representation of "Comedy" done in 1808 by William Rush to a 1938 bronze outdoor sculpture by Paulanship, and including works by Frederic Remington, Augustus Saint-Gaudens, and Elie Nadelman. Through June 4. ... **SCULPTURE CENTER**, 167 E. 69th St.: Painted sculptures by three abstract artists: Mary Ann Unger and Charles Searles (wood), and Charles Seplowin (steel). Through May 4.

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

ABE AJAY—Constructions and related collages. Through May 22. (Aaron Berman, 50 W. 57th St.)

FRANK AUERBACH / HENRY MOORE—Twenty-three oils and seven large portrait drawings. / Ten sculptures: two are marble, and the rest bronze. Through Saturday, April 24. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

LEONARD BASKIN—Recent sculptures and watercolors with Biblical and classical themes. Through Friday, April 23. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.)

CHARLES BIEDERMAN—Painted-aluminum wall constructions. Through May 8. (Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

FARRELL BRICKHOUSE / PINCHAS COHEN GAN—Large-scale painted wall constructions, plus painted works on paper. / Paintings. Through Saturday, May 1. (Protetch, 37 W. 57th St.)

ERNEST BRIGGS—Recent paintings by an Abstract

Expressionist. Through May 8. (Gruenebaum, 38 E. 57th St.)

RICHARD CHIRIANI / MAURICE GOLUBOV—Large landscapes in which the components—mountains, canyons, riverbeds, even trees—are shown in layers like the features on a topographical map. / Abstract paintings by an artist now in his late seventies. Through Wednesday, April 28. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

SUSAN CROWDER—Pillows carved in marble and charcoal drawings of stacked bales of hay. Through Wednesday, April 28. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

DOROTHY DEHNER—Abstract sculptures: three are Corten steel, the remaining are bronzes. Also pen-and-pencil drawings. Through Saturday, April 24. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

DON DUDLEY—Strips of Homosote painted in various colors and nailed up in decorative arrangements. Through Saturday, April 24. (Pam Adler, 37 W. 57th St.)

DANA GARRETT—Monochromatic oils and black-and-white photographs. Through Saturday, May 1. (Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

CAROLINE GREENWALD—Abstractions on translucent handmade paper, some of them suspended from the ceiling. Through May 8. (Getler-Pall, 50 W. 57th St.)

JENE HIGHSTEIN—Vigorous pastels by a sculptor, done in bright colors on paper. Through Saturday, April 24. (Oscarsson Hood, 41 W. 57th St.)

JOHN HOYLAND—Recent abstract acrylics on canvas by a British artist. Through May 29. (Jacobson Hochman, 24 W. 57th St.)

YVONNE JACQUETTE—Paintings and drawings of bird's-eye views of Manhattan and other cities. Through May 8. (Alexander, 20 W. 57th St.)

HOWARD KANOVITZ—Paintings, pastels, and drawings in crayon by a Photo-Realist. Through Saturday, April 24. (Alex Rosenberg, 20 W. 57th St.)

ANSELM KIEFER—Recent paintings. Through May 8. (Goodman, 24 W. 57th St.)

JOYCE KOZLOFF / ROBERT YOUNGER—Drawings and models for four public projects, one of them for a wall mural at the subway stop in Harvard Square. / An installation consisting of a half-scale plaster copy of the Fat Man (Hiroshima) atomic bomb, a vastly magnified human sperm made of wood, and, filling up the ceiling, a black plywood copy of a child's paper airplane. Through Saturday, April 24. (Gladstone, 41 W. 57th St.)

JEANNE MILES / ARTHUR PIERSON—Small-scale abstract paintings by an artist who works in oils and gold leaf. / Recent sculptures and drawings. Through May 8. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

PHILIP PEARLSTEIN—Huge close-up studies of nudes. Through Thursday, April 29. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

JOEL PERLMAN / LARRY POONS—Steel and bronze sculptures of assorted geometric shapes assembled in a rectangular format. Through Saturday, May 1. / New paintings. Through Saturday, April 24. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

JAN SAWKA—Paintings. Through Saturday, April 24. (Zarre, 41 E. 57th St.)

GEORGE SEGAL—New sculptures, including a series in which the artist renders Cézanne still-lives in three dimensions. Also drawings and pastels. Through Thursday, April 29. (Janis, 110 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

JOAN SNYDER—Large new abstract paintings in which African masks turn up as occasional emblems. Through Saturday, April 24. (Hamilton, 20 W. 57th St.)

LINDA SOKOLOWSKI—Landscapes and figures in prints and on paper in oil wash and pastel. Through May 8. (Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

SAUL STEINBERG—"Still-Life and Architecture" is the title of this show of drawings and sculptures. Through May 8. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

DONALD SULTAN—Mostly large-scale oils of flowers and city scenes, on Masonite and vinyl asbestos floor tiles. Through May 8. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St.)

STANLEY TIGERMAN / SIET ZUYDERLAND—Architectural models and drawings for projects both real and imagined. / Drawings of seaside wrack, by a Dutch realist working on Major-

ca. Through Saturday, May 1. (Esman, 29 W. 57th St.)

GEORGE WOODMAN—Paintings, screens, and a paper-tile installation. Through Saturday, April 24. (Haber Theodore, 29 W. 57th St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS**, 663 Fifth Ave., at 53rd St.: Prints by British artists (from around 1800 to the nineteen-forties): William Blake, William Holman Hunt, Walter Sickert, and Laura Knight, to name a few. Through Saturday, April 24. . . . **DEL RE**, 41 E. 57th St.: Works on paper by Milton Avery, Richard Pousette-Dart, Sonia Delaunay, Picasso, and sixteen others. Through Saturday, May 1. . . . **GALERIE ST. ETIENNE**, 24 W. 57th St.: Paintings, drawings, sculptures, and prints by Europeans, including Klimt, Kollwitz, Schiele, and Mihaesco. Through May 15. . . . **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St.: A fiftieth-anniversary exhibition with representative paintings by Isabel Bishop, William Palmer, Maurice Freedman, Philip Evergood, Paul Cadmus, and others. Through Saturday, April 24. . . . **WASHBURN**, 42 E. 57th St., and in SoHo at 113 Greene St.: A roundup of paintings by American artists who underwent the Paris experience in the first half of this century, ranging from Henri and Stuart Davis to Olitski and Youngerman. Through Saturday, April 24.

GALLERIES—SoHo

ED BAYNARD—Quick oil-and-pencil sketches of the human figure, sometimes shown in a shoulder-to-shoulder row across the canvas. Through May 6. (Milliken, 98 Prince St.)

MEL BOCHNER / JAMES CASEBERE—Paintings on canvas (using charcoal, Conté crayon, and, occasionally, pastel) of abstract geometric shapes. / Photographs. Through Saturday, April 24. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

FRITZ BULTMAN / DAPHNE MUMFORD—Collages of painted paper cutouts done over the past decade. / Large charcoal drawings, entitled "Death Dream Series," depicting nudes sleeping peacefully beside skeletons. Through Wednesday, April 28. (Landmark, 469 Broome St. Opens at 11:30 Tuesdays through Fridays, at noon Saturdays.)

DEBORAH BUTTERFIELD / ANTHONY SORCE—Life-size horses made of wire fencing and covered with an integument of aluminum. / Paper-thin acrylic paint film laid out in abstract collages on wooden panels that are then shaped to fit the composition. Through Saturday, April 24. (O.K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

ALAN COTE—Recent abstract paintings. Through Wednesday, April 28. (Cunningham, 94 Prince St. Opens at 2 on Saturdays.)

PETER DEAN / LARRY NELSON—Paintings of tragic events, such as the assassinations of President Kennedy and Martin Luther King, Jr. There is also a portrait of John Lennon. / Realist watercolors of storefronts and barber-shops. Through May 8. (Semaphore, 462 West Broadway.)

CHARLES GARABEDIAN / JANIS PROVISOIR—Paintings of clumsy-looking nudes seen in classical

landscapes. Through Wednesday, April 28. / Textural paintings and works on paper. Through May 5. (Holly Solomon, 392 West Broadway.)

JEREMY GILBERT-ROLFE—Paintings (color abstractions) and works on paper, all from the past year. Through Saturday, April 24. (Weber, 142 Greene St.)

SHIRLEY GORELICK—Outsize portraits of a married couple posing together in their home and separately in their offices. There is a nine-foot triptych of the woman. Through Wednesday, April 28. (SoHo 20, at 99 Spring St. Opens at noon.)

APRIL GORNIK—Large oils depicting imaginary landscapes. Through May 8. (Thorp, 419 West Broadway.)

MIYOKO ITO—Abstract oil paintings by an artist whose geometric forms seem to recede deep into the picture plane. Through Saturday, April 24. (Kind, 139 Spring St.)

BERND KOBERLING—Paintings of bleak landscapes and tough-looking aquatic birds—reflections, perhaps, of the long tramps the artist has taken over the Lapland wastes. Through May 6. (Nosei, 100 Prince St.)

JOSEPH KOSUTH / RICHARD SERRA—Photographs of northern European High Renaissance art by a conceptual artist. / A model for an outdoor sculpture and large-scale drawings. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.) . . . **Castelli's** 142 Greene Street gallery is also showing work by Mr. Serra: Two huge (ten feet high and eighty-five feet long) Corten-steel curves placed far enough apart so that one may stroll between and around them. All three shows through Saturday, April 24.

PETER MACKIE—Abstract airbrush paintings on canvas which give the illusion of being three-dimensional. Through Sunday, April 25. (Jack, 138 Prince St. Opens Sundays at noon.)

ROSEMARY NAEGELE—Representational paintings of New York skylines seen from various rooftops, and of café interiors. Through May 5. (Blue Mountain, 121 Wooster St. Opens daily, except Mondays, at noon.)

GRAHAM NICKSON—Panoramic paintings of beach scenes of the Baltic and the North Atlantic by a realist; a recurring figure is that of a woman removing a sweater or jacket. Through Saturday, April 24. (Caldwell, 383 West Broadway.)

PATSY NORVELL—Large glass screens etched with images of exotic plant life, among other works. Through Saturday, April 24. (A.I.R., 63 Crosby St.)

MILO REICE—Large paintings on this artist's usual mythological and classical themes. This time he has dealt with the likes of Santa Claus and Cupid and Psyche. Through Saturday, April 24. (Toll, 146 Greene St.)

WADE SAUNDERS / RONNIE LANDFIELD—The artist's concepts, done in bronze sculptures, of lamps, vases, sconces, and other fixtures suitable for those panel trucks fitted out as mobile homes. / New abstract paintings. Through

Saturday, April 24. (Cowles, 420 West Broadway.)

ELFI SCHUSELKA / G. GERRY GRIFFIN—Wall and floor sculptures (combining plaster, string, and acrylics, among other mediums) in which the artist uses the triangle as a take-off point. / Works on paper. Through Saturday, April 24. (55 Mercer Street Gallery.)

ALAN SHIELDS—Recent work. Through Friday, April 30. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

ROBERT STACKHOUSE—Huge watercolors of boat construction, with the various parts handsomely rendered, plus a ceiling installation that includes a real canoe with crenellations sawed into its sides. Through Wednesday, April 28. (Hutchinson, 138 Greene St.)

FRANCESC TORRES—Charcoal drawings of big, heavy nineteen-fifties automobiles. Through Wednesday, April 28. (Meyer, 410 West Broadway.)

CY TWOMBLY—New works on paper which continue his explorations of mythological themes. Through May 8. (Sperone Westwater Fischer, 142 Greene St.)

JACK TWOROV—Works on paper from the past fifty years by this veteran artist, now in his eighties. They range from a 1933 sketch of a Paris hotel room to geometric abstractions done in recent years. Through Wednesday, April 28. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway. A larger show of the artist's work is at the Guggenheim Museum.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **BOONE**, 417 and 420 West Broadway: Works by eleven gallery artists, including David Salle, Julian Schnabel, and Gary Stephan. Through Saturday, April 24. . . . **THE DRAWING CENTER**, 137 Greene St.: The second half of the gallery's fifth-anniversary show, reviewing the works of artists who have exhibited here. Through Saturday, May 1. (Open Mondays; open Wednesday evenings until 8.) . . . **MARINO**, 489 Broome St.: Three-dimensional Masonite-and-acrylic paintings by Gary Bandy, paintings and drawings by Donald Cole, and photographs by Charles Hovland. Through Wednesday, April 28. . . . **PINDAR**, 127 Greene St.: Paintings by Elaine Huyer, sculptures by Vera Schupack, and photographs by Marilynne Herbert. Through May 9. (Opens Sundays at 1.)

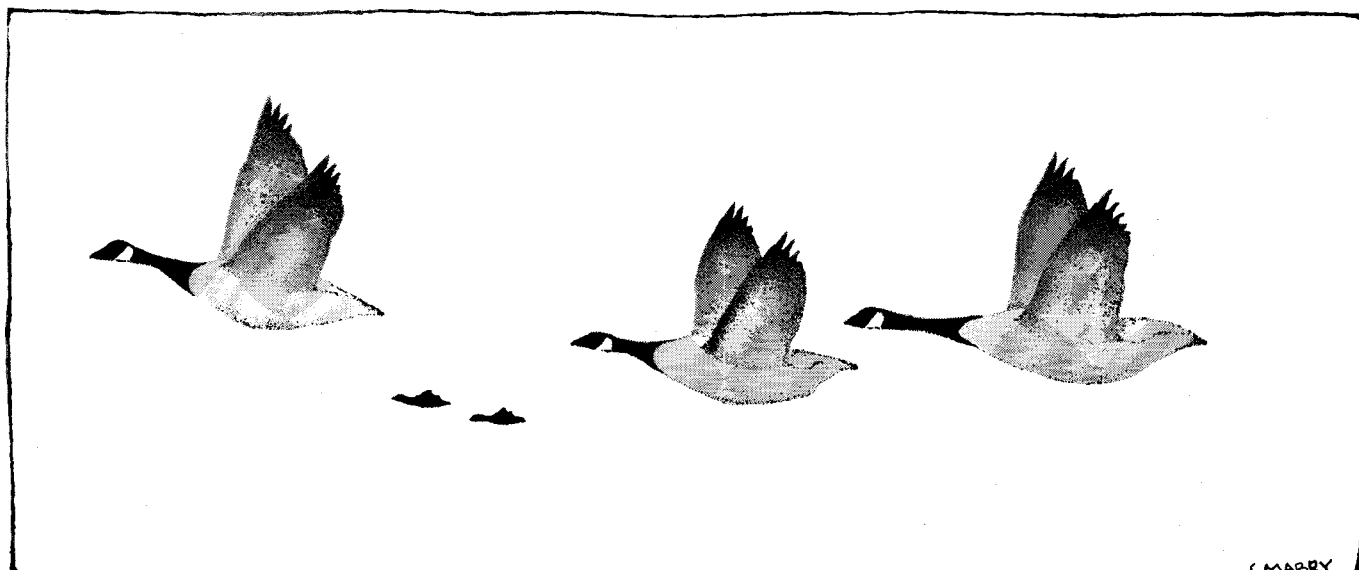
OTHER GALLERIES

RAY CIARROCHI—Sixteen monotypes with the life and work of Nijinsky as their theme. Through Saturday, May 1. (Gotham Book Mart, 41 W. 47th St. Open Mondays.)

CHARLES FAHLEN—Two highly stylized, stucco-on-plywood sculptures of dogs. Through Sept. 8. (Hammarskjöld Plaza Sculpture Garden, Second Ave. at 47th St.)

LARRY FUENTE / ALEXIS SMITH—An environmental installation commenting on nuclear annihilation. / Collages and paintings. Through Saturday, May 1. (The Clocktower, 108 Leonard St., four blocks south of Canal St., at Broadway. Wednesdays through Fridays, 1 to 6; Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

JACQUELINE GOUREVITCH—Recent abstract paint-



CMABRY

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ings. Through May 14. (Condeso-Lawler, 119 W. 25th St.)

RIKURO OKAMOTO—Fibre-glass sculptures cast from Central Park rocks and virtually indistinguishable from them. Through Wednesday, April 28. (City University Graduate Center, ground-floor arcade, 33 W. 42nd St. Open Mondays, closed Saturdays.)

GIUSEPPE PENONE—Three sculptures and a drawing based on nature. Through May 15. (Ala, 32 W. 20th St.)

PAUL ROTTERDAM / ALEX MCFARLANE—Recent black-and-white abstract drawings. / Architectural models (including the "Tomb of the Unknown Artist") carved from solid blocks of graphite. Through Saturday, April 24. (Bouckaert, 100 Hudson St.)

JOE STEFANELLI—Drawings done in Egypt in the sixties. Through May 5. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **BROMM**, 90 West Broadway, at Chambers St.: One work apiece by Rosemarie Castoro, Roger Cutforth, Jody Pinto, Frank Young, and five others. Through May 15. . . . **THE NEW MUSEUM**, 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St.: Early works by five artists: Lynda Benglis, Joan Brown, Luis Jimenez, Gary Stephan, and Lawrence Weiner. Through June 3. (Opens weekdays at noon; open Wednesday evenings until 8.) . . . **PRATT MANHATTAN CENTER**, 160 Lexington Ave., at 30th St.: Drawings intended to diagram movement—dance notations, for example—by twenty artists. Contributors include Lucinda Childs, Robert Wilson, and Remy Charlip. Through May 8. (Open Mondays.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

THOMAS BARROW / PAUL BERGER—Manipulated prints, some incorporating stencilled phrases. / Recent works: related images cut from photographs and assembled together, as in a collage. Through May 22. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

ROBERT DOISNEAU—Forty-five black-and-white portraits mostly dating from the fifties. Through May 14. (French Embassy, 972 Fifth Ave., at 78th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

LEE FRIEDLANDER / JOHN PFAHL—"Factory Valleys": landscapes and portraits taken in and around the industrial regions of Ohio and Pennsylvania. / Dye-transfer prints of landscapes, plus other works. Through May 22. (Freidus, 158 Lafayette St., near Grand St.)

FLORENCE HENRI—Photomontages from the late twenties and early thirties, while she was enrolled at the Bauhaus. Through May 29. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St. Open Tuesday evenings until 8.)

FRED KORTH—Thirty-five photographs from the thirties and forties by this industrial photographer whose work has been seen in *Fortune*, *National Geographic*, *Look*, and other magazines. Through May 21. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

WILHELM MAYWALD / EVA RUBINSTEIN—Fashion photographs and portraits of Picasso, Braque, Chagall, and others, all from the late forties and early fifties. / Recent shots of building exteriors and of children, plus portraits. Through May 8. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **INTERNATIONAL CENTER OF PHOTOGRAPHY**, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: Photographs of Paris from the archives of the Magnum cooperative. Half of the hundred black-and-whites have never been exhibited before. Robert Capa, David Seymour (Chim), Henri Cartier-Bresson, and Inge Morath are among the artists. . . . Photographs of Alaskan Eskimo villages taken from 1973 to 1978 by Alex Harris. Both exhibits through May 9. (Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 8; Saturdays and Sundays, noon to 6.) . . . **METROPOLITAN MUSEUM**, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.: Photographs by nineteenth- and twentieth-century artists, arranged topically and in pairs to illustrate different approaches to similar subjects; for example, Doris Ulmann's portrait of two lovers entitled "South Carolina" is displayed alongside Brassai's "Couple d'Amoureux dans un Petit Café, Quartier Italie." Other twinned contributors: Kertész and Namuth, Model and Frank. (See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.) . . . **WITKIN**,



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41 E. 57th St.: Photographs (plus some paintings, drawings, and graphics) on the common topic of flowers—zinnias by Naomi Savage, roses by Edward Steichen, crocuses by Paul Caponigro, and more. Through Saturday, April 24. (Opens at noon on Saturdays.) . . . **WOLF**, 30 W. 57th St.: One work each by Sheila Metzner, Eliot Porter, Tod Papageorge, and other photographers who have exhibited here during the past five years. Through Saturday, May 1. (Open Mondays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A gallery displaying part of the museum's collection of small sculptures and decorative arts of sixteenth- and seventeenth-century northern Europe has been established on the main floor. Two of the ninety pieces are a German relief depicting an "Allegory of Virtues and Vices at the Court of Charles V" and a Flemish tapestry representing "The Bridal Chamber of Herse." . . . Thirty-one seventeenth-century Dutch paintings on loan from the collection of Mr. and Mrs. Edward William Carter. Through June 20. . . . A show of fifth- to tenth-century artifacts that were buried in the deserts of Central Asia for a thousand years and unearthed by German archeologists in the late nineteenth century—primarily religious paintings, clay and wood figures, and manuscripts, but also some frescoes retrieved from temples at Kizil, showing scenes from the life of Buddha. On loan from the West Berlin State Museums. Through June 20. . . . The Costume Institute's tenth annual fashion show, focussing primarily on the eighteenth-century French woman but also encompassing her European and American counterparts. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY**: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century prints from the permanent collection. Through May 9. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 18 W. 54th St.—An exhibition of about a hundred early paintings and drawings by Giorgio de Chirico. Through June 29. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A show of diverse works by seven contemporary Italian artists: Sandro Chia, Enzo Cucchi, Nino Longobardi, Luigi Ontani, Giuseppe Penone, Vettor Pisani, and Gilberto Zorio. . . . Jack Tworkov: An exhibit of paintings and works on paper from the past fifteen years. A complementary show (ending Wednesday, April 28) is at the Nancy Hoffman Gallery, 429 West Broadway. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.) Both shows through June 20.

WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART, Madison Ave.

at 75th St.—Approximately fifty figurative paintings from the past two decades by nearly two dozen artists—Alice Neel, Alfred Leslie Julian Schnabel, and David Salle among them. Through June 13. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—A hundred and thirty intaglio prints by Richard Diebenkorn, done from 1949-80. Through June 6. . . . A selection of nearly a hundred and twenty pieces of Wedgwood from the collection of Emily Winthrop Miles. Included are a creamware plate from a large dinner service commissioned by Catherine II of Russia in 1770 and two basalt oil lamps dated 1790. Starts Saturday, April 24. . . . "Brooklyn Before the Bridge: American Paintings from the Long Island Historical Society": a show of sixty oils and watercolors. Through May 31. . . . New Testament paintings by James Tissot in a show that coincides with his exhibit of Old Testament paintings at the Jewish Museum. Through May 30. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—"Champions of American Sport," a show in which a hundred sports heroes from the eighteen-thirties to today (Knute Rockne, Casey Stengel, Pancho Gonzales, Wilma Rudolph, Mark Spitz) are seen in paintings, photographs, and sculptures by such artists as Thomas Eakins, Norman Rockwell, Neil Leifer, Elaine de Kooning, and others. Organized by the Smithsonian's National Portrait Gallery. Through June 27. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, 10 to 9.)

ASIA SOCIETY, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St.—Fifty Oriental rugs collected by the members of the Hajji Baba Club. Through June 20. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8:30; Sundays, noon to 5.)

CHINA INSTITUTE, 125 E. 65th St.—A selection of seventy-five bronzes, jades, ceramics, sculptures, and paintings from the Yale University Art Gallery. The earliest piece, from the Shang dynasty, is a bronze pole top with two adressed heads—one animal, one human. Through May 30. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

THE CLOISTERS, Fort Tryon Park—More than a hundred and twenty examples of medieval stained glass and architectural sculptures from France, Spain, Italy, and Britain, selected from the Raymond Pitcairn collection. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 1 to 4:45.)

COOPER-HEWITT MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—A loan show of Hawaiian artifacts (and paintings and drawings) from the Bernice Pauahi Bishop Museum, Honolulu. . . . About seventy award-winning drawings by eighteenth-century architectural students who entered annual competitions held by the National Academy of St. Luke, in Rome. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.) Both shows through May 9.

FRICK COLLECTION, 1 E. 70th St.—This institution's entire collection of eleven Rembrandt etchings is on display for the first time in many years. Among the cleaned and restored works are scenes from the life of Christ (including the so-called "Hundred Guilder Print"), landscapes, and portraits. Through June 27. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

JAPAN HOUSE, 333 E. 47th St.—A show of works by Shikō Munakata, a twentieth-century artist whose set of twelve woodblock prints, "The Ten Great Disciples of Buddha," is mounted as hanging scrolls. Through June 20. (Open daily, 11 to 5, and Friday evenings until 7:30.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A display of paintings of Old Testament scenes by

James Tissot, the late-nineteenth-century French painter and etcher who devoted his later years to illustrating the Bible. (His New Testament paintings are on view at the Brooklyn Museum.) Through May 9. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—An exhibit of fifty-five paintings and drawings by Edwin Dickinson, including "Ruin at Daphne" on loan from the Metropolitan Museum. Through May 9. (Open daily, except Mondays, noon to 5.)

NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—A display of eighty cast-iron stoves manufactured in the Albany area in the mid-nineteenth century, when stove-making was at its zenith. Through June 1. ... "Sailing Ships in Dutch Prints: Four Centuries of Naval Art from the Rijksmuseum," a show of more than ninety etchings, engravings, lithographs, and woodcuts done from 1550 to 1900. Through May 30. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

EXPERIMENTAL OUTPOSTS

(Various avant-garde enterprises that may involve not only traditional art but music, video, dance, and so on.)

ALTERNATIVE MUSEUM, 17 White St., three blocks south of Canal St., at Sixth Ave. Exhibition hours: Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6.—Works in different mediums (all with political themes) by, among others, Sonia Balassanian, David Hammons, and Peter Waite. Through May 22.

ARTISTS SPACE, 105 Hudson St., at Franklin St. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6.—Conceptual works by second-generation Fluxus artists. ... Installations by Bruce Charlesworth and by Tad Savinar. Both shows through May 15.

FRANKLIN FURNACE, 112 Franklin St. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.—An installation by Guillaume Bijl, through May 11.

THE KITCHEN, 484 Broome St. 925-3615. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.—Dana Reitz & Dancers, Thursday, April 22, at 7:30 (lecture and demonstration) and Tuesday through Sunday, April 27–May 2, at 8:30 (performance); Don Letts (excerpts from "The Punk Rock Movie"), Friday, April 23, at 8:30. ... A video installation by Stuart Marshall, through Saturday, April 24.

P. S. I, 46-01 21st St., Long Island City. Exhibition hours: Thursdays through Sundays, 1 to 6.—The main show, entitled "Space Invaders," consists of eight large-scale installations. Through May 30. ... Performance artists Sundays from 1 to 6.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Alice Tully Hall is 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7459; for Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St., 570-3949; for Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410; and for Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

NEW YORK CITY OPERA—Wednesday evening, April 21: "Medea," with Grace Bumbry, Rita Shane, James Wagner, and Boris Martinovich; conducted by Klaus Weise. ... Thursday evening, April 22: "The Grand Duchess of Gerolstein" (in English), with Muriel Costa-Greenspon, Leigh Munro, Henry Price, and James Billings; Antonio de Almeida. ... Friday evening, April 23: "La Bohème," with Catherine Lamy, Wilhelmina Fernandez, Barry McCauley, and Alan Titus; Judith Somogi. ... Saturday matinee, April 24: "Medea," with Grace Bumbry, Rita Shane, James Wagner, and Boris Martinovich; Klaus Weise. ... Saturday evening, April 24: "The Grand Duchess of Gerolstein" (in English), with Muriel Costa-Greenspon, Sheryl Woods, David Eisler, and Douglas Perry; Antonio de Almeida. ... Sunday matinee, April 25: "Madame Butterfly," with Suzanne Sonnenschein, Jane Shaulis, Riccardo Calleo,

and Robert McFarland; David Effron. ...

... Sunday evening, April 25: "Ariadne auf Naxos" (in English and German), with Stephanie Sundine, Gianna Rolandi, David Borgeson, and Stephen Dickson; Klaus Weise. ...

... Tuesday evening, April 27: "Medea," with Grace Bumbry, Rita Shane, James Wagner, and Boris Martinovich; Klaus Weise. ...

... Wednesday evening, April 28: "The Grand Duchess of Gerolstein" (in English), with Muriel Costa-Greenspon, Sheryl Woods, David Eisler, and Douglas Perry; Antonio de Almeida. ... Thursday evening, April 29:

"Ariadne auf Naxos" (in English and German), with Stephanie Sundine, Gianna Rolandi, David Borgeson, and Marc Embree; Klaus Weise. ... Friday evening, April 30:

"Lucia di Lammermoor," with June Anderson, Riccardo Calleo, Dominic Cossa, and Boris Martinovich; Judith Somogi. ... Saturday matinee, May 1: "The Grand Duchess of Gerolstein" (in English), with Muriel Costa-Greenspon, Sheryl Woods, David Eisler,

and Douglas Perry; Antonio de Almeida. ... Saturday evening, May 1: "Madame Butterfly," with Suzanne Sonnenschein, Jane Shaulis, Riccardo Calleo, and Robert McFarland; David Effron. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 870-5570. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinees Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 1. Through Sunday, May 2.)

JOHN BROWNLEE OPERA THEATRE—Offenbach's "Marriage by Lantern Light," in English, and the American premiere of Alexander Zemlinsky's "Eine Florentinische Tragödie," in German. Conducted by John Crosby and staged by Lou Galterio. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Thursday, April 22, and Saturday, April 24, at 8, and Sunday, April 25, at 2:30. For information about tickets, call 749-2802.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—At Avery Fisher Hall, Zubin Mehta conducting—Thursday, April 22, at 8; Friday, April 23, at 2; and Tuesday, April 27, at 7:30: A Bach-Berg-Wagner program, with Henryk Szeryng, violin, and Peter Wimberger, bass. ... Thursday through Saturday, April 29–May 1, at 8: The American premiere of Joseph Marx's "Romantic Piano Concerto" and music by Vivaldi and Beethoven, with Jorge Bolet, piano, and Charles Rex, violin. ... Tuesday, May 4, at 7:30: A repeat of the preceding program, except a Berlioz work replacing the Beethoven.

BOSTON SYMPHONY—Seiji Ozawa directing. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday and Thursday, April 21–22, at 8, performances of Berlioz' Requiem, with John Aler, tenor, and the Tanglewood Festival Chorus. ... Avery Fisher Hall. Friday, April 23, at 8, a benefit performance of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, with Leona Mitchell, soprano; Maureen Forrester, mezzo-soprano; James McCracken, tenor; Sherrill Milnes, bass; and the Tanglewood Festival Chorus.)

HAGUE PHILHARMONIC—Hans Vonk conducting a Ravel-Haydn-Stravinsky program, with Elly Ameling, soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, April 29, at 8.)

MANNES ORCHESTRA—Sidney Harth conducting. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Thursday, April 22, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

TAFELMUSIK BAROQUE ORCHESTRA—Frans Brueggen conducting and acting as flute and recorder soloist in an all-Bach program. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, April 25, at 8.)

MUSICA AETERNA ORCHESTRA—Frederic Waldman

conducting a Barber-Mozart program, with Peter Serkin, piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, May 1, at 8, and Sunday, May 2, at 5:30.)

CANTICUM NOVUM SINGERS—Harold Rosenbaum directing. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Saturday, April 24, at 8:30.)

HAMPSHIRE COLLEGE CHORUS—Ann Kearns directing. (Christ and St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. Sunday, April 25, at 4. No tickets necessary.)

MANNES CHORUS—Amy Kaiser and Robert Braham directing. (Mannes Recital Hall, Mannes College of Music, 157 E. 74th St. Tuesday, April 27, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY GLEE CLUB—Warren H. Brown III directing. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, April 28, at 8.)

LEAGUE-ISCAM—The final concert of the season will be performed by the New Calliope Singers under the direction of Peter Schubert; Jean Kopperud, clarinet; and Stephen Drury, piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, April 29, at 8.)

GREGG SMITH SINGERS—Gregg Smith directing. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Saturday, May 1, at 8. For information about tickets, call 865-7035.)

FLORILEGIUM CHAMBER CHOIR AND ORCHESTRA—JoAnn Rice directing a Britten-Purcell program. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Saturday, May 1, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

CHAMBER MUSIC AT THE Y—A Mozart-Schumann-Brahms program, performed by Lilian Kallir and Claude Frank, piano; Lucy Shelton, soprano; Paul Sperry, tenor; and others. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Wednesday, April 21, at 8.)

JUBAL TRIO—Chamber music. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Wednesday, April 21, at 8.)

GUARNERI QUARTET—With assisting artists. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday and Thursday, April 21–22, at 8.)

YULI TUROVSKY AND LUBA EDLINA—Cello and piano. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Thursday, April 22, at 8.)

MANUEL BARRUECO—Classical guitarist. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Thursday, April 22, at 8.)

ASTON MAGNA—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Thursday, April 22, at 8.)

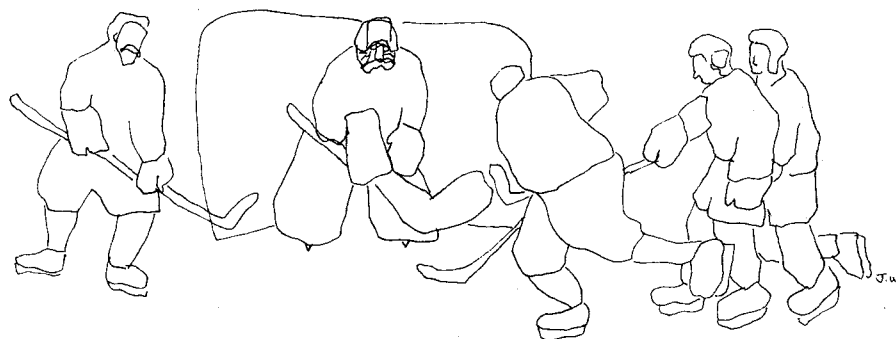
NEW MUSIC CONSORT—The last in a series of concerts of twentieth-century music by American composers, this one devoted to works by Elliott Carter, Charles Wuorinen, Arnold Schoenberg, Conrad Cummings, and Joseph Noss. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, April 22, at 8.)

ROGER GOODMAN—Harpsichord. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. Friday, April 23, at 5:30. No tickets necessary.)

JUPITER SYMPHONY CHAMBER PLAYERS—Jens Nygaard directing an all-Schubert program, with Oscar Shumsky, violin and viola, and the Mendelssohn Quartet. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Friday, April 23, at 8.)

NEW YORK CAMERATA—With Matt Goodman, clarinet. (Church of the Ascension Parish Hall, 12 W. 11th St. Friday, April 23, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

WAVERLY CONSORT—A program of Renaissance music. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30



Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday and Saturday, April 23-24, at 8:30, and Sunday, April 25, at 2.)

COMPOSERS STRING QUARTET—The last in a series of concerts presenting a survey of string quartets from the eighteenth century to the present, this one devoted to the quartet and string orchestra. With the String Revival, conducted by Howard Shanet, and the Mendelssohn Quartet, and with commentary by Piero Weiss. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, April 24, at 2. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

EDWARD CARROLL—Trumpet, with assisting artists. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, April 24, at 2:30.)

VLADIMIR ASHKENAZY—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, April 24, at 8.)

AGUSTIN ANIEVAS—Piano. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Saturday, April 24, at 8. Admission is free, but seating is limited, so it would be wise to arrive early.)

MUSIC FROM MARLBORO—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, April 24, at 8. For information about tickets, call 586-4680.)

FITZWILLIAM STRING QUARTET—The first three in a series of five concerts presenting the American premiere of the Shostakovich cycle. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, April 24; Thursday, April 29; and Saturday, May 1, all at 8.)

HARVEY PHILLIPS—Tuba, with assisting artists. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, April 25, at 2:30.)

A TRIBUTE TO CHOPIN—Four Polish pianists: Halina Czerny-Stefanska, Barbara Hesse-Bukowska, Adam Harasiewicz, and Tadeusz Kerner. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, April 25, at 2:30.)

MURRAY PERAHIA—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, April 25, at 3.)

MORTON ESTRIN—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Sunday, April 25, at 3.)

TAMÁS VÁSÁRY—Piano, with members of the New York Philharmonic, in a benefit concert. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, April 25, at 3. For information about tickets, call 533-7100.)

MUSIC PROJECT—An eleven-member ensemble of winds, strings, and piano. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Sunday, April 25, at 3.)

GRAYSON HIRST—Tenor, in Schubert's "Die Winterreise." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Sunday, April 25, at 8.)

NEWBAND—A program entitled "An Evening of Microtonal Music." (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Sunday, April 25, at 8. An hour before the concert, there will be a showing of two films with music by Harry Partch.)

ELIZABETH RICH AND CONSTANTINE CASSOLAS—Piano and tenor. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Monday, April 26, at 8.)

AMERICAN BRASS QUINTET—Chamber music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, April 26, at 8.)

NEW YORK QUINTET—Chamber music. (Holy Trinity Episcopal Church, 316 E. 88th St. Monday, April 26, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

SAUL GROPMAN—Classical guitarist. (Hubbard Recital Hall, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Tuesday, April 27, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

CLEVELAND QUARTET—The third in a series of four all-Brahms programs, this one with Jaime Laredo, viola. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Tuesday, April 27, at 8.)

MEYER KUPFERMAN—Clarinetist/composer, in a program of new music written by him and his friends, with Kazuko Hayami, piano; David Moore, cello; Catherine Rowe, soprano; and Margaret Helfer, oboe. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday, April 27, at 8.)

MANHATTAN PERCUSSION ENSEMBLE—Paul Price conducting. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Tuesday, April 27, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

RICHARD STOLTZMAN—Clarinet. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, April 28, at 8.)

GIORA FEIDMAN—Clarinet, with a trio. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Wednesday, April 28, at 8.)

CHARLES TREGER AND ANDRÉ WATTS—Violin and

piano. (Lehman College Concert Hall, the Bronx. 960-8833. Wednesday, April 28, at 8.)

GROUP FOR CONTEMPORARY MUSIC—A program of music by Lukas Foss, Susan Blaustein, Harvey Sollberger, and others, performed by Susan Belling, soprano; Mr. Sollberger, flute; Dean Drummond, zoomoozophone; and others. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Wednesday, April 28, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

ARKADY ARONOV—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Thursday, April 29, at 8.)

CHAMBER MUSIC SOCIETY OF LINCOLN CENTER—The Gabrieli Quartet and André-Michel Schub, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, April 30, at 8, and Sunday, May 2, at 5. . . . Same program at the Paula Cooper Gallery, 155 Wooster St., on Saturday, May 1, at 6. No seats—just cushions on the floor. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

JULLIARD STRING QUARTET—The last in a series of concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, May 1, at 3.)

SHURA CHERKASSKY—Piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, May 1, at 8. For information about tickets, call 586-4680.)

OXANA YABLONSKAYA—Piano. (Whitman Hall, Brooklyn College. 434-1900. Saturday, May 1, at 8.)

MARNI NIXON—Soprano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, May 1, at 8.)

MISCELLANY

INTERNATIONAL TRIO—Three performances by the Japanese dancer Min Tanaka, the British guitarist Derek Bailey, and the American percussionist Milford Graves. (Japan House, 333 E. 47th St. 752-3015. Wednesday and Thursday, April 21-22, at 8. and Friday, April 23, at 10.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—**METS** at Shea Stadium: Vs. Chicago, Wednesday, April 21, at 7:35. . . . **YANKEES** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Detroit, Thursday and Friday, April 22-23, at 8; Saturday, April 24, at 1:20; and Sunday, April 25, at 2. . . . California, Tuesday through Thursday, April 27-29, at 8. . . . Seattle, Friday and Saturday, April 30-May 1, at 8.

PROFESSIONAL BASKETBALL—National Basketball Association Eastern Division preliminary playoffs—Nets vs. Washington. (Byrne Meadowlands Arena. 1-201 935-8888. Sunday, April 25, at 1, if necessary.)

CREW—Compton Cup Regatta: Harvard, M.I.T., and Princeton. (Cambridge. Saturday, April 24. . . . Goes Trophy Regatta: Cornell, Navy, and Syracuse. (Annapolis. Saturday, April 24. . . . Blackwell Cup Regatta: Columbia, Pennsylvania, and Yale. (Harlem River. Saturday, April 24. . . . Adams Cup Regatta: Harvard, Navy, and Pennsylvania. (Annapolis. Saturday, May 1. . . . Carnegie Cup Regatta: Boston University, Cornell, and Princeton. (Ithaca. Saturday, May 1.)

HOCKEY—Stanley Cup quarterfinal playoffs: Islanders vs. Rangers. The fifth game at Nassau Coliseum (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 1-516 794-9100) on Wednesday, April 21, at 8:05, and, if required, the sixth game at Madison Square Garden (564-4400) on Friday, April 23, at 8:35, and the seventh game at Nassau Coliseum on Sunday, April 25, at 8:05. . . . The Stanley Cup semifinal playoffs start Tuesday, April 27.

RACING—At **AQUEDUCT**: Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 1, and Sundays at 1:05; through Monday, May 17. The Top Flight Handicap, Saturday, April 24, and the Carter Handicap, Saturday, May 1. . . .

MONMOUTH PARK, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30, from Friday, April 30, through Saturday, Sept. 4. . . . **CHURCHILL DOWNS**, Louisville, Ky.: The Kentucky Derby, Saturday, May 1.

TRACK—Penn Relays. (Philadelphia. Thursday through Saturday, April 22-24.)

TROTTING—At **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY**, Westbury: Weeknights at 8; through Wednesday, June 16. . . . **MEADOWLANDS**: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 7.

ET ALIA

POETRY READINGS—Robert Fitzgerald reading from his own works. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Monday, April 26, at 8. . . . James Tate and A. E. Stringer reading from their own works. (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. Monday, April 26, at 8. For information about tickets, call 924-0077. . . . Andrew Glaze, Lawrence Homer, and Norman Rosten reading from their own works. (Donnell Library Auditorium, 20 W. 53rd St. Tuesday, April 27, at 6. No tickets necessary.)

LECTURES—The last two in a series of lectures on new American music. Wednesday, April 21, at 8: Steve Reich. . . . Thursday, April 29, at 8: Philip Glass. (Vanderbilt Hall, New York University, 40 Washington Sq. S., at Macdougall St. No tickets necessary.)

WALKING TOUR—"Upper Broadway: Clerics and Scholars," a conducted tour sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York. Sunday, April 25, starting at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. and 112th St., at 1:30. For information about tickets, call 534-1672.

SPRING ANTIQUES SHOW—A hundred dealers showing their wares, half in room settings, including furniture, jewelry, oil paintings, and Russian enamels. Of added interest is a display of artifacts belonging to the 7th Regiment Armory, among them uniforms used between 1814 and 1915. (7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St. Saturday, April 24, through Sunday, May 2. Weekdays, 1 to 10; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

AUCTIONS—At **SOOTHEY'S**, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 9:30 to 5.) Wednesday and Thursday, April 21-22, at 10:15 and 2: Contemporary and Art Deco jewelry and *objets de vertu*. . . . Friday, April 23, at 10:15 and 2: American eighteenth- and nineteenth-century paintings, drawings, and sculptures, including some with Western subjects. . . . Thursday, April 29, at 2: The Thomas G. Rizzo Collection of American folk art and Americana. Exhibition starts Saturday, April 24. . . . **SOOTHEY'S**, York Ave. at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 9:30 to 5.) Thursday, April 22, and Saturday, April 24, at 2: Continental porcelain, French furniture, and decorations. . . . Saturday, April 24, at 10:15 and 2: American Indian art. . . . Saturday, April 24, at 10:15 and 2: English pottery. . . . Wednesday, April 28, at 10:15 and 2: Americana, including books, maps, and manuscripts. Exhibition starts Friday, April 23. . . . Wednesday, April 28, at 10:15 and 2: Chinese paintings, ceramics, and other works of art. Exhibition starts Saturday, April 24. . . . **CHRISTIE'S**, Park Ave. at 59th St. Wednesday, April 21, at 2: European porcelain and pottery. . . . **PHILLIPS**, 867 Madison Ave., at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.) Tuesday, April 27, at 2: Jewelry. Exhibition starts Saturday, April 24.

DAYLIGHT SAVING TIME—Starts Sunday, April 25, at 2 A.M. Clocks should be turned ahead an hour.



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

EAST SIDE

LITTLE THEATRE, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)

A retrospective of films by István Szabó, all in Hungarian:

April 21: "Budapest Tales" (1976) and "Love Film" (1970).

April 22-23: "Love Film" (1970) and "25, Fireman's Street" (1973).

April 24-25: "Confidence" (1979) and "Budapest Tales" (1976).

April 27-28: "Ages of Daydreaming" (1964) and a series of short films.

April 29-30: "Budapest Tales" (1976) and "Confidence" (1979).

From May 1: "Father" (1967) and "25, Fireman's Street" (1973).

R.K.O. CENTURY ART, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)

"Chariots of Fire" (†).

ST. MARKS CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)

Through April 22: "Reds" (†).

From April 23: To be announced.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)

Through April 22: "Robin Hood" (1973), an animated version from the Disney studios.

From April 23: "If You Could See What I Hear" (directed by Eric Till), with Marc Singer.

BAY CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)

"Some Kind of Hero" (Michael Pressman), with Richard Pryor and Margot Kidder.

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)

Through April 29: "Deathtrap" (†).

From April 30: "Soup for One" (Jonathan Kaufer), with Saul Rubinek.

LOEWS 34TH STREET SHOWPLACE, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)

Theatre 1: "The Amateur" (Charles Jarrott), with John Savage and Christopher Plummer.

Theatre 2: "Porky's" (Bob Clark), with Dan Monahan and Mark Herrier.

Theatre 3: "Quest for Fire" (†).

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)

"Cat People" (Paul Schrader), with Nastassia Kinski and Malcolm McDowell.

EASTSIDE CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)

Through April 22: "Three Brothers" (†).

From April 23: "Silhouettes" (Giuseppe Murolo), with George David Weiss.

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)

Through April 29: "Deathtrap" (†).

From April 30: "Soup for One" (Jonathan Kaufer), with Saul Rubinek.

GOTHAM CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)

"The Amateur" (Charles Jarrott), with John Savage and Christopher Plummer.

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)

"Diva" (†).

MANHATTAN I AND 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)

Theatre 1: "Porky's" (Bob Clark), with Dan Monahan and Mark Herrier.

Theatre 2: "Chariots of Fire" (†).

BARONET AND CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)

Theatre 1: Through April 24: "The Long Good Friday" (John Mackenzie), with Bob Hoskins and Helen Mirren. From April 25: "I Love You" (Arnaldo Jabor; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese), with Sonia Braga.

Theatre 2: "Diner" (†).

D. W. GRIFFITH, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)

Through April 29: "Grendel Grendel Grendel" (Alexander Stitt), an Australian animated film.

From April 30: "Deathtrap" (†).

CINEMA I AND II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)

Theatre 1: "Mephisto" (István Szabó; a Hungarian film, in German), with Klaus Maria Brandauer.

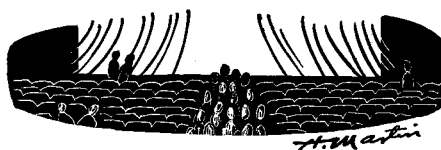
Theatre 2: Through April 22: "On Golden Pond" (†). From April 23: "Too Far to Go" (Fielder Cook), with Michael Moriarty and Blythe Danner.

GEMINI I AND 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)

Theatre 1: "Cat People" (Paul Schrader), with Nastassia Kinski and Malcolm McDowell.

Theatre 2: "Garde a Vue" (Claude Miller; in

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 21.

French), with Michel Serrault and Lino Ventura.

BECKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)

Through April 29: "Missing" (†).

From April 30: "The Chosen" (Jeremy Paul Kagan), with Maximilian Schell and Rod Steiger.

LOEWS NEW YORK TWIN I AND 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)

Theatre 1: Through April 22: "Some Kind of Hero" (Michael Pressman), with Richard Pryor and Margot Kidder. From April 23: "If You Could See What I Hear" (Eric Till), with Marc Singer.

Theatre 2: Through April 24: "Quest for Fire" (†). From April 25: "The Long Good Friday" (John Mackenzie), with Bob Hoskins and Helen Mirren.

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)

"Das Boot" (Wolfgang Petersen; in German).

LOEWS TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)

"Wrong Is Right" (Richard Brooks), with Sean Connery and George Grizzard.

72ND STREET EAST, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304; Mondays through Thursdays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

"Reds" (†).

U. A. 85TH ST. EAST, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)

Through April 22: "A Little Sex" (Bruce Paltrow), with Tim Matheson and Kate Capshaw.

From April 23: "Private Lessons" (Alan Myerson), with Sylvia Kristel and Howard Hesseman.

LOEWS ORPHEUM I AND 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)

Theatre 1: Through April 27: "Richard Pryor Live on the Sunset Strip" (†). April 28-29: Theatre closed. From April 30: To be announced.

Theatre 2: "Some Kind of Hero" (Michael Pressman), with Richard Pryor and Margot Kidder.

86TH ST. EAST, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)

"Porky's" (Bob Clark), with Dan Monahan and Mark Herrier.

R.K.O. CENTURY R.K.O. 86TH ST. I AND 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)

Theatre 1: "Deathtrap" (†).

Theatre 2: "Cat People" (Paul Schrader), with Nastassia Kinski and Malcolm McDowell.

WEST SIDE

FILM FORUM I AND 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Theatre 1: Through April 27: "Health" (directed by Robert Altman), with Carol Burnett, Glenda Jackson, Lauren Bacall, and James Garner. From April 28: "One Night Stand" (1978; Allan King; a Canadian film), with Chapelle Jaffe and Brent Carver.

Theatre 2: April 21: "Ceddo" (1978; Ousmane Sembène; in Wolof); and "Black Girl" (†). April 22-24: "Aguirre, the Wrath of God" (†) and "Weekend" (†). April 25-26: "The Tree of Wooden Clogs" (†). April 27-28: "The Fire Within" (†) and "Pickpocket" (†). April 29-May 1: "Fox and His Friends" (1976; in German), directed by, and with, Rainer Werner Fassbinder; and "Two or Three Things I Know About Her" (†).

WAVERLY I AND 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)

Theatre 1: Through April 22: "Circle of Deceit" (Volker Schlöndorff; in German), with Bruno Ganz and Hanna Schygulla. From April 23: "The Atomic Café" (Kevin Rafferty, Jayne Loader, and Pierce Rafferty).

Theatre 2: "Atlantic City" (†).

GREENWICH PLAYHOUSE I AND 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)

Theatre 1: Through April 22: "Raiders of the Lost Ark" (†). From April 23: "Private Lessons" (Alan Myerson), with Sylvia Kristel and Howard Hesseman.

Theatre 2: Through April 22: "A Little Sex" (Bruce Paltrow), with Tim Matheson and Kate Capshaw. From April 23: "The Long Good Friday" (John Mackenzie), with Bob Hoskins and Helen Mirren.

QUAD CINEMA, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)

Theatre 1: Through April 29: "On Golden Pond" (†). From April 30 (tentative): "Wasn't That a Time!" (Jim Brown), a documentary about The Weavers.

Theatre 2: "Three Brothers" (†).

Theatre 3: "Missing" (†).

Theatre 4: Through April 22: "Missing" (†). From April 23: "Roommates" (Chuck Vincent).

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)

Through April 29: "Robin Hood" (1973), an animated version from the Disney studios. From April 30: "Who Has Seen the Wind" (Allan King; a Canadian film), with José Ferrer.

ZIEGFELD, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)

"Victor/Victoria" (Blake Edwards), with Julie Andrews and James Garner.

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)

Through April 28: "New Directors/New Films," the final programs in a thirteen-day series; see listings under Film Libraries, Etc.

From April 29: "The Arrest" (1976; Raphael Rebibo; a Swiss film, in French), with Bernard Le Coq and Catherine Lachens.

57TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)

"Genocide" (Arnold Schwartzman), a documentary.

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)

Through April 29: "A Week's Vacation" (Bertrand Tavernier; in French), with Nathalie Baye and Gérard Lanvin.

From April 30: "Smash Palace" (Roger Donaldson; a New Zealand film).

CINEMA 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)

Through April 29: "Wasn't That a Time!" (Jim Brown), a documentary about the Weavers.

From April 30: "The Chosen" (Jeremy Paul Kagan), with Maximilian Schell and Rod Steiger.

LOEWS PARAMOUNT, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)

"Quest for Fire" (†).

LINCOLN PLAZA I, 2, AND 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)

Theatre 1: "Passione d'Amore" (Ettore Scola; in Italian), with Bernard Giraudeau and Valeria D'Obici.

Theatre 2: "My Dinner with André" (†).

Theatre 3: "Chariots of Fire" (†).

CINEMA STUDIO I AND 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)

Theatre 1: "Three Brothers" (†).

Theatre 2: Through April 22: "Circle of Deceit" (Volker Schlöndorff; in German), with Bruno Ganz and Hanna Schygulla. From April 23: "An Unfinished Piece for Player Piano" (1977; Nikita Mikhalkov; in Russian).

EMBASSY 72ND ST. I AND 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)

Theatre 1: "Das Boot" (Wolfgang Petersen; in German).

Theatre 2: Through April 29: "An Autumn Marathon" (Georgy Danelia; in Russian). From April 30: "A Slap in the Face" (Genrikh Malyan; in Armenian).

LOEWS 83RD QUAD, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)

Theatre 1: Through April 24: "Robin Hood" (1973), an animated version from the Disney studios. From April 25: "The Long Good Friday" (John Mackenzie), with Bob Hoskins and Helen Mirren.

Theatre 2: Through April 22: "Death Wish II" (Michael Winner), with Charles Bron-

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

son and Jill Ireland. From April 23: "If You Could See What I Hear" (Eric Till), with Marc Singer.
 Theatre 3: Through April 29: "Deathtrap" (†). From April 30: To be announced.
 Theatre 4: Through April 29: "Missing" (†). From April 30: To be announced.

NEW YORKER I AND 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
 Theatre 1: "Reds" (†).
 Theatre 2: "Cat People" (Paul Schrader), with Nastassia Kinski and Malcolm McDowell.

OLYMPIA QUAD, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
 Theatre 1: Through April 22: "Raiders of the Lost Ark" (†). From April 23: "Room-mates" (Chuck Vincent).
 Theatre 2: "On Golden Pond" (†).
 Theatre 3: Through April 22: "Death Wish II" (Michael Winner), with Charles Bronson and Jill Ireland. April 23-29: "Christiane F." (Ulrich Edel; in German), with Natja Brunkhorst. From April 30 (tentative): "Richard Pryor Live on the Sunset Strip" (†).
 Theatre 4: Through April 22: "A Little Sex" (Bruce Paltrow), with Tim Matheson and Kate Capshaw; and "Endless Love" (†). From April 23: "Private Lessons" (Alan Myerson), with Sylvia Kristel and Howard Hesseman.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

CRITERION THEATRES, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)
 Theatre 1: "The Amateur" (directed by Charles Jarrott), with John Savage and Christopher Plummer.
 Theatre 2: Through April 29: "Deathtrap" (†). From April 30: "Soup for One" (Jonathan Kaufer), with Saul Rubinek.
 Theatre 3: "On Golden Pond" (†).
 Theatre 4: Through April 22: "Missing" (†). From April 23: "Budo."
 Theatre 5: "Death Wish II" (Michael Winner), with Charles Bronson and Jill Ireland.
 Theatre 6: "Arthur" (†).

EMBASSY 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
 Through April 22: "Reds" (†).
 From April 23: "The Long Good Friday" (John Mackenzie), with Bob Hoskins and Helen Mirren.

EMBASSY 2, 3, AND 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
 Theatre 2: Through April 22: "Raiders of the Lost Ark" (†). From April 23: "Phantom of Terror."
 Theatre 3: "Parasite" (Charles Band), with Robert Glaudini. In 3-D.
 Theatre 4: Through April 22: "Ragtime" (†). From April 23: "Reds" (†).

LOEWS ASTOR PLAZA, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
 "Richard Pryor Live on the Sunset Strip" (†).

LOEWS STATE 1 AND 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
 Theatre 1: "Some Kind of Hero" (Michael Pressman), with Richard Pryor and Margot Kidder.
 Theatre 2: "Silent Rage" (Michael Miller), with Chuck Norris.

MOVIELAND, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
 "Chariots of Fire" (†).

NEW EMBASSY 49TH STREET, Seventh Ave. at 49th. (757-7003)
 Through April 29: "Robin Hood" (1973), an animated version from the Disney studios. From April 30: "Fun Loving" (†).

RIVOLI 1 AND 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
 Theatre 1: "Cat People" (Paul Schrader), with Nastassia Kinski and Malcolm McDowell.
 Theatre 2: Through April 22: "A Little Sex" (Bruce Paltrow), with Tim Matheson and Kate Capshaw. From April 23: "Private Lessons" (Alan Myerson), with Sylvia Kristel and Howard Hesseman.

R.K.O. CENTURY R.K.O. CINERAMA 1 AND 2, B'way at 47th. (975-8366/8369)
 Theatre 1: "Amin, the Rise and Fall" (Sharad Patel).
 Theatre 2: Through April 22: "Penitentiary II" (Jamaa Fanaka), with Leon Isaac Kennedy. From April 23: "Christiane F." (Ulrich Edel; a German film, dubbed in English), with Natja Brunkhorst.

R.K.O. CENTURY R.K.O. NATIONAL TWIN 1 AND 2, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
 Theatre 1: Through April 22: "Christiane F."

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(Ulrich Edel; a German film, dubbed in English), with Natja Brunkhorst. From April 23: "If You Could See What I Hear" (Eric Till), with Marc Singer.
 Theatre 2: "Porky's" (Bob Clark), with Dan Monahan and Mark Herrier.

REVIVAL HOUSES

AGEE ROOM, 144 Bleecker St. (473-8306; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
 Through April 29: "Ticket of No Return" (1979; directed by Ulrike Ottinger; in German).
 From April 30: "Soldier Girls" (Nicholas Broomfield and Joan Churchill), a documentary.

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
 April 21: "Cleo from 5 to 7" (1962; Angès Varda; in French), with Corinne Marchand; and "A Brief Vacation" (1973; Vittorio De Sica; in Italian), with Florinda Bolkan, Renato Salvatori, and Daniel Quenaud.
 April 22: "Potemkin" ("The Battleship Potemkin"; 1925) and "Ten Days That Shook the World" ("October"; 1927), both Russian silent films, directed by Sergei Eisenstein.

April 23-24: "Lacombe, Lucien" (1974; Louis Malle; in French), with Pierre Blaise; and "Murmur of the Heart" (Louis Malle; in French), with Léa Massari.
 April 25-26: "Face to Face" (†) and "The Serpent's Egg" (†).
 April 27: "Genji: Floating Boat" (1960; Teinosuke Kinugasa; in Japanese); and "Page of Madness" (1926; Teinosuke Kinugasa; a Japanese silent film with musical sound track).

April 28: "Something Different" (1963; Věra Chytilová; in Czech); and "Hester Street" (1975; Joan Micklin Silver), with Carol Kane and Mel Howard.
 April 29: "The River and Death" (1954; Luis Buñuel; a Mexican film, in Spanish); and "The Criminal Life of Archibaldo de la Cruz" (1955; Luis Buñuel; a Mexican film, in Spanish).

April 30-May 1: "The Wild One" (†); and "On the Waterfront" (1954; Elia Kazan), with Marlon Brando, Lee J. Cobb, Eva Marie Saint, Karl Malden, and Rod Steiger.
CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
 April 21: "The Birthday Party" (1968; William Friedkin), with Robert Shaw, Sydney Tafler, Patrick Magee, and Dandy Nichols; "The Guest" ("The Caretaker"; 1964; Clive Donner), with Donald Pleasence, Robert Shaw, and Alan Bates; and "Landscape" (1973; Peter Hall).
 April 22-24: "Mr. Klein" (1977; Joseph Losey; in French), with Alain Delon, Jeanne Moreau, and Michel Lonsdale; and "The Last Metro" (1981; François Truffaut; in French), with Catherine Deneuve, Gérard Depardieu, and Jean Poiret.

April 25-26: "Irma la Douce" (1963; Billy Wilder), with Jack Lemmon, Shirley MacLaine, Lou Jacobi, and Herschel Bernardi; and "Kiss Me, Stupid" (1964; Billy Wilder), with Dean Martin, Kim Novak, Ray Walston, and Felicia Farr.
 April 27-28: "The Go-Between" (1971; Joseph Losey), with Julie Christie, Alan Bates, and Margaret Leighton; and "The Homecoming" (†).
 April 29-May 1: "The Fortune Cookie" (†).

REGENCY, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
 Through April 24: "The King and I" (1956; Walter Lang), with Deborah Kerr and Yul Brynner; and "Carousel" (1956; Henry King), with Gordon MacRae and Shirley Jones.

April 25-26: "Leave Her to Heaven" (1945; John M. Stahl), with Gene Tierney, Cornei Wilde, Jeanne Crain, Vincent Price, and Ray Collins; and "Laura" (1944; Otto Preminger), with Gene Tierney, Clifton Webb, Vincent Price, Dana Andrews, and Judith Anderson.
 April 27-28: "Man Hunt" (†); and "Lifeboat" (1944; Alfred Hitchcock), with Tallulah Bankhead, William Bendix, and John Hodiak.
 April 29-May 1: "An Affair to Remember" (1957; Leo McCarey), with Cary Grant, Deborah Kerr, and Richard Denning; and "A Letter to Three Wives" (1949; Joseph L. Mankiewicz), with Linda Darnell, Jeanne Crain, Ann Southern, Kirk Douglas, Paul Douglas, and Celeste Holm.

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
 April 21: "Fat City" (1972; John Huston), with Stacy Keach and Jeff Bridges; and "End of the Road" (1970; Aram Avakian).

and "The Private Life of Sherlock Holmes" (†).

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
 Through April 22: "Cattle Annie and Little Britches" (1980; Lamont Johnson), with Burt Lancaster, John Savage, Amanda Plummer, and Diane Lane; and "Southern Comfort" (1981; Walter Hill), with Keith Carradine, Powers Boothe, Fred Ward, and T. K. Carter.

April 23-24: "Cruising" (1980; William Friedkin), with Al Pacino and Paul Sorvino and "Dog Day Afternoon" (1975; Sidney Lumet), with Al Pacino and John Cazale.
 April 25-27: "Return of the Secaucus 7" (1980; John Sayles); and "Between the Lines" (†).

April 28-29: "Behind the Green Door" (1973; and "Resurrection of Eve" (1974), both films with Marilyn Chambers. Both X-rated.

April 30-May 1: "Lili Marleen" (1981; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Hanna Schygulla and Giancarlo Giannini; and "Just a Gigolo" (1970; David Hemmings), with David Bowie.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

April 21: "Slave of the Cannibal God," with Ursula Andress and Stacy Keach; "Leonor," with Liv Ullmann; and "Journey Through the Past" (1974), a documentary, directed by, and about, Neil Young.

April 22: "Jungle Freaks;" and "Viva la Muerte!" (1971; Fernando Arrabal; in French).

From April 23: "Dance Craze" (1982; Joe Massot).

HOLLYWOOD TWIN CINEMA 1, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)

Through April 24: "Fortune and Men's Eyes" (1971; Harvey Hart), with Wendell Burton and Michael Greer; and "The Queen" (1968; Frank Simon), a film of a transvestite pageant.

April 25-27: "The Public Enemy" (†) and "Little Caesar" (†).

April 28-May 1: "Love Me Tender" (1956; Robert D. Webb), with Elvis Presley, Richard Egan, and Debra Paget; and "Jailhouse Rock" (†).

HOLLYWOOD TWIN CINEMA 2, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)

Through April 24: "Dr. No" (1963) and "From Russia with Love" (1964), both films directed by Terence Young, with Sean Connery as James Bond.

April 25-27: "A Clockwork Orange" (1971; Stanley Kubrick), with Malcolm McDowell, Patrick Magee, and Adrienne Corri; and "Altered States" (1980; Ken Russell), with William Hurt, Bob Balaban, Charles Haid, and Blair Brown.

April 28-May 1: "Apocalypse Now" (1979; Francis Coppola), with Marlon Brando, Robert Duvall, and Martin Sheen; and "Go Tell the Spartans" (1978; Ted Post), with Burt Lancaster and Craig Wasson.

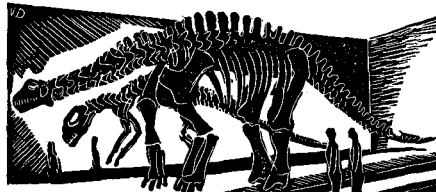
REGENCY, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
 Through April 24: "The King and I" (1956; Walter Lang), with Deborah Kerr and Yul Brynner; and "Carousel" (1956; Henry King), with Gordon MacRae and Shirley Jones.

April 25-26: "Leave Her to Heaven" (1945; John M. Stahl), with Gene Tierney, Cornei Wilde, Jeanne Crain, Vincent Price, and Ray Collins; and "Laura" (1944; Otto Preminger), with Gene Tierney, Clifton Webb, Vincent Price, Dana Andrews, and Judith Anderson.

April 27-28: "Man Hunt" (†); and "Lifeboat" (1944; Alfred Hitchcock), with Tallulah Bankhead, William Bendix, and John Hodiak.

April 29-May 1: "An Affair to Remember" (1957; Leo McCarey), with Cary Grant, Deborah Kerr, and Richard Denning; and "A Letter to Three Wives" (1949; Joseph L. Mankiewicz), with Linda Darnell, Jeanne Crain, Ann Southern, Kirk Douglas, Paul Douglas, and Celeste Holm.

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
 April 21: "Fat City" (1972; John Huston), with Stacy Keach and Jeff Bridges; and "End of the Road" (1970; Aram Avakian).





A greeting to some unearthly visitor? Decide for yourself—in Faucett's Peru

For almost 2500 years, he has stared wide-eyed at the cloudless sky of southwestern Peru. One hand is lifted in greeting. This is part of the unexplainable Nazca lines.

Your plane circles over a well-drawn spider, a whale, a monkey. But from the ground, they appear as unrelated lines in the desert rock. Suddenly an eerie feeling grabs you; is that figure wearing a spacesuit? Is that a zipper? Your imagination stirs. How could a primitive people

have created what you're seeing?

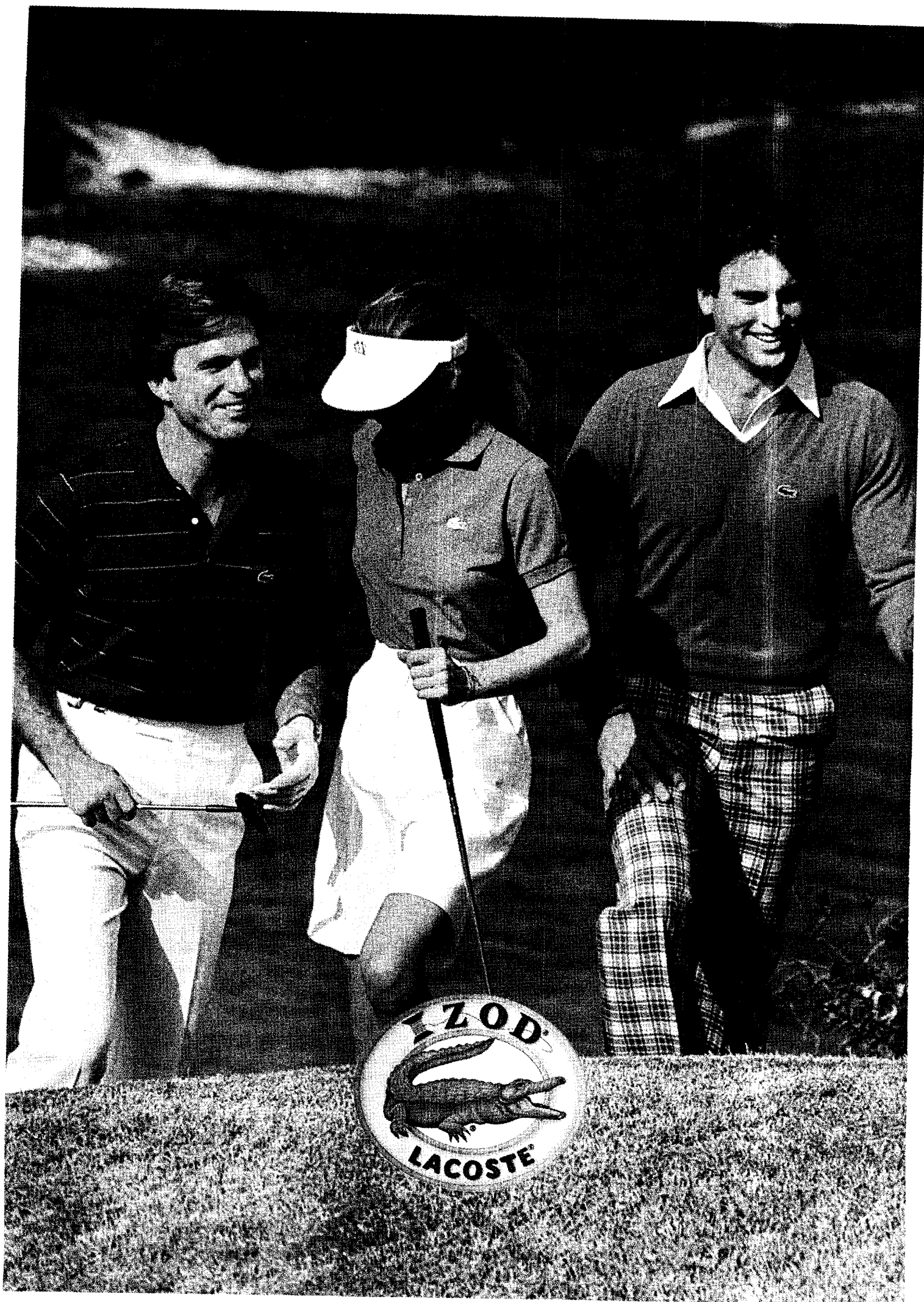
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with Stacy Keach, Harris Yulin, Dorothy Tristan, and James Earl Jones.

April 22: "Caged" (1950; John Cromwell), with Eleanor Parker and Agnes Moorehead; "Women's Prison" (1955; Lewis Seiler), with Ida Lupino, Jan Sterling, and Phyllis Thaxter; and "Too Late for Tears" (1949; Byron Haskin), with Elizabeth Scott and Dan Duryea.

April 23-24: "Cabaret" (1972; Bob Fosse), with Liza Minnelli, Michael York, and Joel Grey; and "Conduct Unbecoming" (1975; Michael Anderson), with Michael York, Richard Attenborough, Trevor Howard, Stacy Keach, Christopher Plummer, and Susannah York.

April 25: "La Dolce Vita" (1960; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Marcello Mastroianni and Anita Ekberg.

April 26: "It Happened One Night" (1934; Frank Capra), with Claudette Colbert, Clark Gable, Walter Connolly, Roscoe Karns, and Alan Hale; and "The Awful Truth" (1937; Leo McCarey), with Irene Dunne, Cary Grant, and Ralph Bellamy.

April 27: "I, a Man" (1967; Andy Warhol); and "Scarecrow in a Garden of Cucumbers" (1972; Robert J. Kaplan), with Holly Woodlawn.

April 28: "That Hamilton Woman" (1941; Alexander Korda), with Vivien Leigh and Laurence Olivier; and "As You Like It" (†).

April 29: "Detour" (1945; Edgar G. Ulmer), with Ann Savage and Tom Neal; "Strange Illusion" (1945; Edgar G. Ulmer), with Jimmy Lydon and Sally Eilers; and "The Strange Woman" (1947; Edgar G. Ulmer), with Hedy Lamarr, George Sanders, and Louis Hayward.

April 30-May 1: "Bringing Up Baby" (1938; Howard Hawks), with Katharine Hepburn, Cary Grant, and Charles Ruggles; and "Monkey Business" (1952; Howard Hawks), with Cary Grant, Ginger Rogers, Charles Coburn, and Marilyn Monroe.

THEATRE 80 ST. MARKS, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

April 21: "Paper Moon" (1973; Peter Bogdanovich), with Ryan O'Neal and Tatum O'Neal; and "At Long Last Love" (1975; Peter Bogdanovich) with Burt Reynolds, Cybill Shepherd, Eileen Brennan, John Hillerman, and Duilio Del Prete.

April 22: "Sherlock Holmes and the Secret Weapon" (1943) and "The Woman in Green" (1945), two films in the Basil Rathbone-Nigel Bruce Holmes-Watson series, both directed by Roy William Neill.

April 23-24: "Twentieth Century" (1934; Howard Hawks), with John Barrymore, Carole Lombard, and Ralph Forbes; and "It Happened One Night" (1934; Frank Capra), with Claudette Colbert, Clark Gable, Walter Connolly, Roscoe Karns, and Alan Hale.

April 25: "The Cat and the Canary" (1939; Elliott Nugent), with Paulette Goddard, Bob Hope, John Beal, and Douglass Montgomery; and "And Then There Were None" (†).

April 26: "The Men Who Tread on the Tiger's Tail" (†); and "The Drunken Angel" (1948; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese).

April 27: "Marat/Sade" (1967; Peter Brook), performed by the Royal Shakespeare Company; and "Electra" (†).

April 28: "The Amazing Dr. Clitterhouse" (1938; Anatole Litvak), with Edward G. Robinson, Humphrey Bogart, Claire Trevor, and Donald Crisp; and "Brother Orchid" (1940; Lloyd Bacon), with Ann Sothern, Edward G. Robinson, Donald Crisp, and Humphrey Bogart.

April 29: "The Wrong Man" (1956; Alfred Hitchcock), with Henry Fonda, Vera Miles, and Anthony Quayle; and "Stage Fright" (1950; Alfred Hitchcock), with Jane Wyman, Marlene Dietrich, Richard Todd, and Michael Wilding.

April 30-May 1: "The Great Gatsby" (1949; Elliott Nugent), with Alan Ladd, Betty Field, Macdonald Carey, and Barry Sullivan; and "The Glass Key" (1942; Stuart Heisler), with Brian Donlevy, Veronica Lake, and Alan Ladd.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

NEW DIRECTORS/NEW FILMS—The final programs in a thirteen-day festival presented by the Film Society of Lincoln Center and the Department of Film of the Museum of Modern Art. At the Festival Theatre, 6 West 57th St.—April 21 at 6: "My Son, My Precious" (India; Aribam Syam Sharma). . . . April 21 at 8:30: "Marianne and Juliane" (West Germany; Margarethe von Trotta). . . . April 22 at 6: "Max Frisch: Journal I-III"

(Switzerland; Richard Dindo). . . . April 22 at 8:30: "The Games of Countess Dolingen" (France; Catherine Binet). . . . April 23 at 6: "Marianne and Juliane." . . . April 23 at 8:30 and April 24 at 1: "de Kooning on de Kooning" (United States; Charlotte Zwerin) and "Brooklyn Bridge" (United States; Ken Burns). . . . April 24 at 3:30: "Max Frisch: Journal I-III." . . . April 24 at 6: "Morning Mist" (Portugal; Lauro António). . . . April 24 at 8:30 and April 25 at 1: "Chan Is Missing" (United States; Wayne Wang). . . . April 25 at 3:30: "Morning Mist." . . . April 25 at 6: "Clotheslines" (United States; Roberta Cantow) and "A Little Swelling" (Iceland; Agust Gudmundsson). . . . April 25 at 8:30 and April 26 at 6: "Malou" (West Germany; Jeanine Meerapfel). . . . April 26 at 8:30: "Clotheslines" and "A Little Swelling." . . . April 27 at 6: "The Road Warrior" (Australia; George Miller). . . . April 27 at 8:30 and April 28 at 6: "A Slap in the Face" (U.S.S.R./Armenia; Genrikh Malyan). . . . April 28 at 8:30: "The Road Warrior." (For information about tickets, call 877-1800, Ext. 489.)

ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—April 21 at 8: A program of films by Hans Richter and Man Ray. . . . April 22 at 8: A program of films by Ron Rice and Paul Sharits. . . . April 23 at 8: "Olympia" (1939; Leni Riefenstahl; in German, no English subtitles), a documentary. . . . April 24 at 2: A video program by Betsy Connors, Wendelin Glatzel, Vin Grabill, and Bernd Kracke. . . . April 24 at 8: "A Propos de Nice" (1929-30), "Taris" (1931), and "Zero de Conduite" (1933), all films in French, with no English subtitles, directed by Jean Vigo. . . . April 25 at 8: "Man with a Movie Camera" (1929; Dziga Vertov; in Russian, no English subtitles). . . . April 27 at 8: "Enthusiasm" (1931; Dziga Vertov; in Russian, no English subtitles). . . . April 28 at 8: A program of films by John Sibley Watson, James and John Whitney, and Andy Warhol. . . . April 29 at 8: "L'Atalante" (1934; Jean Vigo; in French, no English subtitles). . . . April 30 at 8: "The Chelsea Girls" (1966; Andy Warhol). . . . May 1 at 8: To be announced.

NOTE—The Museum of Modern Art auditorium will be closed for renovation until sometime in June.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.

IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

AGUIRRE, THE WRATH OF GOD (1972)—Werner Herzog's fine film about a sixteenth-century quest for a Peruvian El Dorado. Poisoned arrows from Indians are made invisible by the beautiful heavy trees overhanging the Amazon; a raft is caught in a whirlpool; the conquistadors, in cumbersome armor ill-fitted to their trek, start to think of themselves as living a life of fancy. Their leader is Aguirre, blazing-eyed and severe, with demagogic delusions. In German. (Film Forum; April 22-24.)

AND THEN THERE WERE NONE (1945)—The Agatha Christie murder mystery and play "Ten Little Indians" (known in England as "Ten Little Niggers") gathers together a group of characters and then ticks them off to the nursery rhyme. Ten people are invited to spend a weekend on an island by a host none of them knows; on arrival they are notified by phonograph that their host, in absentia, is going to punish them for various crimes they have committed, and they start keeling over like plague victims. This René Clair version never had much life in it to start with, despite the cast—Judith Anderson, June Duprez, Roland Young, Walter Huston, Mischa Auer, Barry Fitzgerald, Richard Haydn, Louis Hayward, C. Aubrey Smith, Queenie Leonard, and Harry Thurston. The efforts at sprightly, stylish comedy don't gain much momentum. Adapted by Dudley Nichols. (There were English versions made in 1965 and 1974. The Christie material was also parodied in the boisterous, unfunny 1976 "Murder By Death," written by Neil Simon.) (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 25.)

ARTHUR—As Hobson, the valet to a drunken millionaire playboy, John Gielgud may be the most poised and confident funnyman you'll

ever see. And as the top-hatted lush, Arthur, Dudley Moore has a mad sparkle in his eyes. This is the first movie directed by Steve Gordon (who also wrote the script); he's a long way from being able to do with images what he can do with words, but there are some inspired bits, and his work has a friendly spirit. But Liza Minnelli, as the poor-girl heroine, doesn't have her share of the good lines, and she's electrifying when she needs only to be charming; as the playboy's grandmother, Geraldine Fitzgerald has the worst scenes, and the zest she gives them goes peculiarly wrong. Cinematography by Fred Schuler; he makes the New York locations look elegant, even when the staging suggests a waxworks museum. (Reviewed in our issue of 7/27/81.) (Criterion Theatres.)

AS YOU LIKE IT (1936)—Shakespeare cleaned up and made rather too respectfully lighthearted. Still, this British production is by no means contemptible; it's enjoyable even in its disappointing moments. As Rosalind, Elisabeth Bergner, a great theatrical technician who specialized in heartbreaking gamine charm, can't resist being more adorably mischievous than is necessary, and she's handicapped by her age (she was close to forty) and by her German accent, which dims the sparkle of some of her lines. One doesn't think of her as Fräulein Rosalind—one just doesn't make contact with her Rosalind. The young Laurence Olivier is triumphantly angelic as that amorous, brooding goof Orlando; there's a real interpretation at work here—his reactions make one grin. With Henry Ainley, Richard Ainley, Sophie Stewart, Mackenzie Ward, Leon Quartermaine, Felix Aylmer, Aubrey Mather, John Laurie, and Peter Bull. Directed by Bergner's husband, Paul Czinner,

who—as in his movie versions of operas—never really seems to get the hang of the medium. Adapted by J. M. Barrie and Robert Cullen. (Thalia; April 28.)

ATLANTIC CITY—This spa that became a racketeer's paradise during Prohibition and is now on its chaotic way to becoming Vegas with a beach is an improbable place, and in this lyric farce, directed by Louis Malle, from John Guare's script, it gives a hallucinatory texture to the lives of the characters. The story is a prankish wish-fulfillment fantasy about prosperity—what it does to cities, what it can do for people. It takes Malle a little while to set up the crisscrossing of the major characters, but once he does, the film operates by its own laws in its own world, and it has a lovely fizziness. Everything goes wrong and comes out right. The casting is superb. As an old numbers-runner who dreams of the days when he was a flunky and bodyguard for big-time racketeers, Burt Lancaster gives what is probably his funniest (and finest) performance. Susan Sarandon plays an uneducated girl studying to become a croupier, and for once her googly-eyed, slightly stupefied look seems perfect. With Kate Reid, Hollis McLaren, Robert Joy, Michel Piccoli, and many fine character actors. Cinematography by Richard Ciupka. (4/6/81) (Waverly.)

BETWEEN THE LINES (1977)—Directed by Joan Micklin Silver, from a screenplay by Fred Barron, about a spirited underground Boston weekly called the *Back Bay Mainline*. Mrs. Silver's film is anecdotal and illustrative, crammed with good characters. The plot is engagingly unaggressive and unsystematic, leading to a climax in which the newspaper is bought by a ruthless smoothie in a tie and a suit who is ready to sack and replace the

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

whole raffish staff. (Cinema Village; April 25-27.)

BLACK GIRL (1969)—Ousmane Sembène's film about a young African girl who goes to work for a European couple in Antibes. In French. (Film Forum; April 21.)

CHARIOTS OF FIRE—The story of the courage and the triumph of two young runners who represented Britain in the 1924 Olympics, held in Paris. The runners—Harold Abrahams (Ben Cross), a wealthy Jewish boy who is a student at Cambridge, and Eric Liddell (Ian Charleson), a Scottish divinity student—win because they have something to run for. The unbelievably self-possessed Abrahams runs against anti-Semitic snobbery and prejudices, and the devout Liddell runs in an ecstatic state, because "when I run, I can feel His pleasure." The picture is a piece of technological lyricism held together by the glue of simpleminded heroic sentiment; basically, its appeal is in watching a couple of guys win their races. Produced by David Puttnam, directed by Hugh Hudson (it's his debut film), from Colin Welland's script. Cinematography by David Watkin; music by Vangelis Papanastassiou. With Lindsay Anderson, John Gielgud, Alice Krige, Ian Holm, Cheryl Campbell, Dennis Christopher, Brad Davis, Nigel Havers, Nicholas Farrell, Nigel Davenport, Patrick Magee, and David Yelland as the Prince of Wales. (10/26/81) (R.K.O. Century Art, Manhattan, Lincoln Plaza, and MovieLand.)

DEATHTRAP—This movie is for people who dream of seeing "Sleuth" again—there must be at least one or two of them. It's set in the East Hampton home of a once successful playwright (Michael Caine) who specializes in thrillers; he plans to murder a former student (Christopher Reeve) and steal his flawless play, "Deathtrap." Ira Levin's wisecracking whodunit, which is in its fifth year on Broadway, is all twists and reversals, and it's designed to be played frivolously and artificially, by slick, easy actors. But the director, Sidney Lumet, and the screenwriter, Jay Presson Allen, have decided to make the movie version as realistic as possible. What this comes down to is a broad, obvious movie that looks like an ugly play and appears to be a vile vision of life, and at the end the staging and editing are so quick and muddled that you can't be sure what's happening. Except for the shouting, which has become *de rigueur* in a Lumet film, the actors don't disgrace themselves. But their skill gives one no pleasure. With Dyan Cannon, Irene Worth, and Henry Jones. (4/5/82) (R.K.O. Century R.K.O. 86th St., Murray Hill, Sutton, Loews 83rd Quad, and Criterion Theatres; through April 29. D. W. Griffith; starting April 30.)

DINER—A wonderful movie, set in Baltimore, around Christmas of 1959. A fluctuating group of five or six young men in their early

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twenties hang out together; they've known each other since high school, and though they're moving in different directions, they still cling to their late-night bull sessions at the diner—where, magically, they always seem to have plenty to talk about. It's like a comedy club—they take off from each other, and their conversations are all overlapping jokes that are funny without punch lines. Conversations may roll on all night, and they can sound worldly and sharp, but when these boys are out with girls, they're nervous, constricted, fraudulent, half crazy. Written and directed by Barry Levinson, "Diner" is a great period piece—a look at middle-class relations between the sexes just before the sexual revolution, when people still laughed (albeit uneasily) at the gulf between men and women. It features some of the best young actors in the country: Mickey Rourke (who was the jailed arsonist in "Body Heat"), Ellen Barkin, Daniel Stern, Kevin Bacon, Steve Guttenberg, Paul Reiser, and Timothy Daly. (4/5/82) (Coronet.)

DIVA—An up-to-the-minute glittering toy of a movie, a romantic thriller from France, made by a new director, Jean-Jacques Beineix, who has a fabulous camera technique and understands the pleasures to be had from a picture that doesn't take itself too seriously—the whole high-tech incandescence of the film is played for humor. The diva is an awesomely beautiful black American soprano (Wilhelmina Fernandez) who refuses to make recordings. Frédéric Andrei is the wide-eyed eighteen-year-old postal messenger who adores her; he sneaks his Nagra tape machine into her concert in Paris so he'll be able to listen to her at home—and all hell breaks loose around him. He's pursued by two baroque thugs: one is tall and Latin and chews gum with the jaws of a hippopotamus; the other is small, with spiky blond hair and sunglasses, and an earplug so he can listen to a transistor radio while he's on his murderous errands—he's so dissociated he's practically a mutant. The unfazable heroine (the fourteen-year-old Thuy An Luu) is a post-Godardian tootsie—in her short-short skirts and transparent plastic coat, she's a lollipop wrapped in cellophane. A Mr. Cool in a white suit and a white Citroën comes to the aid of the besieged messenger. The film may remind you of Welles' "Touch of Evil," it's Welles romanticized, packaged. It's a mixture of style and chic hanky-panky, but it's genuinely sparkling. In French. (4/19/82) (Plaza.)

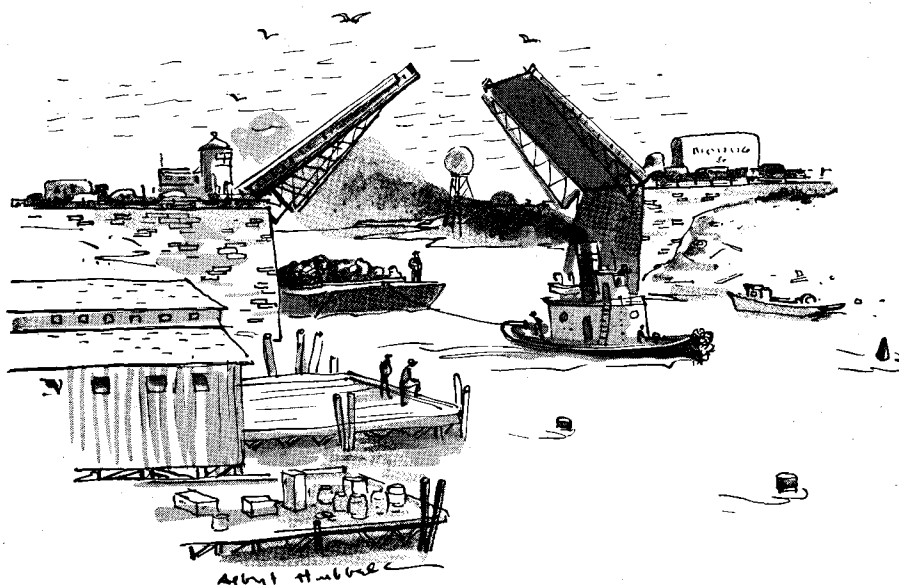
ELECTRA (1962)—The Greek director Michael Cacoyannis has filmed his own adaptation of the Euripides tragedy in an outdoor setting, with an authentic solemn grandeur, and with the handsome young Irene Papas as his heroine. Still, in trying to show how vividly modern this classic is, he produces discomfort: we're neither quite here nor quite back there. With Aleka Catselli as Clytemnestra, Yannis Fertis as Orestes, and Manos Katrakis as the tutor. Cinematography by Walter Lassally; music by Mikis Theodorakis. In Greek. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 27.)

ENDLESS LOVE—A predictable fiasco—still, it's considerably worse than you might have expected. Directed by Franco Zeffirelli, from Judith Rascoe's adaptation of Scott Spencer's novel about a teen-age boy's single-minded love for his young girlfriend, the movie is an icky, shapeless mess. The novel was a purplish glorification of the hero's masochism, and it was purplish in a violent way. The love that was endless was a physical addiction. The two kids fornicated furiously and just about constantly; they went at each other like battle-scarred veterans of the sex wars. And the boy's passionate love resulted in his being sent to an insane asylum. Even in the fifties, when movies were full of misunderstood young heroes, no boy had ever suffered so much for love. Zeffirelli has turned this love into tender, gentle romance, with the scenes of intercourse so "tastefully" rendered that nothing in the movie makes much sense, not even the graceful sexual position of the two young actors—Martin Hewitt as David and Brooke Shields as Jade. If people's early encounters were this refined, sex wouldn't have got a bad name. Maybe teen-agers will be touched by the sensitivity and devotion of the pair; adults may go a little giggly-crazy, especially since the parents are a quartet of leches and bores—reminiscent of the parents in "Splendor in the Grass," where a passionate girl (Natalie Wood) was packed off to the loony bin. Shirley Knight, who acts by smacking her lips, is Jade's mother; Don Murray, who even at first sight seems viciously deranged, is her father; and, as David's parents, Beatrice Straight and Richard Kiley are a left-wing Maggie and Jiggs. This may be the silliest-looking movie ever lighted by a first-class cinematographer (David Watkin); it's all bathed in a Zeffirellian golden glow. When David and Jade are at the Planetarium and he says, "I'm going to name a star after you," a voice in the theatre piped up, "Brooke Shields is already a star." (Olympia Quad; through April 22.)

FACE TO FACE (1976)—Ingmar Bergman's relentless chronicle of the edging toward breakdown of a woman psychiatrist (Liv Ullmann). Her skill lies in hauling others out of nightmares without falling prey to them herself. Why, then, does she take a near-fatal overdose of sleeping pills? Bergman makes it seem no enigma that this apparently reposeful woman is within reach of the long arm of blight. The film is a marvellously vivid and thoughtful—and, surprisingly, witty—record of an unhappy mind's oscillation between ease and agitation. In Swedish. (Bleecker St. Cinema; April 25-26.)

THE FIRE WITHIN (1963)—A neglected small masterpiece. A Scott Fitzgerald-like young man in Paris seeks out a variety of old friends before putting a bullet in his heart. A beautiful picture, thanks to the acting of Maurice Ronet and the direction of Louis Malle. In French. (Film Forum; April 27-28.)

THE FORTUNE COOKIE (1966)—A sour, visually ugly comedy from director Billy Wilder and his co-writer, I. A. L. Diamond, which gets worse as it goes along; it's both cynical and sanctimonious, and exploitative on both counts. Jack Lemmon plays a TV cameraman who is accidentally knocked unconscious in the course of covering a football game; Walter Matthau (the only possible excuse for seeing the picture) is Whiplash Willie, Lemmon's venomous shyster-lawyer brother-in-law, who hatches a plot to bilk the insurance companies. By the time that Ron Rich, the decent, heartsick black football player who knocked Lemmon down, arrives to take care of him, and they become loving buddies, only Leslie ("Come back to the raft ag'in, Huck honey") Fiedler could care. With Cliff Osmond, Judi West, Lurene Tuttle, Les Tre-



mayne, Ann Shoemaker, Ned Glass, Archie Moore, and Sig Rumann. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 29-May 1.)

FUN LOVING (1970; "Quackser Fortune Has a Cousin in the Bronx")—Winsome comedy about a hero (Gene Wilder) who resists computerized society by collecting horse manure in a cart. The film is laid in Dublin. It should be laid to rest. (New Embassy 49th Street; starting April 30.)

THE HOMECOMING (1973)—Harold Pinter's mannered, floating ominousness has been used to tone up many movies (it was at its most effective in his script for "Accident"), but his own plays—"The Caretaker" and "The Birthday Party," and "The Homecoming," too—transfer to film badly. When this play is presented on the stage, the tensions bounce around, and one can respond to the actors' relish in their roles, but on the screen the material is so lethally set that Pinter sounds Pinteresque. This movie comes across as corny-tricky and cheaply theatrical, with cryptic reversals of attitude and sudden outbreaks of violence and sex, plus a coronary and some unspecified sort of seizure. And the attitudes are cheap, too. Michael Jayston, smiling a tiny, tight smile, plays the philosophy professor who, accompanied by his wife, Ruth (Vivien Merchant), returns from America to visit his Cockney family: the role is none other than the old standby of middle-brow theatre—the prissy, unfeeling, vaguely impotent intellectual. Stoic Ruth, the one woman in this archetypal rancorous-family play, is mother-wife-whore, and, of course, is sphinxlike—the ultimate, controlling mystery of life. We got rid of "Everyman," are we to drag "Everywoman" around forever? The suggestiveness of the play remains, however, and so does some of its charge. In the movie, though, Pinter's idiom, with its wit, sounds crisped—overcalibrated. With Paul Rogers as the domineering butcher father, Cyril Cusack as the weak uncle, Ian Holm as the satanic pimp son, and Terence Rigby as the thickheaded son; they are all playing so high that they cancel out one another's performances. Directed by Peter Hall; cinematography by David Watkin; music by Thelonus Monk. Produced by Eli Landau, for American Film Theatre. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 27-28.)

JAILHOUSE ROCK (1957)—Elvis Presley, convicted of manslaughter and shorn by a jailhouse haircut, sings and plays the guitar to entertain the prison inmates. At one point, he strips to the waist and is flogged by the guards, though not for his singing. Richard Thorpe directed this package, shrewdly designed to give satisfaction to the new raunchy rock generation. The story ends happily, and the movie made millions, though Presley never begins to suggest the vitality that he showed in documentary footage. With Judy Tyler, Dean Jones, and Mickey Shaughnessy. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; April 28-May 1.)

LITTLE CAESAR (1930)—Edward G. Robinson's Rico is one of the major prototypes of the movie gangster, but Mervyn LeRoy's direction is sluggish, and the actors seem to be transfixed by the microphone. With Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Glenda Farrell, George E. Stone, Sidney Blackmer, William Collier, Jr., and Stanley Fields. From a novel by W. R. Burnett, adapted by Francis Faragoh. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; April 25-27.)

MAN HUNT (1941)—Fritz Lang directed the Dudley Nichols adaptation of Geoffrey Household's "Rogue Male"—an anti-Nazi thriller about a broad-shouldered British big-game hunter (Walter Pidgeon) stalking Hitler at Berchtesgaden. It's ingenious, all right, but the direction is too insistent and the plot too tangled for a first-rate entertainment. Joan Bennett plays the streetwalker heroine, whom the studio turned into a "seamstress" to get past the Hays office. With George Sanders, John Carradine, Roddy McDowall, and Ludwig Stossel. (Regency; April 27-28.)

THE MEN WHO TREAD ON THE TIGER'S TAIL (1945)—An hour-long film by Kurosawa. The Japanese government wanted a propaganda film when they commissioned him to film a popular Kabuki drama called "Kanjicho." What they got was a funny fable about militarism, with a nice low-comedy porter who upstages the stoic noblemen of the original. Don't expect the Japanese sense of humor to be much like anyone else's. In Japanese. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 26.)

MISSING—Costa-Gavras has given his accusatory political thriller a soft, warm-and-human center. As Ed Horman, the father of a young American who has disappeared in Chile after the military coup that overthrew Allende, Jack Lemmon is the naive, protected, nonpolitical conservative who is radicalized (or, at least, reeducated) by what he learns. Ed arrives in Santiago to look for his son and we're stuck, observing each step in the calibrated process of his coming closer to the counterculture values of his son's wife (Sissy Spacek, who's fresh and natural). Costa-Gavras's antipathy to Americans appears to be so deep-seated that he can't create American characters. The only real filmmaking is in the anxious, ominous atmosphere of a city under martial law. With John Shea as Charles, the son (seen in flashbacks), and Melanie Mayron. Based on the book by Thomas Hauser; shot in Mexico. (3/8/82) (Quad Cinema, and Criterion Theatres; through April 22. . . ¶ Beekman, and Loews 83rd Quad; through April 29.)

MY DINNER WITH ANDRÉ—It's like a mad tea party or a mad, modern platonic dialogue about the meaning of life. Self-effacingly directed, by Louis Malle, it creates the illusion that we are simply listening in on a dinnertime conversation between the playwright Wallace Shawn and the former avant-garde theatre director André Gregory. Wally persuades André to tell him what he has been up to, and the suave, hawklike André, a crackpot glitter-eyed charmer, pours out the record of his transcendental experiences in Poland, in Scotland, in India and Tibet, in the Sahara, and even in Montauk, where he was buried alive in a death-and-rebirth ceremony. What he acts out for us is the questing that has torn so much of the modern theatre apart. When Wally, the pragmatist and sensualist, begins to talk, he plays warthog to André's soaring flights of mysticism. They're perfect foils. This is a bizarre and surprisingly entertaining satirical comedy: the story of the search beyond theatre turned into theatre—or, at least, into a movie. (1/4/82) (Lincoln Plaza.)

ON GOLDEN POND—The kind of uplifting twaddle that traffics heavily in rather basic symbols: the gold light on the pond stands for the sunset of life, and so on and on. Directed by Mark Rydell, from Ernest Thompson's adaptation of his own 1978 play, the movie is a doddering valentine in which Popsy Norman (Henry Fonda), who's having his eightieth birthday, and Mopsy Ethel (Katharine Hepburn), who's nearing her seventieth, crack jokes, weather domestic crises, and show us the strength of solid Yankee values. With Jane Fonda, who gives a tense performance in the terrible role of the neurotic daughter of the lovey-dovey old pair, and Dabney Coleman, Doug McKeon, and William Lanteau. (12/7/81) (Olympia Quad, and Criterion Theatres. . . ¶ Cinema II; through April 22. . . ¶ Quad Cinema; through April 29.)

PICKPOCKET (1958)—Robert Bresson's celebrated, influential film about a young man compelled to steal. In French. (Film Forum; April 27-28.)

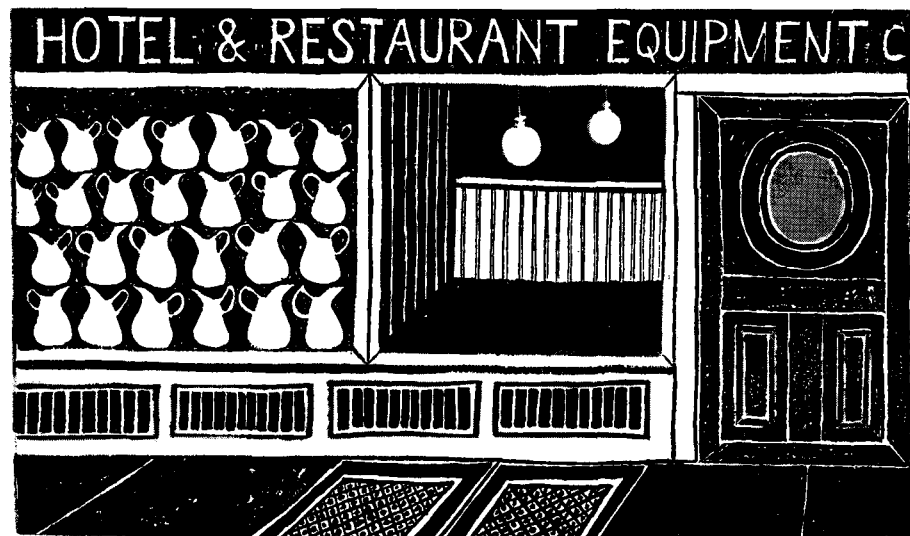
THE PRIVATE LIFE OF SHERLOCK HOLMES (1970)—Bill

Wilder's detective picture is meant to be a put-on of the Sherlock Holmes mythology, concentrating on a case that Holmes (Robert Stephens) fouls up. But for this idea to have bounce and suspense we need to see the clues and draw our own inferences, so that we can spot where Holmes is going wrong and enjoy his booboos. And for it to be somewhat romantic, as it's intended to be, we need to see much more of how he's distracted by the charming treachery of the lady played by Genevieve Page. Instead, one must content oneself with the occasional clever lines, the handsome Victorian décor, and Christopher Challis's lovely, if somewhat dark, tinted-looking cinematography. It's a graceful picture, but it dawdles, and Stephens doesn't seem to have the star presence that Holmes requires. With Colin Blakely, Christopher Lee, Clive Revill, Stanley Holloway, and Catherine Lacey. Written by Wilder and I. A. L. Diamond; art direction by Alexander Trauner; music by Miklos Rozsa. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 29-May 1.)

THE PUBLIC ENEMY (1931)—William Wellman's gangster classic, with James Cagney, Jean Harlow, and Joan Blondell, and Mae Clarke as the girl who gets the grapefruit shoved in her kisser. A good picture, even if the theme music is "I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles." (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; April 25-27.)

QUEST FOR FIRE—Set eighty thousand years ago, this science fantasy is a full-length version of the ape-man prologue to "2001." Naoh, Amoukar, and Gaw (Everett McGill, Ron Perlman, and Nameer El-Kadi), three warriors of the spear-carrying Ulam tribe, go out on the sacred mission of finding fire and bringing it back. As they fight off predatory animals and hideous, apier men, you begin to wish you could detect famous actors under all the makeup, the way you could in the Biblical spectaculars. If it weren't for the grisly closeups of torn flesh and of bloody confrontations, the picture might be taken for a put-on. The director, Jean-Jacques Annaud, has his own primitivism: he doesn't seem to have discovered crosscutting yet. What's fun in the movie is the makeup and the way that the faces of the three warriors are simian and attractive. Naoh, the hero, falls in love with the smooth-skinned, bluish-looking Ika (Rae Dawn Chong) of the mud people, the Ivaka, who know how to make fire. Ika also teaches Naoh a few other things—such as a basic, mutually satisfying sex position. Anthony Burgess "created" the "special languages," and Desmond Morris "created" the "body language and gestures." Script by Gérard Brach, based on a 1911 French novel by J. H. Rosny, Sr. (3/8/82) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, and Loews Paramount. . . ¶ Loews New York Twin; through April 24.)

RAGTIME—The movie doesn't have an impudent slapstick vision, isn't a pop epic, or even a satiric fling. It's limp—it always seems to be aiming about halfway toward the effects that E. L. Doctorow achieved in his literary extravaganza. Is it possible that the director, Miloš Forman, thought that if he didn't go for razzle-dazzle what was left would be "truth"? If so, he started from the wrong book. He has



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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made a seriously intended eccentric movie about a black piano player (Howard E. Rollins, Jr.) who demands redress for an insult. But the picture isn't even socially conscious: the character is so totally, aberrantly unbelievable that there's no social milieu that could account for him. With James Cagney as the New York City Police Commissioner, and Pat O'Brien, Donald O'Connor, Norman Mailer, Elizabeth McGovern, Mary Steenburgen, Mandy Patinkin, Kenneth McMillan, Moses Gunn, Brad Dourif, Robert Joy, and James Olson. Script by Michael Weller. (11/23/81) (Embassy; through April 22.)

RAIDERS OF THE LOST ARK—Steven Spielberg directed this high-powered cliff-hanger about the exploits of Indiana Jones (Harrison Ford), an adventurer-archeologist. The time is 1936, and Indy, working for the United States government, is trying to find the Ark of the Covenant (a chest holding the broken stone tablets of the Ten Commandments) ahead of his arch-enemy, the suave, amoral Belloq (Paul Freeman), who is in cahoots with the Nazis. Kinesethetically, the film works, but not emotionally. With Karen Allen as Marion, John Rhys-Davies as Sallah, and Ronald Lacey as Toht. Written by Lawrence Kasdan, from a story idea worked up by George Lucas and Philip Kaufman. (6/15/81) (Greenwich Playhouse, Olympia Quad, and Embassy; through April 22.)

REDS—Warren Beatty, who was the producer, the director, and the co-writer (with Trevor Griffiths), also plays the hero, the American journalist John Reed, who took part in the Bolshevik Revolution and wrote "Ten Days That Shook the World." Diane Keaton plays Reed's wife, the independent-minded Louise Bryant. The film, which runs three hours and twenty minutes, is conceived as a love story set against a background of bohemian living and revolutionary fervor. But the writers didn't work out a scrutable character for Louise. Beatty is often touching, and he does some of the best acting he has ever done, but he doesn't let his energy come through; he plays so much on what the audience responds to in him—the all-American combination of innocence and earnestness—that he's in danger of turning into Li'l Abner. The subject—the romantic life of an American Communist—may be daring, but the moviemaking is extremely traditional. With Jack Nicholson as Eugene O'Neill, and Gene Hackman, Paul Sorvino, the novelist Jerzy Kosinski as Zinoviev, Edward Herrmann, and Max Wright. Best of all: Maureen Stapleton as Emma Goldman, and a group of contemporaries of the Reds (e.g., Rebecca West, Hamilton Fish), who appear in documentary interviews as "witnesses." Cinematography by Vittorio Storaro. (12/21/81) (72nd Street East, and New Yorker. . . ♣ St. Marks Cinema, and Embassy 1; through April 22. . . ♣ Embassy; starting April 23.)

RICHARD PRYOR LIVE ON THE SUNSET STRIP—The master of physical comedy and lyrical ob-

scenity in a new one-man show. To those of us who thought his 1979 film, "Richard Pryor Live in Concert," was one of the greatest performances we'd ever seen or ever will see, it may be disappointing yet emotionally stirring. That earlier movie made him a legend, and the vast public outpouring of affection for him after his near-fatal accident in June, 1980, when (as he acknowledges here) the dope he was freebasing exploded and set him on fire, has changed him and his relation with the audience. He knows that all he has to do is stand on the stage and be adored. And he knows there's something the matter with this new situation, but he doesn't know how to deal with it. This film isn't in the class of the first, but it has superb bits. (4/5/82) (Loews Astor Plaza. . . ♣ Loews Orpheum; through April 27. . . ♣ Olympia Quad; starting April 30, tentative.)

THE SERPENT'S EGG (1978)—Set in Berlin in 1923, this Ingmar Bergman film, made in English in Munich, is about a Jewish-American trapeze artist (David Carradine) and his sister-in-law (Liv Ullmann), who are entrapped by a mad doctor (Heinz Bennent)—a prophet who dreams of what the Nazis will accomplish in the thirties. The movie, which fills the screen with images of fear and blood, of head-splitting pain and death, and then throws in gothic political theories, is a crackpot tragedy. Everything is strained, insufficient, underfelt. Cinematography by Sven Nykvist. (Bleecker St. Cinema; April 25-26.)

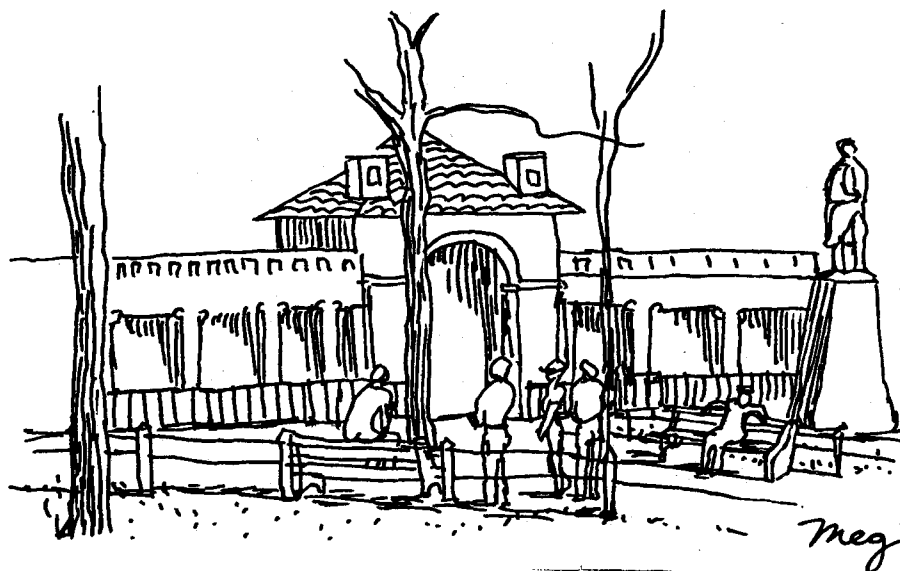
THREE BROTHERS—Three Italian brothers who have emigrated to the cities go back south to their father's farm in the Apulia region for their mother's funeral. Directed by Francesco Rosi, from a script he wrote with Tonino Guerra, it might be said to be an inquiry into the terrorist chaos of the nation—yet it's set in the old father's world, where the cycle of nature is what matters. The old man (Charles Vanel, at eighty-nine) has lived his life without ever needing to worry about terrorism, crime, chaos; the sons' thoughts and fantasies all come out of their anxieties. Working with his long-time cinematographer, Pasqualino De Santis, Rosi keeps you in a state of emotional exaltation. A simple image—such as that of the old man just walking—has the kind of resonance that most directors never achieve. Though the actors who play the brothers—Philippe Noiret, Vittorio Mezzogiorno, and Michele Placido—are less than exciting, while you're watching this film it envelops you. In Italian. (3/22/82) (Quad Cinema, and Cinema Studio. . . ♣ Eastside Cinema; through April 22.)

THE TREE OF WOODEN CLOGS (1979)—A touching account by Ermanno Olmi of life among the Italian peasantry in the late nineteenth century. The people who work the land can never own it, and they are as much at the mercy of time and weather as the dumb creatures with whom they share their living quarters and their fates. In Italian. (Film Forum; April 25-26.)

TWO OR THREE THINGS I KNOW ABOUT HER (1967)—Godard's picture, with Marina Vlady as a lower-middle-class wife in the outskirts of Paris who becomes a prostitute—respectably parking her children first—in order to buy bourgeois clothes and American cigarettes. The social irony is simply and swiftly confirmed. The "her" of the title probably refers as much to Paris as to the heroine. In French. (Film Forum; April 29-May 1.)

WEEKEND (1968)—Only the title of this extraordinary poetic satire is casual and innocent. The writer-director Jean-Luc Godard has a gift for making the contemporary satiric and fantastic. He begins with just a slight stylization of civilized living now—the people are more adulterous, more nakedly mercenary, touchier. They have weapons, and use them at the slightest provocation, and it seems perfectly logical that they should get into their cars and bang into one another and start piling up on the roads. The traffic jam is a prelude to highways littered with burning cars and corpses. As long as Godard stays with cars as the symbol of bourgeois materialism, the barbarity of these bourgeois—their greed and the self-love they project onto their possessions—is exact and funny. The picture goes much further—sometimes majestically, sometimes with surreal details that suggest an affinity between Godard and Buñuel, sometimes with methods and ideas that miss, badly. There are astonishing passages, such as a bourgeois wife's erotic confession, and a long virtuoso sequence of tracking shots of cars stalled on the highway, with the motorists pressing down with all their might on their car horns, which sound triumphant, like trumpets in Purcell. Though deeply flawed, this film has more depth than any of Godard's earlier work. It's his vision of Hell, and it ranks with the greatest. As a mystical movie, "Weekend" is comparable to Bergman's "The Seventh Seal" and "Shame" and Ichikawa's "Fires on the Plain" and passages of Kurosawa, yet we're hardly aware of the magnitude of the writer-director's conception until after we are caught up in the comedy of horror, which keeps going further and further and becoming more nearly inescapable, like "Journey to the End of the Night." With Mireille Darc and Jean Yanne. Score by Antoine Duhamel. In French. (Film Forum; April 22-24.)

THE WILD ONE (1954)—Based on the 1947 events in Hollister, California, when a convention of four thousand motorcyclists took over the town, this film offers a nightmare image: the "Black Rebels," an outlaw motorcycle gang—a leather-jacketed pack who resemble Storm Troopers—terrorize a town. Their emblem is a death's head and crossed pistons and rods, and Marlon Brando, in his magnetic, soft-eyed youth, is their moody leader. The picture seemed to be frightened of its subject—the young nihilists who said "no" to American blandness and conformity—and reduced it as quickly as possible to the trivial meaninglessness of misunderstood boy meets understanding girl (Mary Murphy), but the audience savored the potentialities, and this clumsy, naive film was banned and argued about in so many countries that it developed a near-legendary status. In this country, young men were saying "It's the story of my life" for several years afterward. Some of the scenes, such as the one in which the cyclists circle around the frightened heroine, have considerable power. And the film has that memorable moment when a woman asks Brando, "What are you rebelling against?" and he answers, "What have you got?" With Lee Marvin as Brando's rival for control of the pack, Robert Keith, Jay C. Flippen, and Ray Teal. Directed by Laslo Benedek, from a screenplay by John Paxton, based on the story "The Cyclists' Raid," by Frank Rooney. Cinematography by Hal Mohr. (Bleecker St. Cinema; April 30-May 1.)



**'IT'S NEVER BEEN DONE BEFORE.' A TERRIFYING
THOUGHT TO SOME. HERE'S TO THOSE IT INSPIRES.**

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She's set 26 world speed records on land, 2 on water and 1 on waterskis. (Including the Women's World Land Speed Record — with a top speed of 618 mph.) And she was the first stuntwoman to perform a 180 ft. high fall and a 90 ft. high fall while on fire (another world record).

Kitty O'Neil has been through a lot. And after a day spent doing things that haven't been done before, Kitty O'Neil does something she has done before: she enjoys a Cutty Sark.

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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WE have received a report on the historic April blizzard from a young woman we know:

Just after dark on the evening of what people were already starting to call the Blizzard of '82, I went cross-country skiing with a friend in Central Park. Since I have no car or sidewalk to dig out when it snows, I have always thought of an April storm as a kind of gift, a rare graft of winter onto spring, frail, extravagant, and short-lived as some of the blossoms that will follow it. My friend, as irresponsibly delighted as I, grinned at me as we carried our skis and poles through the entrance at Sixty-ninth Street and Central Park West. "It's all ours," he said. Inside the Park, the feeling of privacy that a new snowfall gives to every street of a city grew suddenly stronger, as if we had crossed an invisible barrier and stood now on an island with its own rules of space and time. The snow on the ground seemed deeper than that on the sidewalks outside, and the noise of traffic was muted to a faint, windy booming like the sound of a seashell. We put on our skis near the bust of Mazzini, who was wearing a white bib and skullcap of snow; as I stamped my feet to test my bindings, I reflected that it was probably the last time this year that I would feel that peculiar sensation of awkwardness preparatory to flight. Attaching skis, like sprouting wings, means a sudden anatomical specialization: all at once, walking becomes ludicrous and unbearable, and one feels a wild muscular impatience to be off in the new element for which one is now equipped.

We skied over toward the Sheep Meadow, the A train clacking somewhere underground and an occasional jogger thudding past us on the deserted roadway. The branches of the

trees we passed in the darkness were thick with buds under snow, and once I stopped to finger the crisp flowers of a frozen forsythia bush. At the Sheep Meadow, we took off our skis, climbed the fence, put our skis on again, and set off through a foot of untracked snow that was dense and heavy, like a superior kind of porridge. The bare white field in front of us destroyed depth perception, so that it was as if we were moving upward on a sheet of paper without beginning or end—it was dizzying, with a slight, civilized edge of the Arctic terror Jack London describes in stories like "The White Silence." Over the trees at one end of the meadow, the low mountain range of apartment buildings on Fifth Avenue had an odd pinkish gleam; the night sky on that side of the Park reflected the same rosy tint onto the snow. Above Columbus Circle, clouds were thinning fast in the wind, and near the swarm of gold lights in the trees at Tavern-on-the-Green a long limousine was waiting.

As we left the meadow and glided on a downhill run toward Bethesda Fountain—our bodies sweating and our cheeks chilled and numb—I thought of things I wanted to remember about snow: how it transformed movement to plodding or to a celestial swiftness; how it could look like

manna but taste perversely of cinders and chemicals; how it brought out the lovely complexities of carved stone but made automobiles resemble hump-back whales; how it could create a magical suspension of the rules of ordinary life and call a brief armistice in the troubled nights of the Park. Under the street lights near the fountain, we encountered strollers and other skiers, along with several large, fluffy dogs. Everyone's face displayed a sober kind of rapture, a restrained awareness of privilege: we were a sort of aristocracy of weather, to whom much had been granted. From under the stone staircase, a bird flew out; it tried to find a perch in the snow, then flew back to shelter. Beyond the statue of the Angel of the Waters—who had a spill of snow down her right forearm and her left thigh—the still lake was metal-colored, and the Ramble was a maze of black and white. Across the road, on the Mall, a young woman on skis glided through the rows of benches and called out to the man behind her, "Look how it glistens!"

"What?" called her companion.

"The snow—look how it glistens!"

Later, as we stepped out of the Park, with our skis on our shoulders, the noise of taxis and buses made us aware of the stillness we had just left; my friend dragged his ski poles with a rattly sound along the salted pavement of West Sixty-ninth Street, and a doorman stared at our equipment in surprise. On Broadway, the wind whipped the snow in stinging gusts, and pedestrians ran by with their heads lowered and scarves over their faces. We stopped at a Korean vegetable store, where the proprietor was stuffing newspapers under his doors to keep them from flying open. As I spooned bean sprouts into a plastic bag, my friend fell into conversation with a young man in a long tweed overcoat.

"It's the right weather for skiing,"



said the young man. "Did you go out of the city?"

"Yes, we did," said my friend. "We went to Central Park."

•

AND an addendum from a young man who lives in Minnesota:

A person ought to be content to wait for spring to arrive, and most people are, and do wait, and it does arrive. My excuse for not waiting has to do with a trip I took south to Virginia in February for three warm days, which moved my clock ahead—just as an unseasonable thaw might awaken a bear—so that when I flew back north to winter I was set for April. The deep snow on the ground was a shock to me, as was the entire dreary month of March. Few days passed without someone's asking what was wrong with me or recommending that I eat more yellow vegetables, give up coffee, or get more exercise. On Friday, April 2nd, the weather forecast for the weekend said snow and cold, and that afternoon I got in my car and headed south from the Forty-fifth Parallel. I wore a blue windbreaker and took along a lightweight cotton sports jacket and no sweaters. I wanted to drive south until I located spring, wait there for a few days, then accompany spring northward. I drove three hundred miles through waves of thunderstorms and stopped for the night in Iowa. By Saturday morning, the rain had changed to snow, and a forty-mile-an-hour wind had come up out of the northwest. I laid up in the motel until the afternoon, when the weather cleared a little, and then I drove on to Missouri. Sunday was cold and windy. More than five hundred miles south, I had yet to see blossoms on the trees, was worn out from the drive, and had wasted more than two hundred dollars on gasoline, motel rooms, and meals. On a hunch—a lucky hunch—I drove south and east to Carbondale, Illinois, and there I got on the midnight train, the City of New Orleans, and rode south.

Spring arrived somewhere between Carbondale and Durant, Mississippi. It came in the dark while I was asleep. The train left Carbondale at midnight, April 4th, and arrived in Mississippi at seven-thirty in the morning, the middle of May (Northern Time). The trees had leafed out, the peas and onions were up, the flowers bloomed, the lawns had been mowed. In Durant, men wore jackets—mostly denim jackets, but I also saw a nylon windbreaker

or two. Farther south, in McComb, I saw men in shirtsleeves. Near the Louisiana state line, I saw boys in T-shirts. Across the border, boys in shorts and T-shirts. In the parish of Tangipahoa, an old woman in a short-sleeved blue print dress sat in the shade of a veranda. On the outskirts of New Orleans, a white Cadillac sped along the highway beside the tracks with its windows rolled up (possible air-conditioner in use). As the train backed into the New Orleans station, I saw a man sitting on a forklift reach into his pocket, pull out a handkerchief, and mop his brow.

Arrived New Orleans around 1 P.M., April 5th, just as, in Cincinnati and Baltimore, the first pitches of the new baseball season were thrown. Walked to the first hotel I saw, got a room, took a hot shower, and turned on the air-conditioner. It's June here. Back home, according to the paper, it's mid-March.

Going to stay in New Orleans three, maybe four days, entrain to Carbondale, get my car, and drive north. I did not run away from home. I love my home, my family, my friends. This is a temporary thing, my being here. I can't wait to get back home and tell them how good it felt to come here.

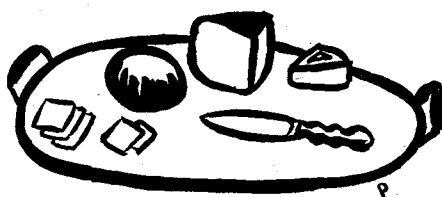
A Reading

NEARLY four years ago, the American Center of Poets, Playwrights, Editors, Essayists, and Novelists, or P.E.N., the writers' association, formed a Freedom to Write Committee, which has campaigned on behalf of Cubans and Chileans, Czechs and Poles, Iranians and South Africans, and writers of other nationalities whose works have been suppressed or who have themselves been harassed or persecuted in their homelands. This year, however, the committee is concerned with the freedom to read in the United States, where an epidemic of book-banning has broken out: a contagion of prudery, anxiety, and silliness which has forced librarians—mostly school librarians—to remove books from their

shelves. The committee recently held a marathon reading by well-known writers and actors from some of these "banned" books at the Public Theatre, on Lafayette Street—an appropriate site, since the building was originally constructed to house New York City's first public library—and we were invited to attend.

Shortly before eight on a fresh April evening, we picked our way through the theatre's main lobby, which is being remodelled, and climbed the stairs to the Anspacher Theatre, the elegant, two-hundred-and-fifty-seat auditorium in the old rotunda, with its lofty ceiling, its Corinthian columns, its shimmering crystal chandelier, and its rows of red plush seats rising steeply around three sides of a white thrust stage. We were led to a seat by a pretty young woman, who informed us that all the ushers were amateurs—a corps of job internes at P.E.N. reinforced by employees of Harper & Row. When the theatre was full, the reader-performers filed in and sat down on gray metal folding chairs and a pair of green benches that had been set up at the rear of the stage. American P.E.N.'s president, Richard Gilman, a tall, sandy-haired man, who was wearing a light-gray plaid suit, stepped up to the lectern—which bore the P.E.N. insignia, a quill pen cutting vertically through the letters "P.E.N."—and explained that the purpose of the reading was to launch an American Right to Read project, and to raise money to send writers into communities where book-banning has become an issue to persuade parents, students, teachers, and librarians that access to literature is an important freedom. "We must not become complacent about our relative liberty, or we will risk losing it," he said.

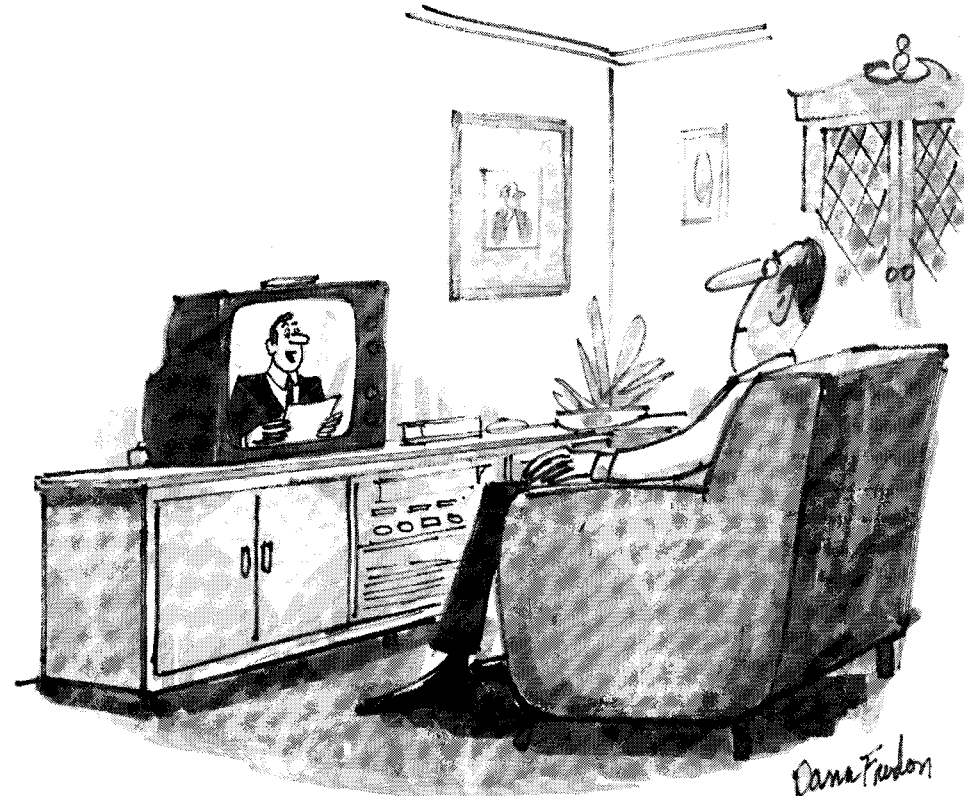
The reading began. While the actor Jack Gilford was reading from Bernard Malamud's "The Fixer," an alarm bell somewhere high among the stage lights sounded repeatedly (we later learned that there had been a short circuit in the theatre's fire-alarm system); Mr. Gilford calmly interrupted himself to say that he had told his answering service not to call him. It also sounded while Nat Hentoff was presenting a brief history of book-banning in America. He said he thought he must be back in high school. He told us that the first book suppressed in this country was "The Meritorious Price of Our Redemption," by William Pynchon, which was burned in Boston in 1650; and that in the nineteenth century the reformer Anthony



Comstock had maintained that there was "no more active agent employed by Satan . . . than evil reading;" and that, at present, one-fifth of all the schools in the country are involved in challenges to books that are being used in their classrooms.

Several readers prefaced their readings with a word or two about the book or about their own experiences with censorship. Margaret Hamilton, looking spry and not one bit like a wicked witch, was wearing a cheerful purple dress. She told the audience that "The Wizard of Oz" had been banned for "encouraging negativism," and then she read the scene—and played all the parts in it—in which Dorothy, the Cowardly Lion, the Tin Man, and the Scarecrow learn that the Wizard is a humbug and decide to forgive him. Before reading from Oliver La Farge's novel of Navajo life, "Laughing Boy," the Blackfoot novelist Jamake Highwater explained that because Native Americans compose a diverse group they believe that there are "many ways of understanding events and circumstances," and they oppose censorship because they do not think that "one truth is good for everyone." Before reading from Kurt Vonnegut's "Slaughterhouse-Five," Erica Jong (she was wearing a gold-striped tunic and gold leather boots) spoke of the capriciousness of censorship; she said that her books are banned in southern but not in northern Italy, and that the Republic of South Africa once banned Thomas Hardy's "The Return of the Native" because the title sounded inflammatory.

Eventually, the bell stopped ringing, but then for a while there were strange electronic clickings in the loudspeakers and whistles in the pipes. Curiously, these multiple distractions failed to distract the audience. People laughed, applauded, smiled, and frowned, but there was not one cough or whisper, not a rustle, not a wriggle, and this attentiveness was so remarkable that we wondered who everybody else was. In the lobby during intermission, though, we saw that this audience looked like any other New York theatre audience—a heterogeneous group of men and women, young, middle-aged, and old, some dressy (furs), some sporty (down). We overheard a young man remark, with awe, that Miss Hamilton "looks just like my grandmother," and a woman in a scarlet woollen poncho announce dreamily, "I *love* being read to," but nothing we could observe character-



"Vice-President Bush was almost visible today."

ized the group in any way that explained its extraordinary subdued attention.

After the intermission, the lawyer Charles Rembar (who is the author of "The Law of the Land") told the audience that no case arising from the removal of books from a public library has yet reached the courts, and that the seven school-library cases have so far elicited divergent responses from judges. Mr. Rembar, sober and soft-spoken, explained in layman's language that some judges have tried to forbid the removal of books for reasons of ideology but allow it for indecency; others have refused to distinguish between removing a book from a library and not buying it in the first place. Mr. Rembar said that he disagreed with these positions, and warned that the Supreme Court might hold that school boards, not courts, had the power to decide what books should be on school-library shelves. In that case, he said, "the struggle will go on, but it will be less a legal struggle than a political struggle"—a campaign at the grass-roots level for more enlightened school boards. Thomas Gates, a fireman from the Red Hook section of Brooklyn, read his own words from Studs Terkel's "Working" as if he were speaking them for the first time. Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.,

read a passage from "Brave New World" whose absurdity was heightened by Aldous Huxley's reference to the Falkland Islands; and Swift's satire "A Modest Proposal," read by the actress Estelle Parsons, seemed particularly biting in a year of growing unemployment. When the lights went up and the applause died down, the audience joined the performers at a brief reception in the lobby. There was white wine in plastic glasses, and a genial post-performance air of coming to, or coming awake—no gawking, no autograph-collecting, but murmurs of "How lovely," and "Thank you," and "Wasn't *he* good?" We realized that the audience, including us, had been spellbound not by the timely but by the timeless. Gay Talese had read of the tentative and tender approach of Ernest Hemingway's lovers in "A Farewell to Arms," E. L. Doctorow had read F. Scott Fitzgerald's account of how Gatsby was besotted by Daisy, John Irving had read about Hester Prynne's embroidery from Hawthorne's "The Scarlet Letter," Grace Paley had read John Steinbeck's picture of a dust storm from "The Grapes of Wrath," Donald Barthelme had read a description of rafting down the Mississippi from "Huckleberry Finn"—and as they read, the books themselves

had taken over. The books had become their own witnesses against the censors, testifying to their worth by their intensity, conviction, and seriousness, which had elicited our own.

Initiative

TWENTY-FOUR million people—eleven million of whom are registered to vote—live in California. The ones who make it to the polls on Election Day, next November 2nd, will be able to address this question: Do you want the nuclear arms race to continue? Specifically, they will confront a referendum calling for a bilateral nuclear-weapons freeze—a proposal that the governments of the United States and the Soviet Union “agree to immediately halt the testing, production, and further deployment of all nuclear weapons, missiles, and delivery systems in a way that can be checked and verified by both sides.” (Splitting an infinitive is less perilous than splitting an atom.) According to the law in California, placing the nuclear-weapons-freeze initiative on the ballot meant finding at least 346,119 voters who would sign petitions calling for a referendum. The initiative organizers

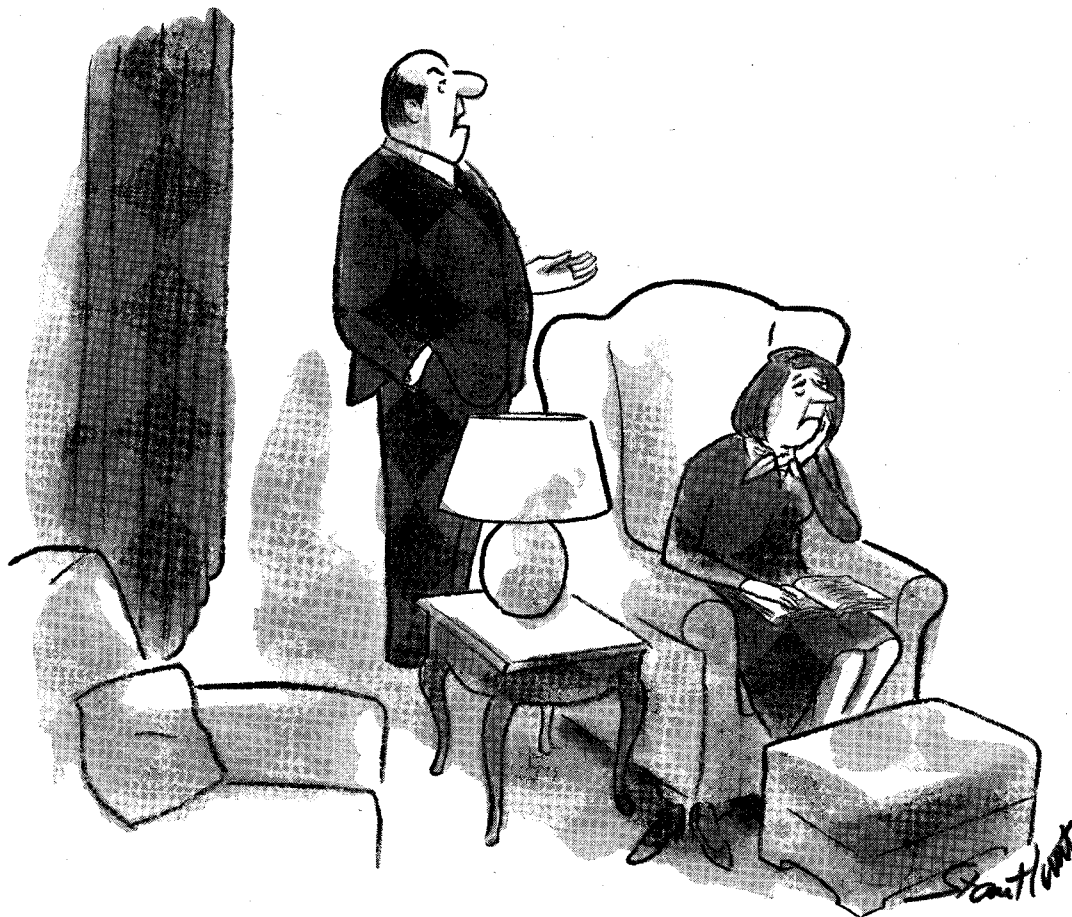
—Citizens for a Bilateral Nuclear Weapons Freeze—managed to come up with more than 700,000 signatures, or more than twice the required number. When we heard this news, we were not surprised also to learn that one of the principals in the initiative campaign is Harold Willens, a businessman from Los Angeles. Mr. Willens plans to retire soon from the chairmanship of the Factory Equipment Corporation, a textile-machinery-manufacturing company that he started in 1949. As it is, he has devoted more of his energy recently to public pursuits than to private business. Across the years, we have often encountered Mr. Willens on his trips to New York in the course of these pursuits. During the war in Indo-China, he founded the Businessman’s Educational Fund, the function of which was to inform the business sector that it was unprofitable for the United States to be excessively militarized. In 1976, he helped create Citizens for Energy Action, whose purpose was to combat what he perceived to be anti-competitive behavior by the large oil companies. For a long time, he has been an effective political fund raiser. Mr. Willens’ trip to New York last

week—just a few days before the petitions were to be formally delivered to the Registrar of Voters—was, in part, a fund-raising venture. One afternoon, he invited us to drop by his hotel room, on Central Park South. He greeted us wearing a houndstooth-check wool jacket, beige slacks, a cream-colored shirt, no tie, and brown loafers. Perhaps in another decade he will look his present age, which is sixty-seven. Mr. Willens is trim, gray-haired, and crewcut. He looks like Everyman’s tennis-doubles partner. His manner is casual and relaxed until he starts talking, at which point it becomes earnest and animated, his hands moving as if he were manipulating a cat’s cradle.

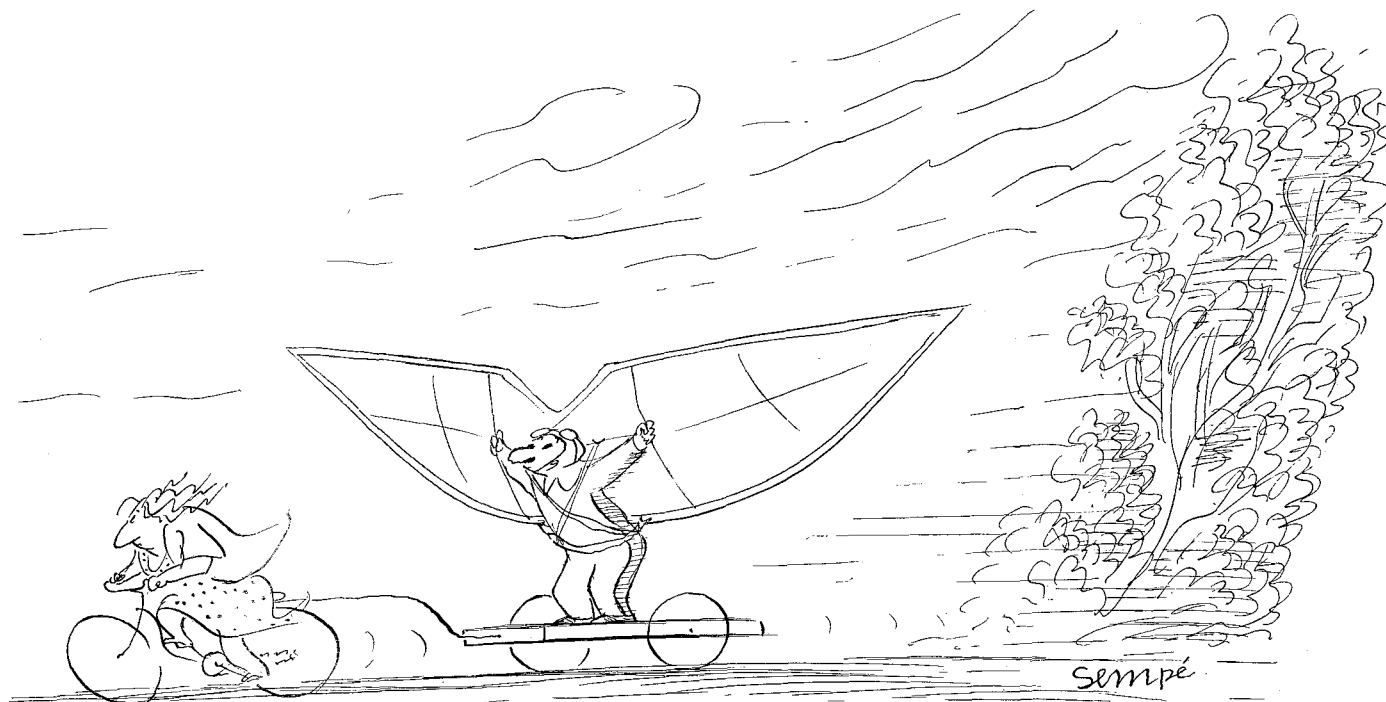
One of the first things we asked him was how the petitions would be physically delivered to the Registrar of Voters.

“In Los Angeles, by a Brink’s truck,” Mr. Willens said. “They’re very precious. By law, we had one hundred and fifty days in which to conduct the petition drive. We passed our goal in less than half the time allotted to us, and when we do submit the petitions we’ll do so two days ahead of the deadline. This is the result of a lot of planning and organizing. Thousands of people whose efforts will never be formally recognized have participated in this. As part of the signature-gathering drive, there were fifteen hundred house and church parties held throughout the state. When this first started, and when I approached certain people seeking support for the petition drive, some of them were very skeptical. One friend told me, ‘Listen, you’ve really done it to yourself this time. This one is “Man of La Mancha” times ten, the all-time windmill chase. You’re never going to be able to get the signatures, and even if you do, what good is a political endeavor that has no teeth? California can’t make foreign policy.’”

“My response to this is that change takes place in two ways—by law and through politics. Rather than changing candidates, we are trying to change the climate. In 1978, I was



“You understand, Celia, that what I am about to say is not for attribution.”



a member of the American delegation to the first United Nations Special Session on Disarmament. Along with others, I tried to persuade Jimmy Carter to come and address that gathering, to make a meaningful gesture in the direction of disarmament. But the advice that he received from his own people at that time was that he should not come. Meanwhile, the delegates to that conference from other countries made it clear that, when it comes to nuclear-arms proliferation, if the Russian and American governments think that they can preach abstinence to the rest of the world while they themselves do the opposite, they're crazy. President Carter's failure at that moment was both disillusioning and enlightening for me. It was a watershed experience. Until then, I had always believed that if I could put my money and energy into helping elect the right person to the Presidency, then I could help to change the world. What I've learned, however, is one of the bottom-line lessons of American history—namely, that Washington never innovates, Washington only validates what it senses that the citizenry wants.”

Mr. Willens mentioned that a number of religious leaders (including Archbishop John R. Quinn, of San Francisco, Timothy Cardinal Manning, of Los Angeles, and Rabbi Joseph Asher, of San Francisco) and a number of scientists (including Owen Chamberlain and Donald Glaser, both

Nobel Prize-winning physicists, and Jonas Salk) have endorsed the nuclear-weapons-freeze initiative.

We asked whether Governor Jerry Brown, who is campaigning for the United States Senate, was also a supporter.

“I had to beg the Governor not to endorse it,” Mr. Willens said. “Of course he supports it, but we’re a non-partisan citizens’ campaign. When Governor Brown is asked whether he endorses it, he smiles and says, ‘No, because I’ve been asked not to.’ I think that seeking an end to the nuclear-arms race is about as political as looking for a way to cure cancer. It would take someone very irresponsible to try to depict the California ballot initiative as something left-wing, as just another scheme cooked up by those peaceniks. Rather, it’s a prototypical effort that we hope to transport to other parts of the country, a way of demonstrating that a people’s campaign for nuclear sanity need not be subject to charges that no serious people are involved. We believe that the vote in California will be a proving ground, demonstrating whether people support the Jackson-Warner proposal in the United States Senate—which calls for a bilateral freeze at ‘equal’ levels—or whether they subscribe to the Kennedy-Hatfield plan, which calls for a freeze at *existing* levels. The problem with the Jackson-Warner proposal is, of course, that it hinges upon the notion that the Soviets

are ‘ahead’ in the weapons race—one of the most vicious and injurious lies of our time. What does ‘ahead’ mean, anyway? There are thirty thousand American nuclear weapons and the Soviets have twenty thousand. When that’s the case, what constitutes ‘superiority’? There’s just no such thing.”

One important question remained: What if the people of California vote against a weapons freeze?

Mr. Willens doesn’t regard this as a likelihood, but he did have an answer. “If it fails, I would have no legitimate complaint,” he said. “At least we, as citizens, will have had a chance to affect the question of whether we live or die. But in a sense it can’t fail. The issue is now out of the closet and, because of that alone, I say we’ve won already. Survival is now part of the dialogue. I always say that democracy is a device that guarantees one thing only—that its citizens get what they deserve. If we vote for a continuation of the arms race, then we deserve its consequences.”

Stoves

“THE large open fireplace was an inefficient heat source and required substantial amounts of wood to keep a house warm. Cast-iron stoves were more efficient and . . . required less fuel. . . . The invention of anthracite-burning stoves by Eliphalet Nott of Schenectady and others in the 1830s

made anthracite coal a household commodity," said a sign at the New-York Historical Society, where an exhibit called "Cast with Style: Nineteenth Century Cast-Iron Stoves from the Albany Area" got under way not long ago. Eighty antique black beauties—box stoves, pyramid stoves, Franklin stoves, dumbstoves, two- and four-column stoves, and assorted heaters, base burners, ovens, and ranges—were displayed on the second floor of the museum. Nothing looked anything like a Hotpoint, a Whirlpool, or a Maytag. There was an oil portrait of Eliphalet Nott, "a noted orator, educator, promoter, inventor, and . . . authority on combustion fuels" who served as president of Union College for sixty-two years. One of his stoves, made in 1832, was about eight feet in height—a Gothic cathedral of heat, with imprinted rose windows, columns, and arches, yet also rather Shaker-like in its tall, lean elegance (*Illus. A*). Nearby was a large wooden



Illus. A

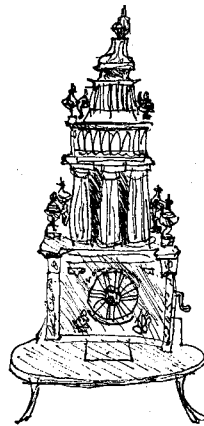
box that had once contained Rising Sun Stove Polish (*Illus. B*). We had



Illus. B

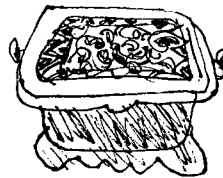
assumed that stoves were polished simply to look snappy, but a sign explained, "Stoves were always blackened and polished in order to increase heat radiation; a shiny surface radiated

more heat." There was a Sylvester Parker stove, from Troy (*Illus. C*)—a



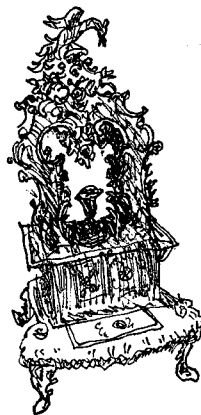
Illus. C

formidable monument about four and a half feet high, more or less Doric. Less intimidating was a small cast-iron foot warmer (*Illus. D*) with an elaborate



Illus. D

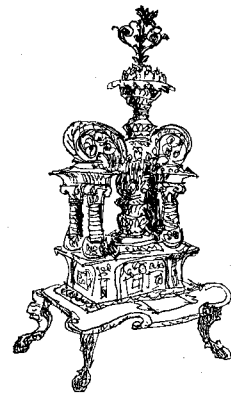
openwork lid. Dumbstoves, we discovered, were not really stoves; they were a collection of pipes often made of Russian sheet iron (from the Urals) and "placed on the second floor of a building and connected with a stove pipe to a parlor stove on the first floor," thus helping to heat the stoveless room. We liked a two-column parlor stove from Ransom & Company (1845), in Albany, that had a phoenix on top (*Illus. E*). The columns of such stoves



Illus. E

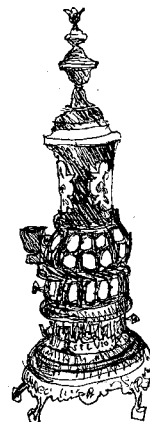
were hollow, radiating extra heat, and there was a "boiling hole" between them on which to put a pot or a kettle. When not in use, this was covered with a "decorative urn or finial." The

J. Morrison four-column parlor stove (*Illus. F*) from the Green Island Stove



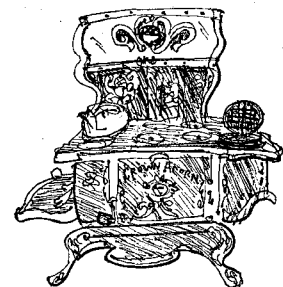
Illus. F

Works, in Troy (1844), looked as if it might well tone up the average parlor, and we liked the bulbous, multi-windowed Burdett, Smith & Company base burner, also from Troy, called the Silvio (*Illus. G*) and described as "prob-



Illus. G

ably the most powerful heater made during the 19th Century." A robust late entry—the six-lidded Crown Acorn cooking stove (1907), made by Rathbone, Sard & Company, in Albany (*Illus. H*)—was appealing, partly be-



Illus. H

cause it had a pedal so that the cook could open the oven by foot, and partly because there was a waffle iron (1865) sitting on one of the stove's wings.

RAIN CHECK

HOPING for quick intimacy, I start telling Lucille things I'm afraid of. It's a late dinner, our first meeting, a date arranged by a friend of hers who works in my office, and we go to the restaurant Lucille chooses, a place called Red Legs, where all the waiters work in dresses. "It's antebellum drag," she says. "Isn't it crazy?" Red Legs doesn't look very antebellum to me. It has a low ceiling and, along one wall, a thirty-sheet Coppertone billboard of a very tan girl. There's tropical flavor, too—a couple of dozen giant dead banana plants. Lucille says she's not afraid of anything, so I shut up about loneliness.

Our waiter, a stumpy guy wearing a satin hoopskirt, stands about two feet from our table, dangling a menu in each hand as if he were holding freshly dressed chickens by their feet. He has a diseased-looking black beard floating over his chest. "Do we want to see a menu?" he asks.

Lucille tries to swipe one from his hand, but he jerks back out of reach. "Great," she says. "Let's see the menu." She looks at me as if I've already failed to perform.

I hold out my hand for the menu. "Send the cocktail waitress, will you?" I'm careful not to look at the waiter.

When he's gone, Lucille says, "I've been seeing this Oriental guy—he's only twenty. How old are you?"

"Forty in December."

"Damn," she says. "Forty." Then she ducks her head behind the menu. "I guess that's not so bad. My dad's about forty, maybe forty-five, and he's all right."

I smile at her menu. "It's not as bad as it's said to be. Where's your friend tonight?"

"Who? Oh, Wang? He's out of the country. He had to go to New Guinea or someplace. Did I tell you he's from Oklahoma? I don't know how they got all these Orientals in Oklahoma, but they're there. I think it must be the oil—they're good with oil is what Wang says."

There's a red bug with two black dots on its back near the edge of the table, crawling toward me. I try to flick it casually in the direction of the nearest banana plant, but my hands are cold and I mush the bug into the tablecloth.

Lucille comes out from behind her menu. "What's that?" she asks, pointing at the small stain by my hand.

"Nothing." I pull my napkin out of my lap and wipe at the mess, which makes it a little better.

"Oh," she says.

After some more difficulty with the waiter, we get the dinner. Lucille gives me a play-by-play of her off-again, on-again romance with the Oklahoma playboy Wang. She keeps apologizing for boring me with his exploits and opinions, but she doesn't stop. By midnight I feel like Wang's mother.

I'm trying to finish the lemon-yellow dessert soup the waiter recommended, when Lucille starts showing me the bruises on her shoulders. "He's real good," she says. "But very Oriental, if you know what I mean."

"Uh-huh," I say, looking around for the waiter. I finally have to stand up to get his attention.

"How was the duck?" he says when he arrives.

I point at the check, but he doesn't want to give it to me; he keeps writing on it and looking off toward the kitchen, then writing some more. It's late and there isn't anything going on in the kitchen as far as I can see; they've turned off most of the lights in there.

"What duck?" I say. We didn't have any duck; he must have us mixed up with somebody else.

"The duck. You know," Lucille says. She nods at the waiter and fingers the skirt he's wearing, pulling him closer to her. "The duck was excellent; we loved it. You got meringues tonight?"

He puts away the check. "So you want the meringues? You want the soup and you want the meringues too."

Lucille smiles and says, "Wavy ones. O.K.?"

When the waiter turns to me, I nod and say, "O.K. on the meringues."

We wait in silence for him to bring them, and when he does, Lucille asks



me how I like them and I say, "They're wavy."

The waiter returns and drops the check into my hand. I give him Visa, then ask for it back and give him MasterCard, because I don't usually use Visa; then it dawns on me that Lucille might think I've got some problem with Visa, like I'm over limit or something, so when the waiter leaves I say, "I really hate Visa, don't you?"

"Hate Visa? Why?"

Before I can reply, the waiter is back. "Listen, we're out of MasterCard charge slips. Would you mind going ahead with the Visa?"

I shrug and bend forward to pull my wallet out of my pocket, and while I'm doing this he says, to Lucille, "I'm really glad you enjoyed the duck."

"The duck was superb," I say, handing him the Visa. He's not getting me twice on the duck.

OUTSIDE it's raining and everything is glittery—the lights, the glass slabs in the storefronts, the car tops. Even the street is glowing like some street in the movies.

Lucille says, "Let's take a walk, O.K.?"

"Sure," I say. "Why not?" I can walk, I know how to go for a walk.

So I start off, and Lucille, who's two or three yards ahead of me already, stops and pivots on her heel and says, "What in the name of Jesus are you doing?"

I flip my arms out to one side and say, "Dancing. I'm dancing. What are you, the only woman in America who doesn't know shine about going for a walk?"

"I've done all right in the past," she says. "Besides, Wang and I spend a lot of time in the Lagonda."

So we walk a couple of blocks, and the rain starts coming harder. We stop for a minute in the doorway of a place that sells kitchen appliances and watch a few cars go by. Finally I say, "Maybe we ought to get back to the car?"

"It'd be drier."

"You want me to go get it? Pick you up here?"

"Would you?"

Lucille is very pretty when she's pleased, so I splash back toward the restaurant and the car, thinking maybe I should take a harder line with her, maybe that's the problem. But when I get the Pontiac and pull it up to the curb by the appliance store, she's not there. I get back in the car and drive

up and down the street a couple of times, a couple of blocks each way, but I don't see her. About the third time I pass Red Legs, there she is under the awning, waving at me, so I turn the car around and pull up.

"I had to make a call," she shouts when I roll down the window. "Have you been looking long?"

I motion her to the car, and she comes over and leans in the passenger-side window and says, "I want to ride in back, O.K.?"

"You what?" I laugh when I say it, but by the time she figures out I'm not pleased, she's already in back and making chauffeur jokes.

"Sometimes," she says from the back seat, "when Wang is reading the sports section in the morning, you know? We'll be sitting there at the table and he'll have the sports flattened over his cereal bowl and I'll watch him until I can tell he's interested in some article, and then, real quick, I'll turn the page, you know? It's funny."

"It is funny. Where do you want to go?"

"Across the river. I want to go to the zoo."

"Zoo's closed, Lucille."

"So what's the big deal? Open it up, why don't you? Ram the gates."

"No, Lucille. I don't want to drive across the river, so maybe we just go home, huh?"

"I always go home. Wang takes me home all the time. I want to stay out and do stuff."

"Blow up the zoo?"

"Yeah. What's wrong with the zoo? What, you hate animals or something?"

She must be down on the seat; I can't see her silhouette in the rearview mirror anymore—just the back window plastered with thousands of tiny colored water bubbles. She's quiet for a bit, so I drive around the neighborhood where we ate, past the City Hall and the Federal Building, alongside Tornado Park, with its neon scale replica

of the 1947 tornado, dedicated to the victims, through the Peter J. Lamilar Memorial Tunnel, which bypasses the Fourth Ward and brings us out in an old residential district on the South Side. I'm a little nervous, because she's so quiet.

"You O.K.?" I ask. I turn around and see her balled up on the back seat. "Hey, Lucille?"

"This is our first date," she says softly. "And already you hurt me."

We're on a brightly lit tree-lined street, going slow. "What do you mean, hurt you?"

"Hurt me—you know." She's crying now, and I can barely hear her through the sniffing. "I don't know why you couldn't just do what I wanted. It wasn't that big a thing. Just because you're old, you don't have to take it out on me."

I turn the car around and head back toward downtown. "What're you talking about?"

"Zoo," she says. "What's this rag back here for? Can I use it?"

"Help yourself."

"And that's not all," she says. Then she blows her nose on the hand towel I keep under the seat of the Pontiac so I'll have something to wipe

my hands on if I have to change a tire. I make a mental note to stop at the K Mart tomorrow and get another towel.

That's what I'm thinking about when we come out of the tunnel and the car starts skidding across the street. I can't get control of it. We go through the red light, and a truck slams into the front fender of the Pontiac, sliding us up over the curb into a room-size blue plywood Salvation Army drop.

"Kowabunga!" Lucille says.

"You hurt!" I switch off the ignition and lean over the seat back; she's on her knees in the foot well, her shoulders wedged in between the rear cushion and the back of the front seat.

"I'm doing great," she says. "I'm having the time of my life."

The guy from the truck is out in the road hammering on our window with his ring. "She hurt?" he says. He's a kid about twenty-five; he's got long hair in a ponytail down past his shoulder blades. I get Lucille loose and sitting up in the back seat, and then get out of the car to see how bad the wreck is.

"Skylar," the kid says, sticking out his hand. "Baby Skylar. Listen, it's going to be all right."

His truck is still running, sitting sideways in the intersection, the wipers clacking back and forth, a cone of gray-white smoke pumping out of the exhaust. It's an S.P.C.A. truck.

"The city'll pay for everything," he says. "All we gotta do is tell the cop you had the light."

"Right."

Lucille joins us in the intersection, walking a little unsteadily. She wraps her arm around my waist for support. The kid explains the deal to her just the way he explained it to me, and she says, "That's not what happened. This one went through the damn light sideways is what happened."



"He knows that," I say.

A big dog presses his snout through the open wing window in the passenger door of the truck and barks twice, then stares at the three of us standing in the middle of the empty intersection.

"That's Collingsworth," Skylar says.

Lucille waves at the dog.

There's a four-story apartment building backed up to the edge of the block where the tunnel ends, and now there are people opening windows and shouting to see if anybody's hurt.

"It's O.K.," Skylar shouts back. "Call the police, will you?"

"Call 'em yourself, Motormouth," somebody says. Then somebody else says, "Oh, shut up, Ralph. I'll call them."

On another corner, above the all-night blinking sign on a cut-rate camera shop, a woman who looks as if she's covered in sequins pulls up a window and thrusts the top half of her body outside. "What in the goddam hell you kids doing out here?" she yells. "It's four in the morning and people are trying to sleep."

Lucille shoots the woman the bird and shouts, "It ain't much past two, Fatso, and if you were trying to sleep I'll feed you for a month, even if I have to get a bank loan to do it."

The woman screams something obscene and slams her window so hard the glass breaks and tinkles into the street like a Taiwanese wind chime in a fast breeze.

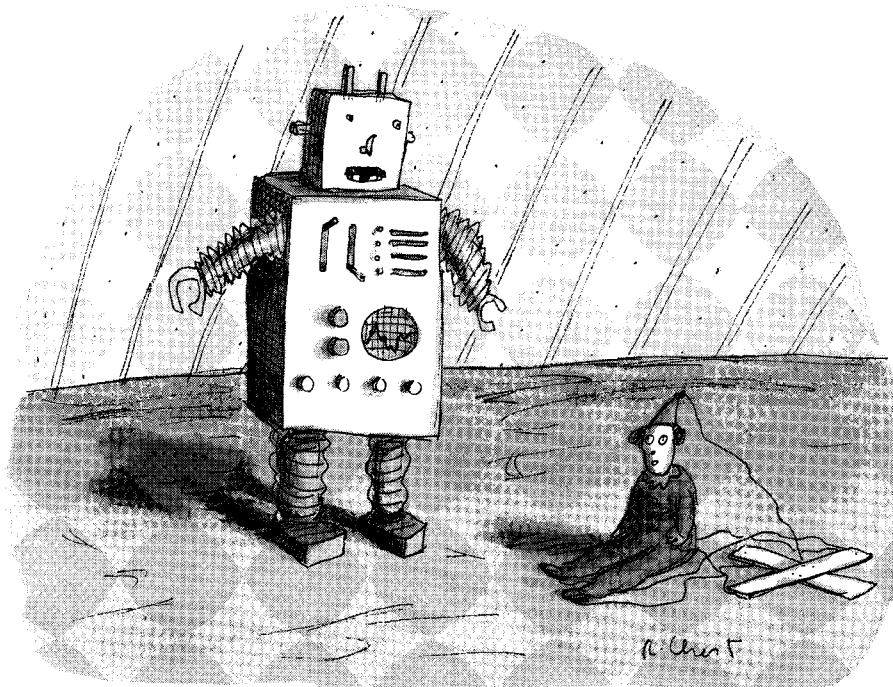
The three of us sit down on the curb beside my car to wait for the cop. The rain has let up, but there's still a mist, and while Lucille and Skylar talk about rock bands, I remember that rain like this is supposed to be a great pleasure.

It takes three-quarters of an hour for the cop, who looks as if he's about thirteen, to get to the scene, and another hour to do the paperwork with his stubby yellow pencil, so it's almost four when we finish with the accident report. Lucille gets in the front seat of the Pontiac, and with the help of the two guys outside we get the car loose from the Salvation Army box and into the street.

"That was fun," she says as we drive away. "The car's not bad, is it?"

"Could've been worse."

She takes something from her purse



*"I'll make a deal with you. You don't push my buttons,
and I won't pull your strings."*

and holds it out toward me—not right in front of me but over to the side and low, so that at first I just see her hand coming at me and I flinch. "Silly," she says. "It's only a mint. Don't you want it?"

I take the mint and eat it fast.

"Don't you like the way everything looks in the rain?" she says. "So mysterious and Latin-American?"

"It's fine. It's really fine."

"So what's eating you? You don't have to jump all over me because you had one tiny little wreck. Jesus."

I watch the road. "I pay my way. Some women even like me."

"I like you," Lucille says. "I do. I'm not slumming, if that's what you think."

We have to go slow, because the right front wheel feels as if it's about to fall off. There's a terrible scraping noise whenever I turn a corner, so I try to calculate the straightest route to Lucille's house from where we are. She helps by describing a shortcut that sounds like the Lime Rock racing circuit.

We get to her building, and I get out to walk her to the door just the way I've been walking women to their doors for better than twenty years. In the arched recess in front of her building she says, "Do you want some breakfast?"

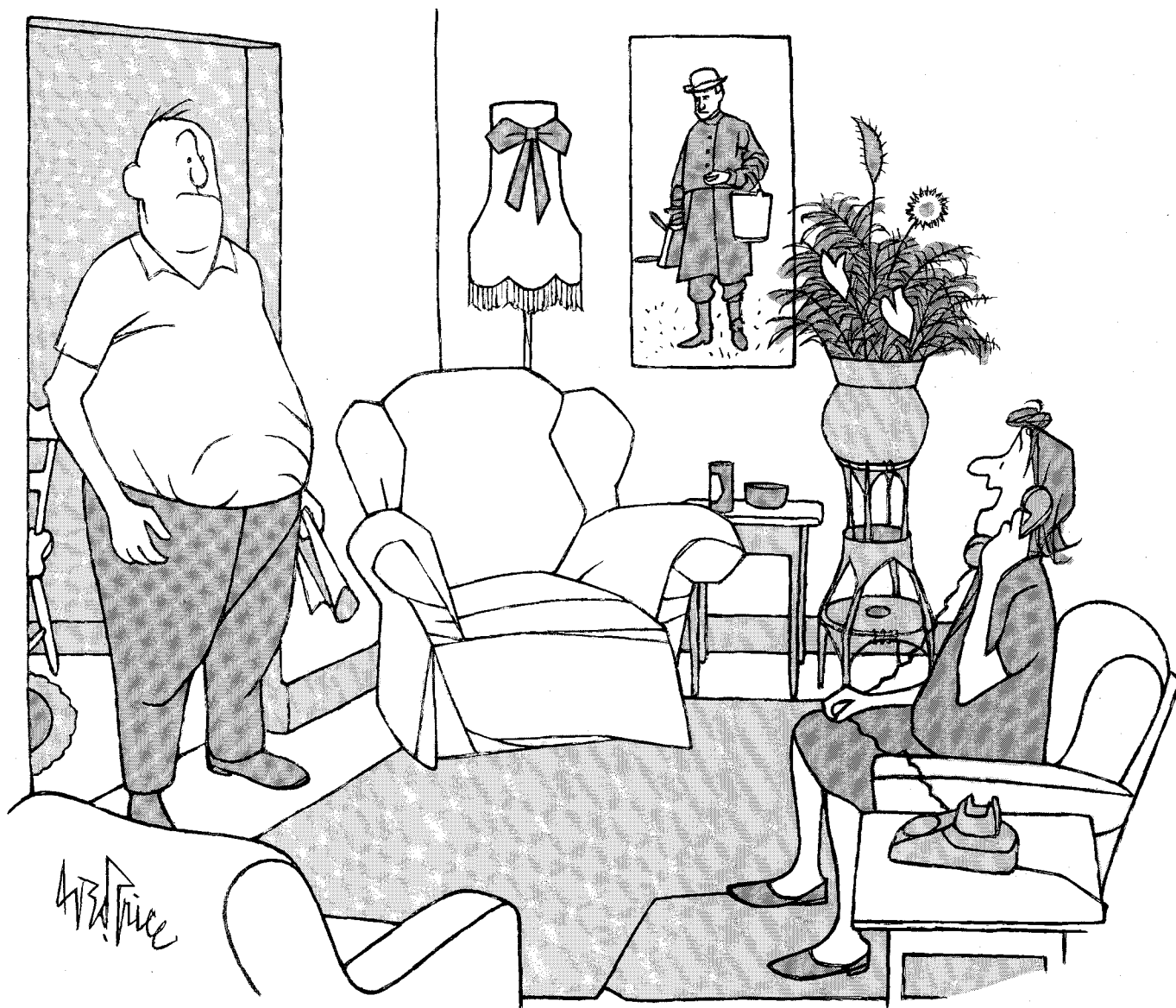
The invitation sounds tired but sincere, so I say, "Not now. Maybe I'll take a rain check."

"A what?"

"Another time."

Then, with the garbage men going up and down the street singing some kind of lilting reggae tune, and the cans clanking around and rolling in the gutter when they're thrown from the truck back toward where they were picked up, Lucille says haltingly, "So. What about a shower?" I give her a long look, letting the silence mount up. I stand there with her for a good two minutes, without saying a word, trying to outwait her, trying to see what's what. It's five o'clock and the light out is delicate and pink. The garbage song dies off up the block, and half a dozen fatigued-looking kids in matching jackets pull up in a green Dodge and pile into the street, making catcalls and whistling and pointing at us. She smiles at me as if she really does like me. Maybe we've been there longer than two minutes, but when the smile comes, I see her lips a little bit apart and her slightly hooded eyes, and she traces her fingers down my arm from the elbow to the wrist and stops there, loosely hooking her fingertips inside my shirt cuff, pinching my skin with her nails.

—FREDERICK BARTHELME



"Will you say hello to Mother? She wants to let the air out of your balloon."

Welcome not a place for the delicate
 But I stuck it out through enough Scotch
 To make me drunk fearless
 And screaming through the first show
 When at its end the final stripper
 Stepped from the small stage right onto the bartop
 Everyone clearing away the glasses and bottles
 From the polished copper in front of them
 As she threw off everything strutting
 Down the narrow bar except
 A white boa G-string
 Shivering against her thighs as she
 Kicked her silver high heels to either side
 Then lay down in front of me
 Her bare back and shoulders pressed flat
 To the copper as it steamed and smudged beneath
 Her body's heat

the catcalls and hollers
 Rising as she lifted each leg
 Pointing her toes to the spotlights scattered

Across the ceiling
 her legs held in a pale V
 The silver sequins of her high heels
 Glittering in the lights but
 Then she stood abruptly
 And stepped back onto the stage not
 Waiting a moment before turning her back
 To the hoarse cheers

disappearing
 In the sheer misty gauze of the old curtains
 And as the lights came up there was
 Where she'd been
 Just the trails and webs of cigarette smoke
 Those long curlicues in a tattoo of light
 Those ghosts and feathers of dust
 Still drifting down onto the bare tables
 The glistening bar

onto the empty veiled stage
 Of wood warped gently as waves

—DAVID ST. JOHN

HYPPOLITE

HAITI: December, 1950. I was there on honeymoon. It was a strange time. The poverty of the Haitians was such, especially when one left Port-au-Prince, that it bruised the tourist's heart. In the hills, barefoot old women in black rags squatted on the ground in front of their shacks, smoking brown cigarette ends held between their thumbs and forefingers. The vegetation appeared to suffer from gigantism, and as a result I sat up wheezing with asthma through half the nights. (I was very asthmatic at the time.) I took strong medicines to relieve the bronchial spasms, and they all had side effects. If the nights were divided into sleepless episodes, the mornings were united in exhaustion and fog. I would get up, rather late, heart pounding from ephedrine (which seems to be the common denominator in asthma remedies), and a new day with a new husband would begin.

The Port-au-Prince pension we stayed in was called *Mon Rêve*. There were two barefoot houseboys attached to it, and they were called (as if they were characters in a jungle version of

a Maeterlinck play) *Oxygène* and *Téléphone*. My new husband and I would leave the pension and its strong black coffee, which did not help my palpitations, and set out to explore. There was plenty to do. We used to visit a Yugoslav who owned a large house at the edge of the city. He seemed old to me at the time, but now I realize that he was merely middle-aged. His house had window frames without panes and door frames without doors, so that the warm air could circulate. Also circulating through these various openings was an elaborate menagerie. I remember a small green-and-red parrot whose wings had been cruelly clipped by a former owner. It could not leave the ground. This parrot could usually be found describing fond circles around the feet of its present owner. There was a six-foot iguana, which I never saw but which was reputed to visit the Yugoslav every morning at the bottom of his garden. There were three goats, which walked around the dining-room table, begging for food or paper napkins from the guests at lunch. There was a particularly ugly turkey, which

answered when spoken to. "You are beau-ti-ful," the man would say, and then he would add, "*You are my beauty*," punctuating the words. The turkey would shake its head toward the sky and then acknowledge the compliment with a long, guttural reply. The man who spoke to animals, whose name I have long ago forgotten, had a tall, pale-blond, no-longer-young wife, also a Yugoslav, and a brand-new, blond and white, delicate baby, whose skin had a pale-blue cast, like watered milk, and who slept in an all-white cot under mosquito netting. The Yugoslav was an honorary *houn-gan*, or voodoo priest. He could go where no other white man was allowed. At times, without the slightest persuasion, my husband would follow him, and they would disappear into the hills late at night for secret ceremonies. They went where the sound of drums came from, and my husband would reappear at dawn, adding yet another aspect to the already white nights.

Often we would leave *Mon Rêve* to go to the Centre d'Art. I know that it was a lovely, beigy house with steps leading to its entrance, and I think, but am not certain, that it stood in the

middle of a garden. I do remember the Centre d'Art jeep vividly. It was painted all over, by different painters' hands, mostly in riots of flowers, and it could be seen regularly in the streets of Port-au-Prince. The man in charge at the Centre d'Art was De-Witt Peters, and he was solely responsible for the renaissance of Haitian art. (An American conscientious objector who had come to Haiti to teach English as alternative service in 1943, he stayed there to the end of his life.) His Centre d'Art was opened in 1944. It provided artists with encouragement and technical assistance. It also gave them training.

The first artist to arrive—by proxy, for what he did was send a naïve painting with a relative—had been Philomé Obin, a former



bookkeeper in his native Cap-Haïtien. Then came Rigaud Benoit, a cab-driver, who brought a vase he had decorated with pink roses. (The same delicate, Persian-looking roses appear in his paintings to this day.) Others came along, among them the very talented Castera Bazile, who was Peters' houseboy.

DeWitt Peters wrote in his journal about his first encounter with the art of the one acknowledged genius among the painters. One day in the autumn of 1943, as he was driving through Mont Rouis (a coastal village between Port-au-Prince and Saint-Marc), he saw two gaily decorated door panels on the porch of a roadside bar. The name of the bar, posted on a shingle, was *Ici la Renaissance*. Peters

found out that the name of the painter was Hector Hyppolite, and that he was an itinerant housepainter and *houngan* who lived in Saint-Marc. There, he had been close to starvation for fifteen years, but, with leftover house paint and brushes he had made of chicken feathers, he had nevertheless managed to paint crude and luminous paintings of tropical birds and flowers, still-lives of fruit, and portraits of voodoo gods. Hyppolite was a mystic who had been advised in a dream that a white man would discover him, so he readily followed Peters to Port-au-Prince, where, in less than three years, in a white heat, he painted more than a hundred pictures. They are, of course, uneven. But some of them are splendid, and today Hyppolite is considered one of the great natural painters of modern time. (He died of a heart attack, suddenly, in 1948.)

By 1950, Hyppolite's paintings were enjoying a fame unmatched by that of any other Haitian artist. There was a greater dimension to his work: it was flamboyant, darkly inspired, and there was something almost combative in its naïveté. In 1950, if one felt like buying a Haitian primitive it was logical and wise, almost inevitable, to think in



"Toby is very good in traffic."

terms of an Hyppolite. At the Centre d'Art, there were two for sale. One was a still-life, a predominantly white picture, very flat, of a watermelon and other fruit, and the pink of the melon looked warm and tender, like a blush under rice powder. I wanted that one. The other was of the god of the sea, Agoué, standing all dressed up but barefoot, with his wife, or mistress, *Maîtrese Erzulie*, in what appears to be a flower garden (appears, because its greens are very blue). Agoué wears a naval uniform, red and orange. Both colors bring out the dark brown of his skin. He carries not a trident but a sceptre, like a cane, in his left hand. *Maîtrese Erzulie* wears a long dress, also red and orange, and a yellow turban, and she is equally barefoot. At their feet lies an anchor. This painting is immensely joyous and bright: red and green and orange. It is also rather crude, but powerful, particularly if one compares it with the tender still-life I wanted. Without a single breath of hesitation, my husband chose "*Agoué and Maîtrese Erzulie*," and I did not attempt a single word in favor of the still-life. (I was not in the least assertive at the time.) My husband paid either fifty or a hundred dollars for it; I cannot

remember which, but I know that it was one of the two.

THE picture travelled by air with us back to New York in January. (We also brought over a couple of giant baskets that had been irresistible in a Haitian outdoor market but proved expendable as soon as we got home. Nothing could possibly travel as badly as indigenous baskets.) I took the Hyppolite to Dain/Schiff to be framed, and they devised for it a heavily baroque hunting-green-and-gold frame that cost more than the painting itself, whatever it was that we had paid for it. It hung on a brown wall in the living room of our two-room apartment in a brownstone on East Ninety-fifth Street. (The bedroom gave onto the back of the Ninety-sixth Street Public Library and a ravishing garden with old trees and a multitude of birds that woke us irrevocably at 5 A.M. all through the spring and summer.)

For the arrival of our first child, we moved into the two lower floors of a house that stood at the edge of a slum. Our son's nursery (for it turned out to be a son) was on the ground floor. Its windows were intricately barred, and looked onto a minute asphalt

front yard, where we kept our garbage can. At night, vandals roamed our street. They screamed and threw stones at the nursery windows. (We heard them not only live but also on the intercom.) And they always overturned the garbage can and rummaged around in the refuse as if they were dogs. There was an ugly little garden at the back of the house, to which we had access. I thought that this garden would rescue me from the twice-a-day-to-the-park routine, until I put the baby out, stomach down in his pram, dressed in a little white batiste frock embroidered by Chilean nuns, and brought him

in an hour later so speckled with soot that I had to give him an immediate bath and shampoo. I cannot remember anything regarding the Hyppolite in that house. I only remember that the bookshelves were not quite finished when we moved out.

We moved into a carriage house on East Seventy-third Street, where we occupied the two top floors and rented out the ground floor to a leftist furniture designer. He had a Bentley parked in front of the house, took his holidays in the Soviet Union, and kept a piranha in a huge tank and a sinister black bird on a perch in his studio. (The black bird could have been a crow or a myna bird or a raven or even what the Swiss call a *choucas*—I never knew which.) What I do remember is that when my husband was away and the heating broke down in the middle of the night (it happened more than once), I would go downstairs dressed in a fur coat over a nightgown, into the street, and then through that studio to a little outbuilding at the back which housed the heating apparatus. I would go in with a flashlight, and the black bird would open his black wings malevolently and screech and screech in a hysterically high-pitched voice.

In the carriage house the Hyppolite hung in a large room on the upper floor, which served as a playroom and dining room for our elder son, and then became his bedroom as well after our second son was born. They were wonderful rooms on that third floor: they had heavy bunk beds with built-in drawers, good strong light, washable

LONESOME COWBOY



C. Barroth

white walls, spattered linoleum on the floors, and heavy tables with Formica tops. There, above one of those tables, the Hyppolite hung for years—certainly long enough for our elder son to come to think that it was his.

I WAS truly happy in that house, but good things usually don't last. One day my husband was overcome with wanderlust, so we moved to a mountain village in Switzerland, where we stayed, my husband commuting to Paris for work, a total of thirteen years. There, in the low-ceilinged interior of a chalet that resembled the inside of a cigar box, the Hyppolite landed in the hallway, under a cruel overhead light, and for a while I marvelled at the chapter of accidents that had exiled those two black barefoot water gods from the Caribbean to the snows of the Bernese Alps. And then I became used to them, until I more or less ceased seeing them altogether.

Over the years in Switzerland, a fearful thing happened. The skein of my married life became progressively unwound, until one day (sunny, I remember) I found myself alone, with two almost grown sons, too many books (among them, too many novels), a shelf of disparate records, a Coptic head I had bought in a moment of folly, and a few paintings, one of them the Hyppolite. I waited another year in the mountains for my younger son to finish boarding school, and then, together, we packed up the chalet. I remember vividly the village postman

and policeman, both in uniform, rummaging together (like the vandals we had once fled) in our garbage can.

Back in New York, with one son settled in Beverly Hills and the other in New Haven, I found a two-room apartment on upper Madison Avenue, just ten blocks down from the one I had shared with my grandmother when, as a child, I fled Europe with her in the face of the Second World War. The new apartment, when I went to inspect it, was occupied by Mstislav Rostropovich, his wife, Galina Vishnevskaya, and their two daughters. Papa, of

course, played the cello. Mama, of course, sang. Of the two daughters the elder played the piano (an upright piano stood in the living room) and the younger the cello. They did, that is, until an enterprising German couple down the hall insistently and successfully mounted a campaign against the "terrible noise." When I came over, on a bright spring morning, the Rostropoviches were getting ready to move out. The apartment was filled with sun, resounding voices, kimono over nightgowns, expansive Russian life, and total disorder. As it was Sunday, the traffic on Madison Avenue was spare and quiet. I took the place on the spot.

One day when my husband and I were living on Seventy-third Street, I went for tea to the house of a couple we had just met. They lived in a townhouse that had been built to their specifications. It was modern and stark, with an indoor pool and garden. Everything in the house looked arranged. Even a ball of thick pink mottled wool, a carefully unwound thread of wool, and the unfinished piece of knitting had been strategically laid out on an almost bare dresser in the master bedroom. There was a still-life of glossy leaves on the tea tray, and we drank Russian Caravan tea out of cups so thin they were translucent at the edges. The sun went down. Teatime became drink time. Mesmerized, I stayed on, and followed my host to a built-in closet where the bottles and glasses were kept, and there, in the depths of that closet, hung a Picasso—

a woman's head. It was of the period of half full-face, half profile heads, but everyone was accustomed to that; the astonishment came from its whereabouts. "What's a Picasso doing in a closet?" I asked. "Oh, she was too noisy, so we shut her up," my host replied. I looked at the Picasso. Although I remember this painting as mostly black-and-white, it *was* noisy. In fact, it was downright rowdy. And then I realized that this was even more true of my Hyppolite.

I had been happy to have it out of the way on the nursery floor for many years, and then I had barely seen it when it hung in the hall of the chalet. Now, when I moved into the Rostropovich apartment, and when my elder son came from California to scrape and paint and organize it with me, we hung "Agoué and Maitresse Erzulie" in the walk-in closet in the living room which would soon house the dishes and glasses. For a few days, until they were picked up, the painting was completely hidden by the dresses Vishnevskaya had left behind. After that, I saw it only when I opened the closet door.

NEW YORK: June, 1981. Over the years, I had grown so tired of that presence in the closet that every time I put away a dish or a glass I thought, "I must do something about the Hyppolite." I called my son in Beverly Hills, thinking that perhaps he wanted it, but he did not, and he said I should do with it whatever I pleased. So I called Sotheby Parke Bernet. I was shunted several times before I reached Nona Lee, who is a specialist in Haitian painting. She told me there was an auction of both Haitian and Latin-American paintings coming up in two weeks, that it was too short notice to include the Hyppolite (the catalogue was already printed), but that another such auction would take place in January of 1982 and the painting could be sold at that time. She asked to see it. I had to conquer a certain distaste for myself when I loaded

the Hyppolite into a taxi and made my way down the few blocks to the gallery. After all, the painting had been with me for thirty-one years. And now I couldn't wait to be rid of it.

Nona Lee turned out to be a pretty, young woman with a mass of red-gold hair and no makeup. There was a lyrical quality about her, but she was also direct, even a little offhand. She took one look at the painting (a look at once cursory and knowing), chuckled, and said, "That's a nice Hyppolite. We'll call it 'Agoué and His Consort.'" Then she said, "I estimate it at between eighteen and twenty-two thousand." She gave me a contract that seemed composed entirely of small print, and I left. Guilt made me feel slightly light-headed.

For the next few days, I couldn't keep still, for as soon as I have made up my mind patience abandons me. I called Nona Lee and asked her whether she might not somehow include the painting in the coming auction, although it was now only nine days away. She thought for a moment and then said, "I'll call you back." When she did, an hour later, everything had been arranged. Of course, she told me, the painting could not be advertised in the catalogue, where a

black-and-white photograph or, even better, a photograph in color would have given the sale "a boost." Offhandedly, she added, "A color photograph is six hundred dollars, but it's worth it." I said that I didn't mind skipping the catalogue. She told me that the painting was now hanging in the showroom and said that I must come round to see it.

I went down to Sotheby's as if to visit a relative. The Haitian art was exhibited in one room, the Latin-American in another. "A joint sale is the way we get a cross-breeding of buyers," Nona Lee said. Chuckling, she added, "The first thing I tell people about this exhibit is 'Bring your sunglasses.'" In the Haitian room, there were too many barnyard scenes, and too many crowd scenes with tiny, multicolored figures. There were also four Hyppolites besides "Agoué and His Consort." But the names of all the painters were marvellously lyrical: Dieudonne Pluviose, Emmanuel Jolicoeur, Felix Bryoché, Diecilus Vital, St. Pierre Toussaint, Murat St. Vil, Salnave Philippe-Auguste, Emilcar Simil, Jacques-Enguerrand Gourgue, Wesner La Forest. And I took particular note of a lovely Rigaud Benoit, "La Duchesse Noire," and a



"Could we have a little eye contact?"



"Let's face it. You're not a mover, and I'm not a shaker."

bright, clear painting called "Quelques Déguisés de Carnaval," by Philomé Obin, which was the frontispiece for the catalogue.

Prospective buyers, collectors, and the simply curious wandered about, their eyes alternating between the paintings and their catalogues. The professionals took notes. A couple stopped for a long time in front of my painting. The man referred to it as "the green Hyppolite." Then he said, "If it came to that, I would buy it." Not having heard the previous sentence, I didn't know exactly what he meant. An old man, dressed in shades of tender green and cream, passed by me. He spoke to his woman companion through an apparatus in his throat. Every time he wanted to speak, he pushed a button on this device, and his voice came out sounding like that of Buck Rogers speaking to his mother ship. Nona Lee pointed out a couple who were collectors of Haitian paintings. The man walked off. Another man, who obviously knew the woman, walked up to her. "You have lost your husband," he said. "He always comes back," she answered, indifferently.

"Agoué and His Consort" was hanging directly above another Hyppolite, which I much preferred: two brown nudes, crisscrossed like a pair of open scissors, the front one seen

from the back, the back one seen from the front, with an extraordinarily drawn left breast resting on the hip of her companion. The companion, although it had long hair down its back, could have been either male or female. The painting was called "Two Nudes," and they reclined on a sulfurous half sphere against a jungle background of leaves and crimson flowers.

I sat on a bench directly in front of my Hyppolite and waited to see if someone would bite. It felt exactly like going fishing. The painting was now judged to be between twelve and sixteen thousand—a comedown, but Nona Lee had talked it over with a colleague and they had decided on a more conservative estimate. I now also knew for the first time that the painting was oil on Masonite and measured thirty by twenty-four inches. The three other Hyppolites for sale were a hilarious "Rêve Haitien," with a nude figure on a bed in the right-hand corner, a man reading to a woman in the left-hand corner, various tables and chairs, a crouching cat, and two rats, or they could have been lizards, scurrying across the floor; an "Initiation"—a female nude, seen from the back, ascending a staircase, with two female figures sitting on the steps (this painting was being sold by the trustees of the San Francisco Museum of Modern

Art); and, finally, a pale still-life with fruit and flowers not unlike the one I had coveted back at the Centre d'Art in Port-au-Prince.

"Hyppolites used to be so scarce," Nona Lee said. "Now they're crawling out of the woodwork."

A familiar-looking man with a full black beard, hair shot with just enough white to look dark silver under the lights, and a strong smell of cologne about him sat down on the bench next to me. I nodded and smiled at him automatically, but he looked at me uncomprehendingly, so I concentrated for a second and identified him as someone who lived in my building, and

whom I had seen quite often in the lobby and the mailroom. He looked very professional, making notes in his catalogue; he could have been a collector or a gallery owner. I said that I owned the painting he was looking at, and during the conversation confessed to having kept it in a closet. We exchanged a few banalities, acknowledged mutual acquaintances (one of which was the French language), and then I left.

At the sale, "Agoué and His Consort" (Addendum 94A) was the last of the Haitian paintings to go on the block. The block turned out to be a turntable and was hung with brown velvet draperies that opened and closed. The auctioneer, who was young and wore gold-rimmed glasses, intoned his song. He made the work sound easy, but it could not have been, for his eyes darted in too many directions, and he drank too much water for that. Nona Lee and two other young women flanked the auctioneer.

The first few paintings, mostly still-lives and village scenes, went for two hundred, two hundred and fifty, and three hundred—really very little to pay for an "original" today. The first Hyppolite, the pale "Still-Life with Fruit and Flowers," went at ten thousand, which came as a surprise to me, for I had heard that the watermelon

still-life I had liked in Port-au-Prince sold at Sotheby's a few years ago for five thousand.

Hyppolite's "Two Nudes" went to extraordinary heights—twenty-three thousand. ("People go crazy over Hyppolite nudes," Nona Lee had told me.) I knew my painting would never go anywhere near it, but that did not seem to matter much, for I had already dissociated myself from it. Mostly, I was curious, though at the same time I was thinking how terrible it must be to have to sell a painting one loves. I remembered, a couple of winters before, sitting on a couch next to an older woman friend at a rather formal party. Above us hung a well-known modern French painting, which, I had once been told by a reputable dealer, was a fake. About this older friend: I had called her "Auntie Dacia" throughout my childhood, until the time came to call her plain Dacia, and also to realize how immensely fond of her I had become over the years. At that party, she spoke to me, but her eyes roamed the room. All of a sudden she started, as if she had sighted something dangerous, and she made a sound that was midway between a moan and a sigh. I followed her gaze and encountered a sumptuous woman hung with a lot of pre-Columbian gold. Shaking her head, my friend said, "Oh, can't you just take her away, I don't want to see her, I hate her; she bought the Picasso from me." Here she paused for a second, then she resumed, as if talking to herself: "I had to sell it. Paul wasn't working at the time, and I had no choice." Paul was her husband, and the Picasso was a ravishing and exceedingly romantic aquatint.

As the sale went on, I concentrated and tried to understand who was doing the bidding, but to no avail. Also, I could not understand why the auctioneer jumped fifty dollars, or a hundred, or five hundred, or even a thousand, at a time between one invisible sign and the next. I noticed the man with the black beard and silver hair sitting a few rows in front of me.

Philomé Obin's "Quelques Déguiés de Carnaval" went for five thousand two hundred and fifty. This surprised me. I had thought that, with the "boost" of being the catalogue's frontispiece, it would fetch more. Besides, with Hyppolite's "Two Nudes," it was one of my favorites. "Rêve Haitien" went up only to thirteen thousand. It was a truly humorous paint-

ing, but I suppose it had to be considered a minor work.

And then came Addendum 94A. I felt a surge of emotion, like a deep blush, when the brown velvet curtains parted to reveal "Agoué and His Consort." Thirty years. It looked incredibly bright and alive, and so dearly familiar, in spite of the noise. Of all the paintings on sale, at that moment this was the one I would have bought. Then the bidding began, and went up and up very fast, effortlessly. It made me think not of a climb but of a fast race downward, on skis, in excellent snow. I still could not see where the bidding came from. But it went with ease to twenty-four thousand, when the auctioneer's hammer came down abruptly.

Later, by the elevators, Nona Lee said to me, "Now, wasn't that wonderful? Now, you *see*?" The man with the black beard ran after me as I was going toward an open elevator and said, "Why, it fetched the highest price in the sale." He managed to

embarrass me completely; then he turned to his woman companion and said, "Can you believe it? She had that painting hanging in a closet. She told me. *In a closet.*"

A FEW days after the sale, I bumped into the man in the lobby of our building. "We must see each other," he said urgently. Another time, I happened on a horrendously loud fight he was having with our Yugoslavian superintendent. I did not find that either exceptional or exotic, because everyone in the building fights with the Yugoslavian superintendent. A third time, I passed him on my way out to the street on a blatantly hot Sunday in August, and I simply nodded. A few hours later, he telephoned and asked me what I was doing in town on such a hot and deserted Sunday in August. I did not like his question, and I said that I was doing the usual, and again he said urgently that he wanted to see me. I could not imagine what this was all about, or why he



"Here I am, having a love affair with New York, and you tell me it's happening in Houston?"

hadn't simply asked me to lunch or dinner (even though I would not have accepted). But I had become curious, and resolved to clear up the mystery.

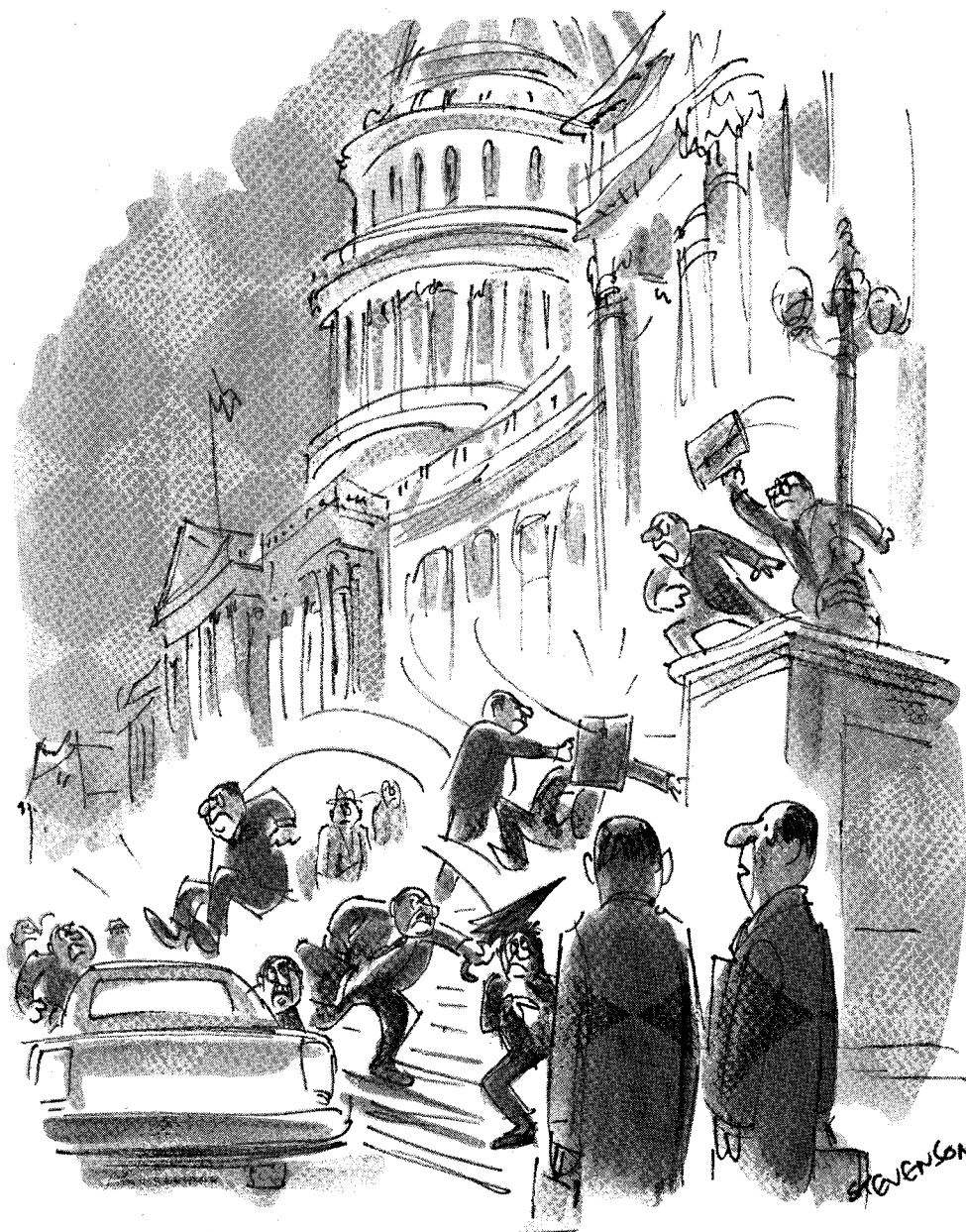
A few weeks later, having asked a friend I have known forever over for a drink (she lives in the building; in fact, she was the one who put me on to the Rostropovich apartment), I mentioned the man, and my friend said that she had met him. So I called him up and asked him to join us. He arrived very late, his watch having stalled, but I must say that he understood to perfection what I had tried with success (or failure) to do with my apartment. He immediately spoke about the white walls and blue ceilings (a predilection that goes back to my childhood), the monochromatic still-

lives, the absence of curtains and drapes, the lack of "coziness," the almost empty tabletops.

After a while, my old friend left. The man stayed on. I was puzzled. I still did not know what it was all about. I knew only what I felt: that he wanted something from me that no man had ever wanted before, and that whatever it was, it wasn't mine to give. I began to get angry with myself for having asked him at all. Time stood still, the way his watch had, and I couldn't very well ask him to leave, for he knew that I wasn't going out for another hour. My impatience made me assume a new pose, which I hoped he would dislike. Almost unconsciously I adopted a tone of voice that wasn't true to me. I talked on and on.

I embroidered. I dropped names—an international banker, even a king. The man became defensive. Suddenly he asked me if I would be willing to sell a Mexican still-life that I love, and I said that I would not. He insisted—he said he would sell it for me—but I refused again, and changed the subject. A few minutes later, as he was speaking and I wasn't listening, I had a revelation. So. No wonder I had been so dense; nothing like this had ever happened to me before. So. In spite of the fact that I was obviously living modestly in a two-room apartment . . . I held my breath for a moment, then I told him a lie: "You know, the only reason I sold the Hypolite was that I needed the money." He stayed on for a while after that, had another drink, while I reverted to my true self, and then he left. I haven't heard from him or seen him since—not even in the lobby.

Only a few days after the painting was auctioned off, the cleaning woman I had employed since my return from Europe succumbed to an arthritic back, and I engaged a new one—a Haitian. She came from Port-au-Prince, and I had a lot of trouble with her French. Three days ago, she came up from the laundry room in the basement carrying a large and hideous plastic effigy of the Virgin. She had found it in a garbage can in the basement, and someone there had told her that she could keep it. It was draped in a bright-blue mantle, and its face was all painted up. Marie went into the bathroom, where she took off her shoes; then she walked back into the living room, still clutching her Virgin. She was certainly not involved with any voodoo gods, but as she stood there in her bare feet I understood that, almost against my will, in some instinctive part of my mind, she had come to replace the space left empty by the disappearance of the Hypolite. She said, very clearly, out of nowhere, "*Madame, chez nous, la Vierge est immaculée.*" —NATACHA STEWART



"It's the never-ending struggle between the State Department and the Department of Defense."

The Springfield police, the county sheriffs in the surrounding area and the state Highway Patrol division in Springfield said they were taking no special measures to capture the four escapees. "All we can do is look," said a Greene County sheriff's dispatcher.

"We don't know where they are or they aren't," said a state Highway Patrol dispatcher in Springfield.—*Kansas City Times*.

By all odds our favorite dispatcher.

PERSONAL HISTORY

RUSSIAN BLOOD

I-SHIDEYEVO

IN 1820, at the age of thirty-six, Andrei Fyodorovitch Lukianovitch left his regiment (the Husars) to become the governor of Simbirsk, a sleepy province on the Volga. After six uneventful years there, he retired to his land on the Orel, in the Ukraine, where he built a large house on the site of some old earthworks that had been constructed in the seventeen-thirties to deter Tatar invaders from the south. He called the house Shideyevo. The name

came from *shado*, the old Tatar word for ramparts. The architect was Michael Korinsky. The style was a neo-classical variant known as Russian Empire. The west façade was supported by a dozen white columns, the east façade by six—almost mandatory props for the house of a *grand seigneur* in retreat. A large green cupola with a belvedere gave the structure a Slavic character, and sometimes attracted itinerant pilgrims, who from a distance mistook it for a monastery. One wing was a church, of classically simple lines, modelled on the Church of the Imperial Stables, in St. Petersburg. The walls of the house were white-washed stucco over brick and were four feet thick. The rooms were huge, with parquet floors. Footsteps echoed in them. Andrei Fyodorovitch had their walls painted with sepia frescoes of bacchanalian scenes. Since his days as a young officer, he had been addicted to practical jokes, and he booby-trapped the house with secret closets, hidden doors, and *trompe-l'oeils* of receding corridors and enticing flights of stairs. His favorite prank involved a big haystack next to the house. When visitors arrived, he would take them immediately on a lengthy tour. He would lead them into the dining room, so they could see that nothing had been prepared for them to eat. After a complete inspection of the house, he would start on the grounds. "And you must come and see my haystack," he



would say, and they would follow along. Slyly, triumphantly, he would fling open a door in the haystack. Inside, on a long table, would be a fabulous feast, candles blazing, a liveried serf standing behind each chair.

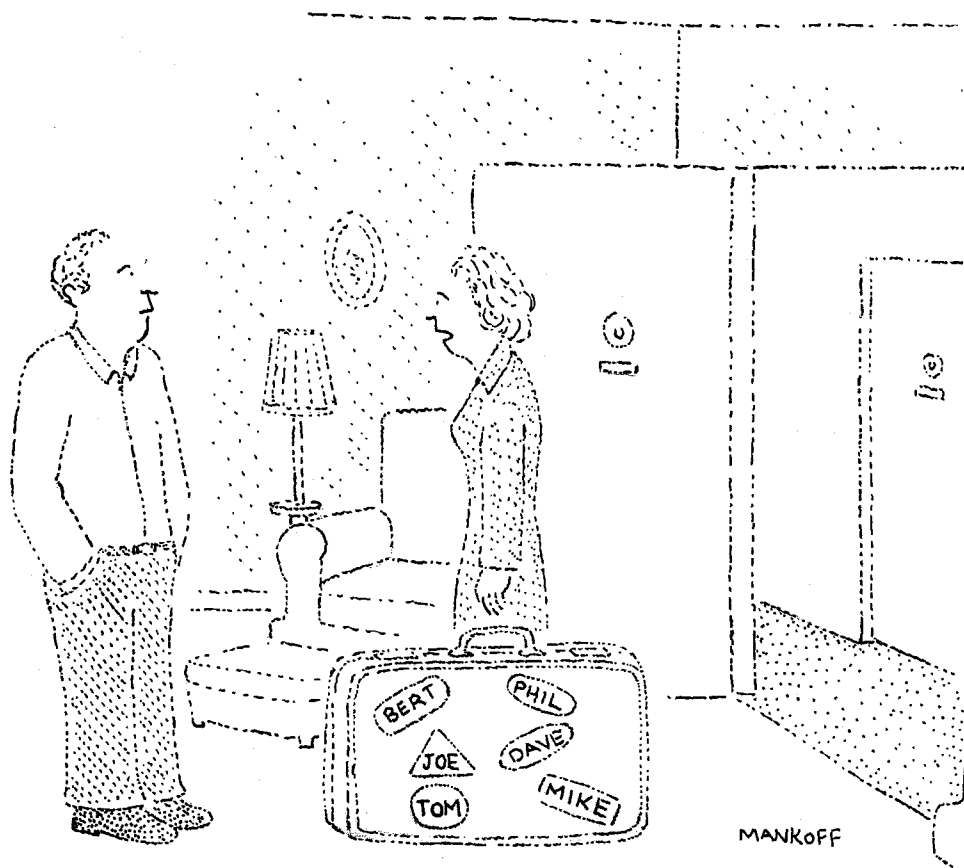
Andrei Fyodorovitch's *joie de vivre* became well known in that part of Little Russia, as the Ukraine was then called, and numerous poets, artists, musicians, and entertaining parasites enjoyed his hospitality, but by 1845 twenty years of boisterous revelry had caught up with him. He was so crippled with gout or, as he insisted, rheumatism that he was confined to a chair, his legs wrapped in a plaid blanket. Having exhausted his governor's pension, he had been forced to mortgage the estate, with its two hundred and fifty-five registered souls, and only the personal intervention of the Minister of the Interior, an old friend, saved him from ruin. A year later, he died, and Shideyevo passed to his only son, Nicholas, who seemed to be pursuing a fairly sober career in the capital as a military historian—he had formerly served with the Preobrazhensky Guard—and the head of the Ministry of Salt Mines and Mineral Resources. Nicholas was much too busy to get down to Shideyevo, and he left the estate in the charge of his maiden aunt.

In 1854, when he was forty-eight, Nicholas married a woman named Alexandra Vladimirovna Panayev. She

was just eighteen, and a good catch. The Panayevs were a cultured and talented family. Alexandra's father, Vladimir, had collected butterflies; at the University of Kazan he had been shown how to dry and mount his specimens by the eminent entomologist E. F. Eversmann. Vladimir had tried his hand at poetry, but his idylls were too academic to attract much of an audience. He had entered the Civil Service, and had headed the Department of Ap-panage in the Ministry

of Court in St. Petersburg; Gogol had been one of his clerks. By the time of his death, in 1859, he had been a Privy Councillor and Secretary of State under Alexander II. In charge of acquiring art for the Hermitage, he managed to amass for himself a large collection of oils by European masters. There is a portrait, done in 1841, of Panayev's children in the Tretyakov Gallery, in Moscow. The youngest ones, including Alexandra, are in the foreground, holding toy swords, with the glazed, self-absorbed look of little children.

Now that Nicholas was married, he began to spend his summers at Shideyevo. In a photograph of his wife taken when she was around fifty, she is wearing a white bonnet. Her face has great strength, and at the corners of her mouth there is a slight smile. Her granddaughter Elizaveta Nicolaevna—my grandmother, who died sixteen months ago, and who was always called Mopsy by her children and grandchildren—told me that Alexandra Vladimirovna was a deeply religious woman, almost a fanatic, and that this fanaticism was a Panayev family trait. One of her cousins had not exactly pushed his brother through some ice but had not done all he might have to pull him out, either. The brother died, and the cousin felt so guilty that he vowed to stand on all fours for a year. The penance was performed in the yard of his house. Ser-



"Well, so long, Bert."

vants fed and cleaned him and, during the winter, sheltered him with a tent. When he was told that the year was over, he tried to get up, but found that he was completely paralyzed. Alexandra Vladimirovna herself, while she stopped short of wearing hair shirts, gave all her clothing away except two dresses (the bare minimum that a woman of her station could get by with), and just before her death she made a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, from which she returned distressed by how the Holy Land had been commercialized.

Alexandra Vladimirovna's first act on taking possession of Shideyevo was to have the racy frescoes painted over. Only the tearful entreaties of her little daughter, a few years later, saved the false perspective in the entrance hall, which looked like a long passage with a series of diminishing arched doorways. Alexandra brought up her daughter, who was also named Alexandra, as a Christian of the first century. Mirrors were removed, so that little Alexandra Nicolaevna could not be distracted by her reflection. The girl became deeply religious, and gave up all social activities. Surrounded by

votaries of the church except for a few young friends from equally pious families, she prepared to take the veil. But one day in 1879 an old schoolmate of her mother's at the Smolny Institute, Anna Avinoff, came to tea at their house in St. Petersburg, bringing her younger brother Nicholas, who was an officer in the Preobrazhensky Guard. It was difficult for the sheltered young Alexandra not to be impressed just by Nicholas Avinoff's uniform: the green tunic, the white trousers, the black jackboots, the helmet with white feathers cradled under his arm. Avinoff, an old boyar name dating back to the previous millennium, comes from the Russian word for barn, *ovín*, which may, in turn, have derived from *ovis*, the Latin word for sheep. The Ovins and the Avinoffs had been a leading family in Novgorod, which became an independent boyar republic in 1136. The seal of Ambassador Felix Ovinoff appears on a diplomatic document dated May 7, 1338. The Avinoff family icon—a Madonna and Child standing before the sunken city of Kitezh—was said to have been given to an ancestor by two angels in 1433. Nicholas's father, Alexander Avinoff, had been present as a visiting

ensign of nineteen at the Battle of Trafalgar; in 1819, as captain of the *Discovery*—a Russian counterpart of the *Beagle*—he had mapped the unknown Alaskan coastline.

After a few more visits, Nicholas Avinoff proposed to Alexandra Nicolaevna. She accepted. Her mother was beside herself. Her father was no longer alive, but perhaps he would have been happier to see his daughter married, and to a member of his own regiment, than condemned to be a nun. "I don't think it was a very romantic union, but it was a smooth one," Mopsy recalled of the marriage that produced her.

MOPSY was born on December 18, 1888, in Kharkov. Her father commanded an infantry regiment there. She was the third child. Her brother Nicholas (Nika) was seven when she was born. The middle child, Andrei, was four. Years

later, Mopsy and her children and grandchildren always referred to Andrei as Uncle.

Life in Kharkov for the Avinoffs was very gay. "Games, dancing lessons, parties at the house of an extraordinary hostess, Mme. Kharina"—this was Mopsy talking of ninety years ago. "We had a French governess called Madame and an old nurse, Tatiana Ivanovna. Uncle had a collection of queer articles. He kept them in a glass jar that he called a museum. It was the first time I recall hearing that word, which played such a big part in his life. The articles in his museum were a very hard yolk of an egg, a claw of a chicken, and a hook from a corset. Each was carefully placed on cotton. I was most impressed by this collection—and, as a matter of fact, by everything Uncle did."

In the autumn of 1893, their father was promoted to lieutenant general and named commander of a brigade of sharpshooters in Tashkent. The trip to remote Russian Turkestan took several months. First, the Avinoffs went by train to Vladikavkaz. Then they went by stagecoach over the Caucasus, whose snow peaks and gorges were stupendous. A detachment of soldiers

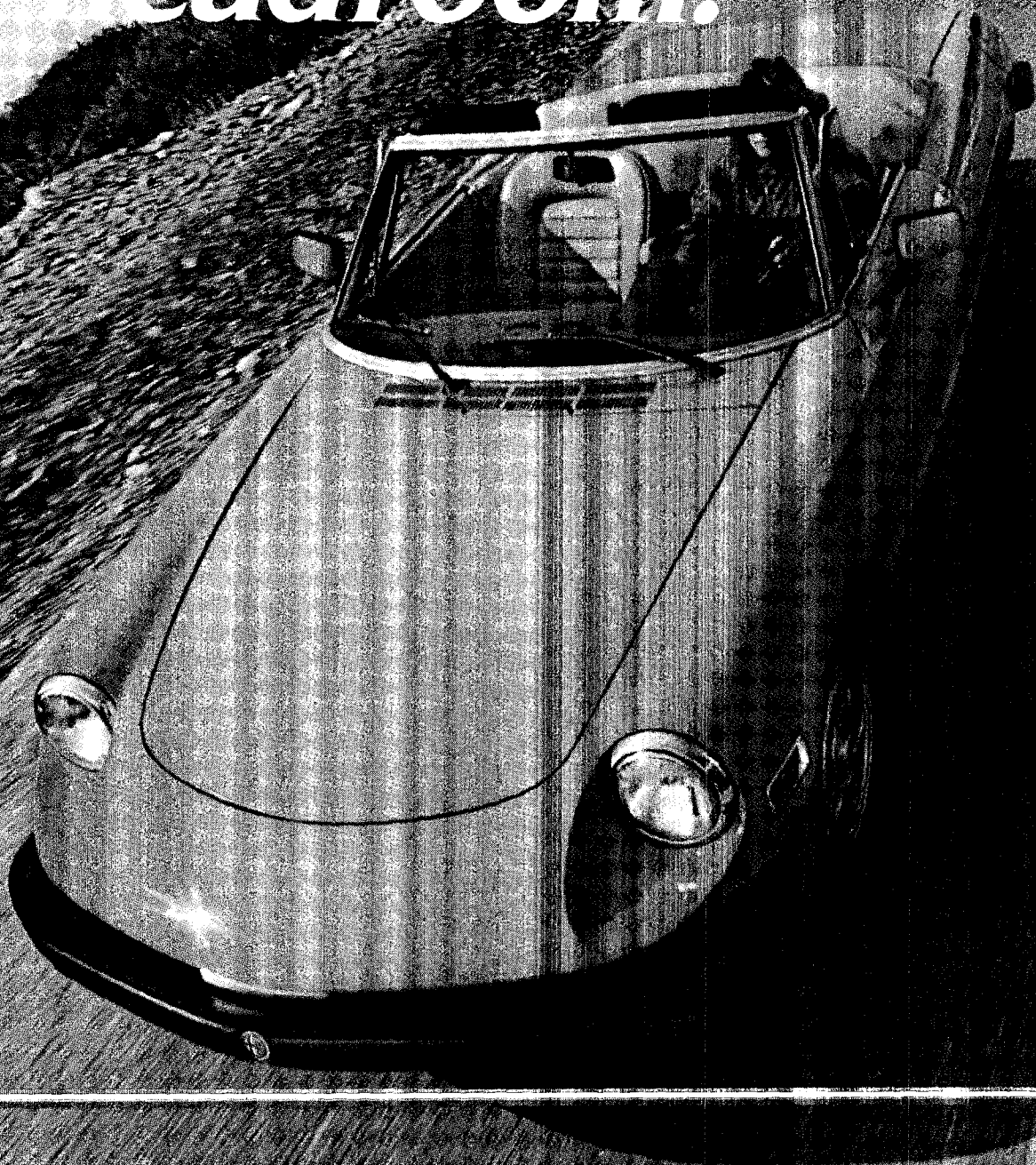
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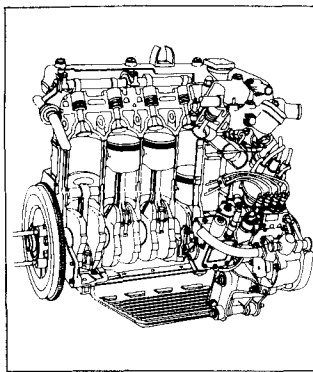


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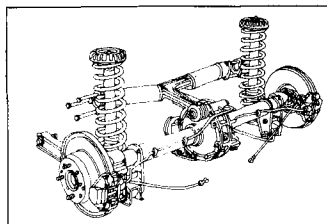
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escorted them the length of the Georgian Military Road, to Tiflis. The mountains had not been pacified, and there was danger of being set upon by bandits. From Tiflis, they took a train to Baku, then a ship across the Caspian to Krasnovodsk, then a train across the black sand desert (Kara-Kum) of Khiva and Bukhara to Samarkand, the city of Tamerlane, whose glamorous mosques, inlaid with turquoise and lapis lazuli, had given rise to a saying that in other places the light descends but in Samarkand it ascends. At Samarkand, the railroad ended, and they hired a tarantass to take them across the red sand desert (Kyzyl-Kum) to Mirzarabat. The tarantass was a large carriage that rode on poles instead of springs, with a high seat in front for the coachman, then an open section, then a coupé, and then a small booth in back for the maids. Soon after crossing the Syr Darya, they reached their destination. Tashkent was half European, half Oriental. Most of its roofs were of mud and were smothered with poppies. At a certain time of year, when the poppies bloomed, the whole city turned red.

The Avinoffs took a house on Kauffmann Boulevard. In the summer of 1894, they suffered terribly from the heat. My father remembers hearing, as a child, how his grandparents sat in barrels of water in Tashkent and played cards. The game was *vint*. Among their new acquaintances were the Kerenskys. Fyodor Kerensky was director of education for the province of Russian Turkestan. His son Alexander (Sasha), a schoolmate of Nika's, was destined to head the Provisional Government after the March, 1917, Revolution and the abdication of Nicholas II. But in Tashkent he belonged to a conservative, almost monastic family who were such staunch monarchists that when Alexander III died, later in 1894, Mopsy recalled, she saw them all walking along the



"My Lord! Their basic house wine is the same as ours."

Salara Boulevard in deep mourning.

Sasha had a younger brother, Kolya, who was Uncle's age. Later that summer, the Avinoffs took Kolya with them when they went to the Tchimgan Mountains, about sixty miles northeast of Tashkent, to escape the heat. Like the local nomads, they all lived in a felt yurt in a lush pasture above the tree line. The smoke went up through a hole in the roof. The air outside was crisp and was filled with butterflies. Uncle began to collect butterflies seriously. He had caught his first specimen when he was five and the family was spending the summer at Shideyevo. His cousin Lila was making a watercolor of some flowers and asked him to bring her a butterfly to copy. He ran into the garden and came back, breathless, carefully holding a beautiful white one, a cabbage. The next morning, not having finished the painting, Lila

asked him to catch her another one. It had to be white, she said. This was no easy task, but at last he saw another cabbage and caught it with his hands. As he presented it to Lila, he noticed that its markings were different from the first—a remarkable observation for a five-year-old. "That's all right. I'll manage," Lila said. But Uncle was puzzled. A few summers later, when he was eight, Uncle had read Sergei Aksakov's enchanting boyhood memoir "The Butterfly Collectors"—one of the collectors was Uncle's great-grandfather Vladimir Panayev—and had been moved by it to start his own collection. His tutor, who had an interest in natural history, helped him assemble the necessary equipment. The first day, they caught twenty specimens. Now he was nine, and he found willing accomplices in Kolya Kerensky and the son of his piano teacher, a man named Pfaff. The three

boys spent hours running up and down the slopes of the Tchimgans, disregarding time and space. Uncle had only one book with him, Berge's "Butterfly Book," and it didn't show the numerous satyrids and lycaenids of alpine Russian Turkestan. One morning, he netted a day-flying sphinx moth that looked almost like the *Macroglossa croatica* in the book. That evening, in the yurt, he painted over the discrepancies. After he grew up, he realized that he had caught a great rarity—*Macroglossa ducalis*. This was the only deliberate falsification of his scientific career.

At nine, Uncle was painting accurate watercolors of butterflies. These paintings were a far cry from his first effort, which his mother kept in the old Karelian birch bureau at Shideyevo—a drawing, made when he was four, of three hills with three disproportionately large birds sitting on them. Uncle saw that something was wrong with the birds, and that observation led him to discover perspective. In a little copybook bound in marbled pressboard, he painted landscapes—sunsets, woods, mountains—and they got better and better. He did some butterflies with long tails which Mopsy thought a real artistic achievement. A portrait of Mozart was satisfactory except for one eye, which was out of control. A few marquises of the

eighteenth century followed, painted under the influence of subjects that his mother was doing in oils on pale-blue satin pillows, which were in fashion. Even as a child, Uncle was acutely nearsighted, but for close work his myopia was an advantage: he could immediately distinguish the minutest details of a butterfly's anatomy. Landscapes, though, appeared as a blurred suffusion of pattern and color. Visitors were enchanted by him: his conversation was precocious, he had long golden curls, and his features were so delicate that his mother dressed him as a girl until he was four. His grandmother Alexandra Vladimirovna was an accomplished pianist, and not long after she died, in 1888 (she was only fifty-two), Uncle astounded everyone by sitting at the piano and playing from memory his grandmother's favorite piece, "Si Oiseau J'Étais." "He was very quick in mind and body," Mopsy recalled. "A great tease and a real pest at times to Nika and me. Sometimes with Nika it would end in a fight." Nika had a violent temper, and once beat up Uncle so badly he couldn't sit for days. The brothers were diametric opposites, as if they had early divided the spectrum of behavior and each were committed to defending his part of it. Just as Uncle was socially brilliant and uninhibited, Nika was silent and serious. Nika seemed to

have inherited the Panayev piety. He had been Alexandra Vladimirovna's first grandchild, and she had doted on him. Instead of giving him conventional toys, she had dressed him in priests' robes and recited to him not nursery rhymes but the lives of the saints. Nika would wander solemnly through the rooms of Shideyevo swinging a censer and casting incense. When he was seven, his mother found him in the pantry pretending to administer the last rites to a playmate—the butler's daughter—laid out on a table.

During his teens, Nika gravitated to responsible subjects like politics, economics, and agronomy, while all that Uncle cared about was his butterflies—"the painted toys of an aristocrat," his tutor called them. Nika was very restrained, and Mopsy, being seven years younger, was always a little afraid of him. Nika also became interested in photography. His photographs of Shideyevo document an existence that Uncle described years later as "a patriarchal state—lyrical, mellow, and nostalgic," adding, "It was like an extension of the time of Turgenev. Nothing was rocking under the earth."

Alexandra Nicolaevna couldn't take the heat of Tashkent. After a year, she returned to Shideyevo and waited there for her husband to finish his tour, about a year later. She took Mopsy and Uncle with her. Nika stayed with his father. Shideyevo was Alexandra's personal domain—she had lived there more than in any other place in the world. The peasants called her Generalsha—the General's wife. She had a set of big keys that was meant to be worn about her waist but was always getting lost, and she rode around the estate in a wicker cart drawn by two *Anglichanini*—Shetland ponies—with bells in their ears. She was six feet tall, "an unusually tall and handsome woman, her face . . . quivering with nervous quickness and kindness; her whole frame full of life and energy," we learn from a novel based on the Avinoffs at Shideyevo. "If she had not been so tall, she might have been called stout, but now she seemed in perfect proportion. Her eyes were brown; her forehead was white; her hair and eyebrows were black, and her profile was beautiful."

The novel is "Rolling-Flax; or, Summer Days in Little Russia," by Sinclair Ayden, and was published in London in 1902. Rolling-flax is a Ukrainian variety of tumbleweed. Taras Shevchenko, in his poem



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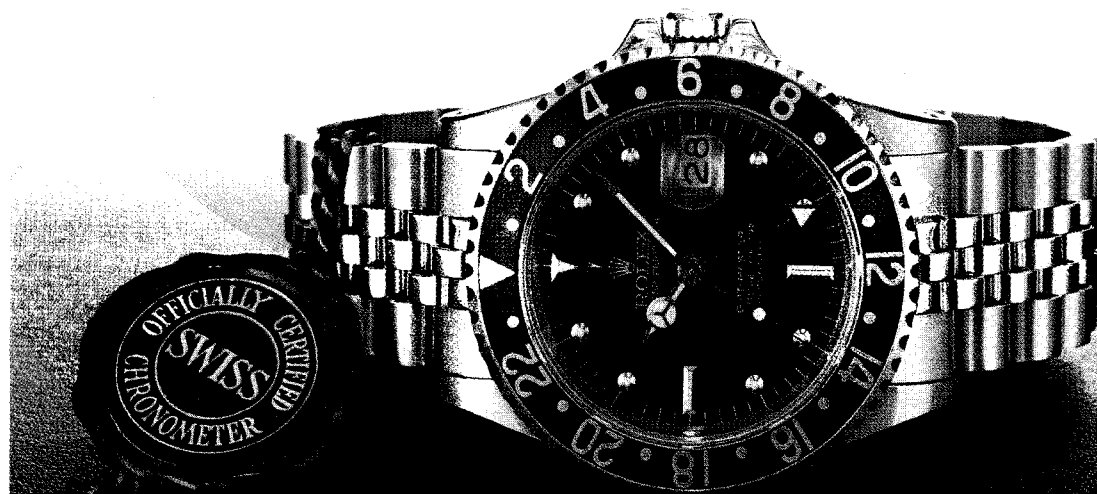
amount of traveling I have to do.

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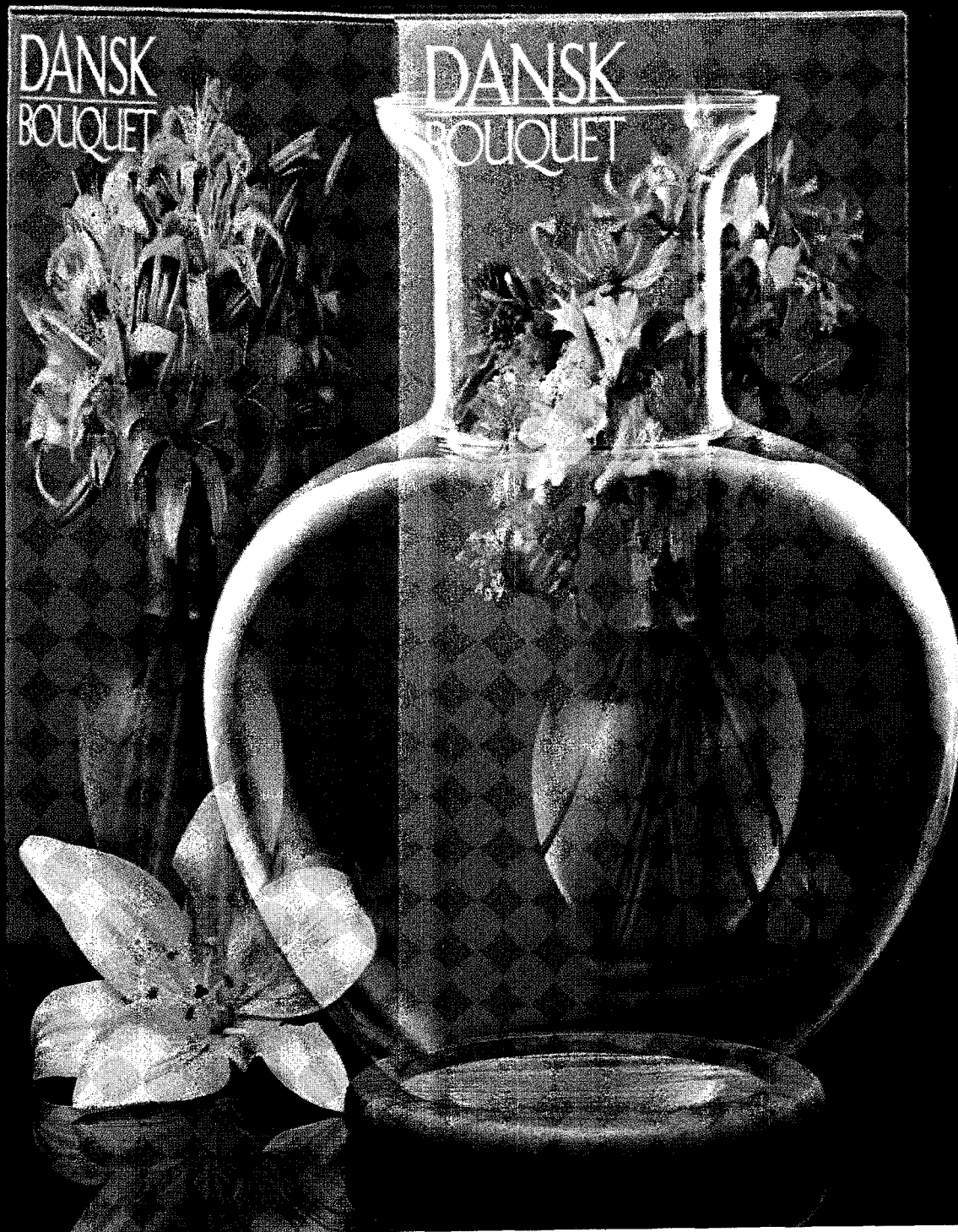
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"Doomki," compares the footloose plant to our lives. We are driven about by fate, as balls of rolling-flax are buffeted across the steppe. The wind drives one to our feet. We stoop to pick it up, but the wind catches it and carries it beyond our reach. "Such is fate," Shevchenko concludes. Sinclair Ayden was the pseudonym of the children's English governess, Frances B. Whishaw. The daughter of a Dover banker, she came to Russia when she was twenty-seven to learn the language. A cousin in Moscow, married to a Count Putiatin, suggested that she apply for a position with Mrs. Avinoff, who had just returned from Tashkent with two of her children. Miss Whishaw was hired in 1894, and stayed with the family for five years. (Mopsy's childhood was filled with a succession of nurses and governesses.) It happened that Miss Whishaw was an extremely cultivated woman. She soon had Mopsy reading the English children's magazine *Chatterbox* from cover to cover, and speaking English without the extravagantly thick accent that later compounded the pathos of many émigrés. At seven, Mopsy wrote her first poem in English. She had just been punished.

I do not care what people say.
I know they always lie.
I only wish I was away
Somewhere where I could die.

Miss Whishaw's father was a collector of geometrid moths, so she understood Uncle's obsession, and, being herself a gifted watercolorist, she could give him and Mopsy tips on technique. Miss Whishaw was a plain, spunky product of Victorian England. Once, she joined several dozen peasants who were making a pilgrimage to the catacombs in Kiev, where a number of saints were buried. On foot, it took three days. Her nemesis was the boys' tutor, Nicolai Ivanovitch. He had been thrown out of the University of Kharkov for subversive ideas and membership in a secret group of radicals. Mopsy recalled him as "a typical future Bolshevik." The children's mother had engaged him. Their father probably would not have approved of the choice; he had a low opinion of university students. "Education makes . . . a Russian noisy," the general in "Rolling-Flax" says. "If I had my way I would close the Universities for good now—abolish them altogether. They are yearly turning out a mob of hungry, lawless discontents, who will not work." Squared off around the samovar, Nicolai Iva-

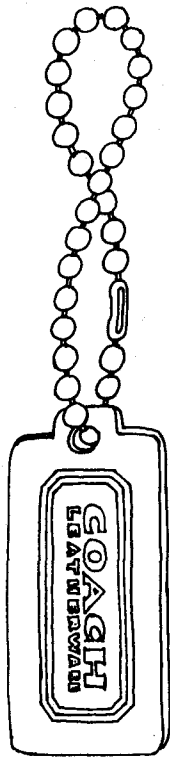


"Hi. I'm Reality, now in a new, more attractive, more exciting guise."

novitch and Miss Whishaw would sit on the balcony and argue endlessly about topics like Home Rule in Ireland. Mopsy remembered thinking it strange that they kept calling each other "my dear" when they were supposed to be quarrelling. Nika, when he came back, took a photograph of the two of them with his mother, against some foliage. Nicolai Ivanovitch, leaning on the palings of a fence behind them, is quite handsome, in the style of Lenin, with peculiarly brilliant, narrowed eyes and a pointed beard, and is wearing a white collarless jacket with a double row of brass buttons. Miss Whishaw is vigilant under heavy lids. She looks like someone who is probably never going to marry, and, in fact, she never did. Mopsy visited her after she had gone back to Dover. She was working on the book then, but she wouldn't let Mopsy see

it. Years later, her sister sent it to the family. "You might be interested in this book," the covering note said. "I think your lovely house is described in it." Everyone read it, and agreed that it contained a lot of truth.

Alexandra Nicolaevna, who is about thirty-five in the photograph, conforms closely to that description of her in "Rolling-Flax." She busied herself with planning the meals; there were seldom fewer than twenty people at her table. She tried to interest the peasants in learning to read and write, with little success. They seemed determined to remain illiterate, perhaps out of spite, and only reluctantly went to her school. She also ran a dispensary for the peasants, administering turpentine, iodine, boric acid, and quinine, the last for the "swamp fever"—possibly malaria—with which they sometimes came down. One of her patients



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was old Pindy, who had helped build the house in 1826. His age was estimated to be a hundred and ten. Pindy lived ten miles away and came once a week for his medicine. Getting off his wagon, he would walk his old horse up the final rise to the house. He seemed to have forgotten that serfdom had been over for thirty years. "And how much did they pay for you?" he would ask, slapping the behind of a pretty girl in the kitchen. Nika photographed him sitting on a stone wall, with his white beard, and his perfect bowl of white hair, coming down almost to his eyebrows, and with his gnarled hands folded humbly in his lap. Like most of Alexandra Nicolaevna's patients, Pindy thought that if he drank off the whole bottle of medicine at once he would feel better faster, and he had to be persuaded to take it in daily doses.

When the peasants felt really sick, they went to old Karakutsa, who looked after the sheep, and who was said to be able to stop bleeding with whispered incantations. Karakutsa's remedies, which relied heavily on the local flora and fauna, had been in use since the days when Perun was god of the steppe, and the fact that Karakutsa himself had lived to such an old age—he, too, was said to be a centenarian—was a good advertisement for them. Reviling modern medicine, he would seize the arm of his patient, feel his pulse, and then locate precisely between the wrist and elbow a second, fainter throbbing, which he called the brain pulse. The brain pulse, he said, was an infallible index of the condition of the body. "Your brain pulse is dead," he would tell his patient. Holding the arm tightly and swaying back and forth with his eyes closed, he would murmur his incantation so quickly—three times in one breath—that the patient couldn't make out the words. For payment, he accepted hens, shoes, vodka—whatever he was offered.

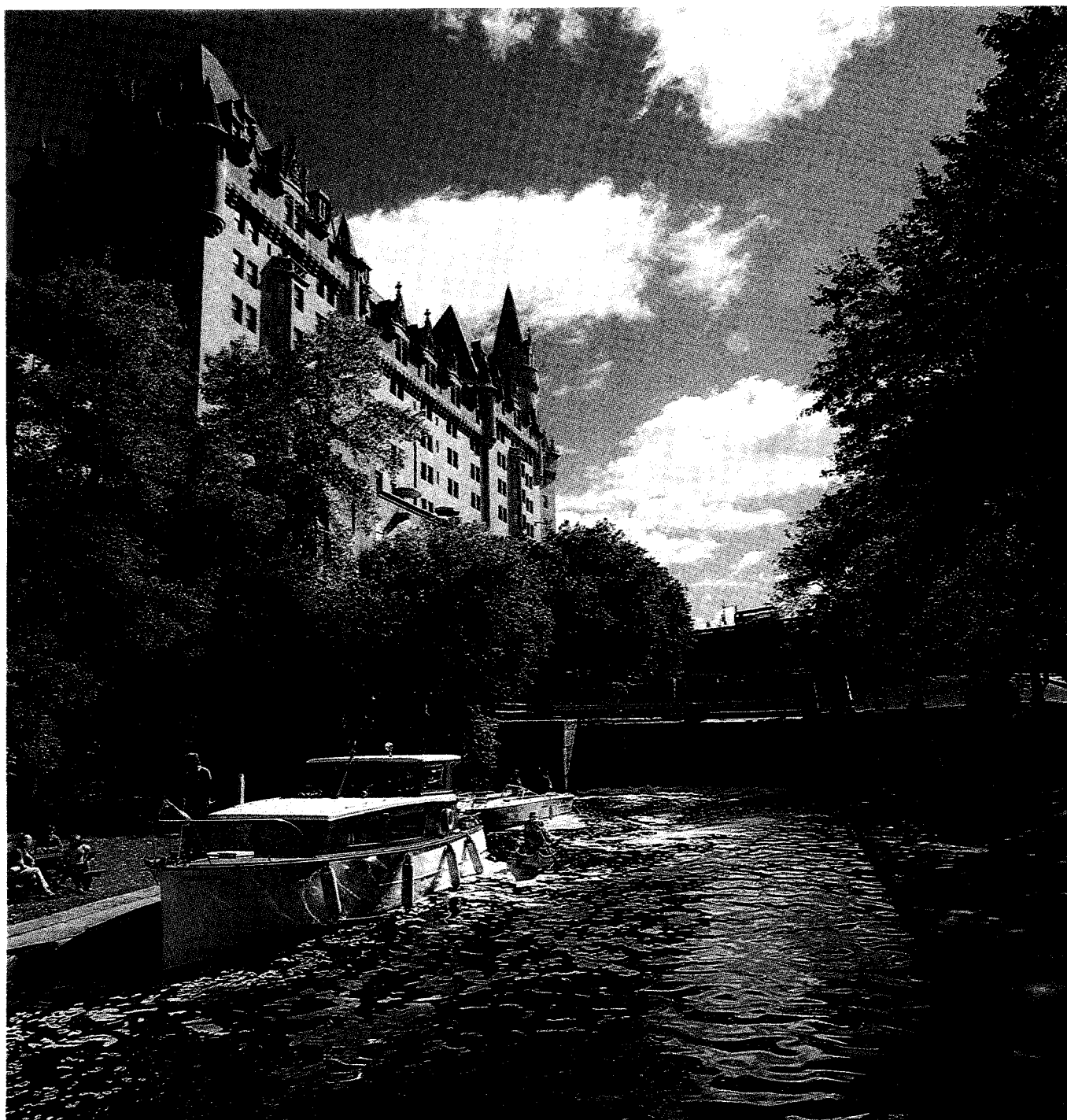
There were three thousand dessiatines of prodigiously fertile land on the Shideyevo estate (a dessiatine is 2.7 acres), of which two thousand were cultivated. Sometimes the crops ripened so quickly that dessiatines of rye and oats, and even of wheat, were left to rot because nobody had time to get them in. The wheat harvest of 1906 was exceptional. The Avinoffs invited forty people to help them celebrate their good fortune. Tassels of wheat were placed among the flowers in vases

around the house. After a sumptuous banquet, everyone toasted "His Excellency the Harvest" in champagne and danced until dawn. With some of the profits from the harvest, Alexandra Nicolaevna had a set of jewelry made up by Fabergé. The necklace, bracelets, rings, earrings, and brooch were made of golden spikes of wheat, with tiny diamonds as kernels. Mopsy wore the jewels when she was presented at court the following year.

At the emancipation, in 1861, each serf had received a small allotment of land. But the peasants still needed cash, and the only way to get it was to work for the Avinoffs. They got three meals and wages—about fifty cents a day. In summer, the muzhiks worked six days a week. In the winter, there was little to do, and they stayed home and made articles—wooden snow shovels, twig brooms, felt boots, unglazed milk pots, crafts of carved wood and bark and of silver—to sell in the nearby markets of Poltava and Yekaterinoslav. (Poltava, the provincial capital, was thirty-five miles away; Yekaterinoslav, the present Dnepropetrovsk, was about fifty miles away.) The busiest month was August. With every horse, wagon, and driver in use, it was a bad time to travel. Everyone, even mothers with newborn babies at their breasts, took to the fields, and flashing sickles, accompanied by thrilling songs, hacked down the wheat and corn. The work began at dawn and ended after dark. Sometimes the muzhiks would make a bonfire on the open steppe, and while one told stories the rest would sit and finally fall asleep in its glow.



There were two villages below the house—Novoselovka and Homohivka, joined by a road and separated by the lower garden. Their combined population was about three hundred, and there were several large peasant families—the Moshuras, the Kolnechenkos, the Oleshkos. The cottages, nestled together in the shade of willows and poplars, had bright-white sides, and the roofs were thatched with tall reeds from the marsh. The walls were made of clay plastered on a willow frame. Inside was a stove built up in tiers called *lezhankas*, on which members of the family slept. Strings of shrivelled mushrooms and bundles of dried herbs hung from the ceiling. The *krasny ugol*, or "beautiful corner," where icons glimmered behind a



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perpetual flame, was at the eastern end of the room. On Saturday, their day off, the peasants came up to church. The bells played a lively little tune at four-thirty to summon them. The bells also tolled across the valley at ten on Sunday morning, for the special service on each of the thirty saints' days that were celebrated on the estate, and during blizzards, when they were rung, on Alexandra Nicolaevna's orders, to help travellers keep their bearings. The Saturday vespers lasted an hour. The peasants came in through the main entrance and stood at the rear of the church, dropping to their knees and crossing themselves. For many years, the services were performed by the old *batyushka* Father John. Another bearded hundred-year-old, he had been in residence since the time of Andrei Fyodorovitch, but he was so timid that he hardly dared address the Avinoffs, unless it was to compliment Mopsy on her painting. "The brush of Raphael," he would say. Once, at Easter, the *batyushka* and his acolyte went down to the villages to bless the peasants' eggs. At each cottage, they were offered a glass of vodka, and when they had made their rounds they returned, reeling, through the lilac *allée* in the lower garden. The lilacs had been trained to grow together, forming a canopy. For some reason, the *batyushka* and his acolyte decided to climb into the lilacs, and there they passed out. Mopsy found them sleeping there the next morning.

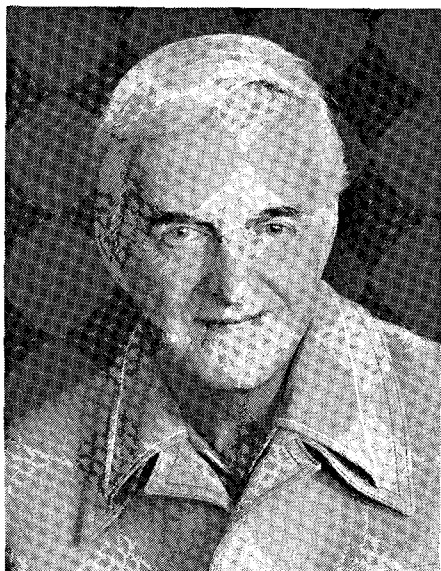
Besides the field hands from the villages, around a hundred *dvorniki*, or yard servants, were attached to the house and the numerous outbuildings, where a variety of activities went on, making Shideyevo practically self-sufficient. Most of the *dvorniki* were landless. Not all of them had been recruited locally. By the end of the century, a significant number of *dvorniki* were leaving estates and drifting into the cities, where they got work in factories, lived in slums, and became ripe for the teachings of Karl Marx. The outbuildings formed a courtyard with the south side of the house. Mopsy made me a sketch to explain the layout. The first outbuilding, linked to the southeast corner of the house by a connective bridge, contained the kitchen, the laundry, and quarters for the cooks and the two coachmen, Jacob and Terence. Then came the ice house. Ice was brought up by oxen from the liman—a small, hourglass-shaped lake made by the

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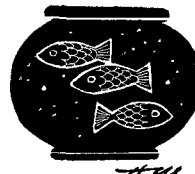
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river Orel as it flowed through the marsh below—covered with straw, and kept there over the summer. Next was the carriage house. It held a number of now extinct conveyances. The landau was an open wagon with two facing seats and a capacity of eight. Nika took a picture of everyone heading off for a picnic in the landau. Uncle is wearing a white cap with a big visor and is holding upright, like a slack wind sock, a long-handled butterfly net. Two *lineikas* were used for bathing expeditions and as backup transport for larger picnics. (The bathers swam nude in the river, one sex at a time.) Nicholas Nabokov, the composer, has described the *lineika* as "a Russian cross-breed between an English brake and an American covered wagon."



There were also two sizes of coach, a *kareta* and a *kolyaska*, and a *chetvyorka*, which was like a troika, except that it was drawn by four horses instead of three. With a purported top speed of twenty-five miles per hour, it was the fastest rig at the Avinoffs' disposal. And, finally, there was Alexandra Nicolaevna's wicker *karzinka*—"little basket"—which was drawn by the Shetland ponies.

After the carriage house came the stables, with about thirty horses. Then the piggery. The pigs were looked after by a Cossack, who, it was joked, through long association had come to look like a pig himself. Then the barn, where more than fifty oxen were kept. They were for plowing and bringing up the water and the ice, and they always travelled in a double yoke. Then the sheep shed. Karakutsa's vicious sheepdogs had a standing feud with the hunting pack, which occupied the house end of the courtyard. There was an imaginary line in the middle of the yard, and terrible fights broke out whenever a dog went over it. Then the black bakery, where dark bread was made, and where the field hands got their meals. Then the dairy. Then the white bakery, where *bublik* and *bublichki*, loaves and buns of bread, were made. The baker Pyotr Ivanovitch lived there, with his wife and masses of children. Then the blacksmith's shop. Then the shop of the shoemaker, who was also the tanner, harnessmaker, and bookbinder. Then the machine shop, where engines were fixed and grain was ground. The next building was rented to Yavorovsky, the Honest Jew. He was a rabbi and attended to the com-

mercial needs of the community. In his store, you could buy cloth, sweets, needles, kerosene, and other basic items. Because the Yavorovskys were the only Jews around, they were spared the pogroms; Jews as nearby as Yekaterinoslav, however, were persecuted. The last building in the courtyard was the Winter Wing, or the Flügel, as it was called—a large brick house with four apartments, where the butler Roman Vasilyevitch lived, as did Father John and the cabinetmaker Vasily Bartolemevitch (who also made frames for Mopsy's paintings); where guests were put up; where the Avinoffs stayed in the winter, when the main house was closed; and where the estate manager, Frederic Augustovitch Brauns, had his office. "You see, we were fully equipped," Mopsy told me with a sigh. "We didn't depend on anything from the outside."

Miss Whishaw suggests, and Mopsy confirmed, that while the General was still in Tashkent, Alexandra Nicolaevna was paid an unusual number of calls by a general practitioner in Poltava, Dr. Wolkenstein. He was a Tolstoyist, and, like Tolstoy, wore a *rubashka*, or peasant shirt. His wife had been deported to Siberia as a revolutionary. He was bald and not particularly handsome but, Mopsy recalled, "a great charmer," who spoke with feeling and had dark, searching eyes. Alexandra Nicolaevna, we are told in "Rolling-Flax," "enjoyed a gentle flirtation, and vibrated sensitively to the opinions of others." The four of them—Alexandra Nicolaevna, Dr. Wolkenstein, the tutor Nicolai Ivanovitch, and Miss Whishaw—spent hours on the balcony arguing about the fate of Russia. According to the novel, there was a hectograph in the basement of the house, on which Alexandra and the Doctor ran off seditious pamphlets. If this was true, Mopsy knew nothing about it.

Alexandra Nicolaevna's liberal episode ended, in any case, when her husband came back from Tashkent. Life returned to normal with the General at the head of the table. In a passage that Mopsy dismissed as "complete nonsense," Miss Whishaw describes mealtime at Shideyev with the family reunited:

Dinner was usually a very long, and a very trying meal. Everyone was placed according to rank; the women sitting near [Alexandra Nicolaevna], and the men near the General. Conversation flagged, because half the people were admitted to the

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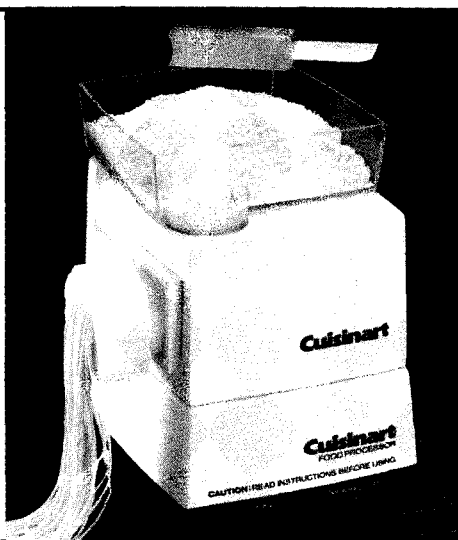
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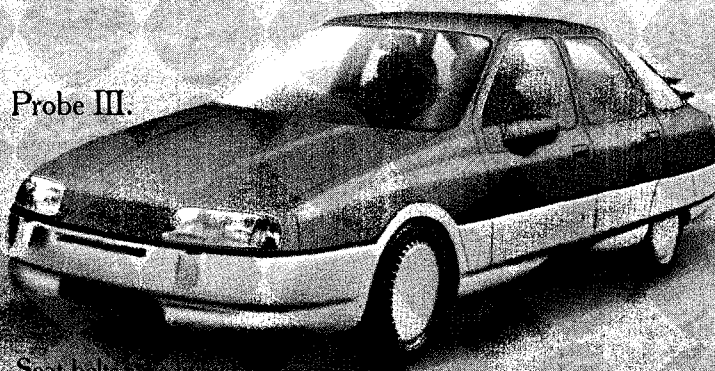
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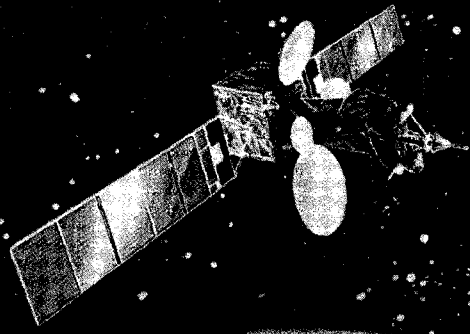
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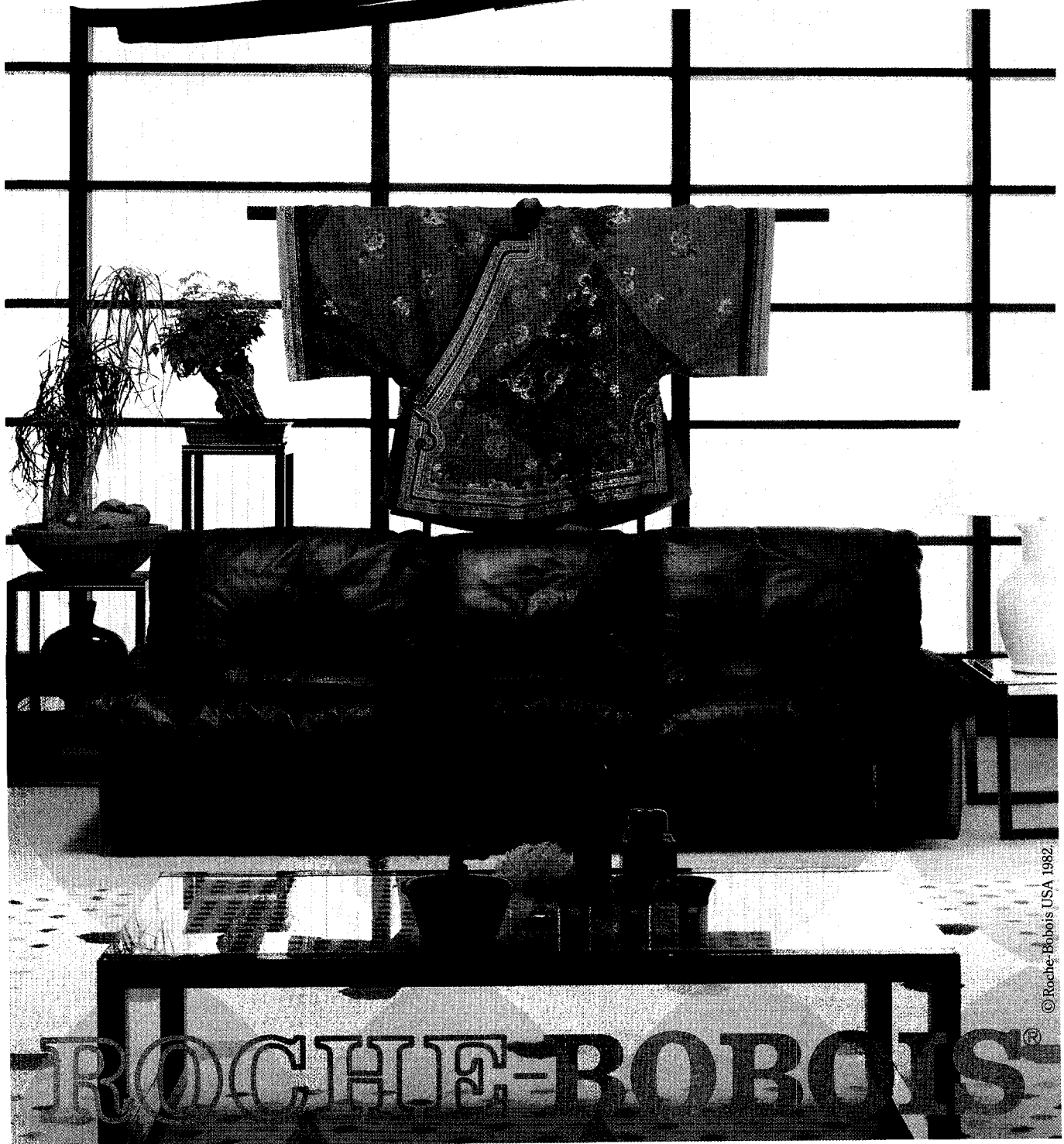
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table as a favour, and were not supposed to speak. Amongst those who were below the salt was the Kharkov dressmaker; she had especially stipulated in her contract that she was to dine with the family. Fraulein Anna was expected to be seen, not heard; and the General thought it was quite unnecessary for [Nicolai Ivanovitch] to make a remark. He disapproved of students and universities, and thought the education of the masses was a mistake.

Occasionally Father John, the *batyushka*, dined with the family; owing to the excessive respect he felt for [Alexandra Nicolaevna], he used to rise like a little boy in school, whenever she spoke to him—frequently spilling his soup as he did so. As a rule she did not attempt to keep up a conversation with him. Lastly, out of politeness, and for the good of the children, the conversation was carried on in English; and a bored look settled down upon the faces of those who were destined to sit for more than an hour, listening to what they could not possibly understand.

The General had always had a beard. In a photograph from around this time, it is shorter and more scraggly than it was in his Preobrazhensky days, and comes to two points, which were probably trained by thoughtful stroking. He is massive, in his fifties now, leaning forward in his chair as if short of breath, and staring with a wild, hard look. Nicholas was a collector—of old coins, old buttons, old silver, old firearms, old lace, Persian rugs, fine porcelain, and all sorts of stuff that he had picked up on his tours of duty. He was especially proud of some carpets he had bought in Bukhara in 1878, during one of the wars between Russia and Turkey. He had gory tales of that campaign, and recalled arriving at the only water hole in a day's ride and finding an Arab with a knife in his back floating in it. Most of his collection was gathering dust in a huge room in the basement called the *kovrovaya*, or "rug room." It was like a museum, and was a perfect ghost habitat. The children knew there was a ghost down there. Some of the choicer items cluttered his office. Mopsy remembered a trunk that was filled with documents from old law-suits, all of which seemed to have been instigated by a lawyer named Trischov. Several generations back, his mother's ancestors had feuded bitterly. Another trunk was filled with seeds—future dessiatines of rye, barley, and melon. From his desk, the General made a show of running the estate, but most of the details—the bookkeeping and the daily assignments of work—were left to the full-time estate manager. The General had a big letter "A," with a crown over it, tacked up on the front and back of the house, over

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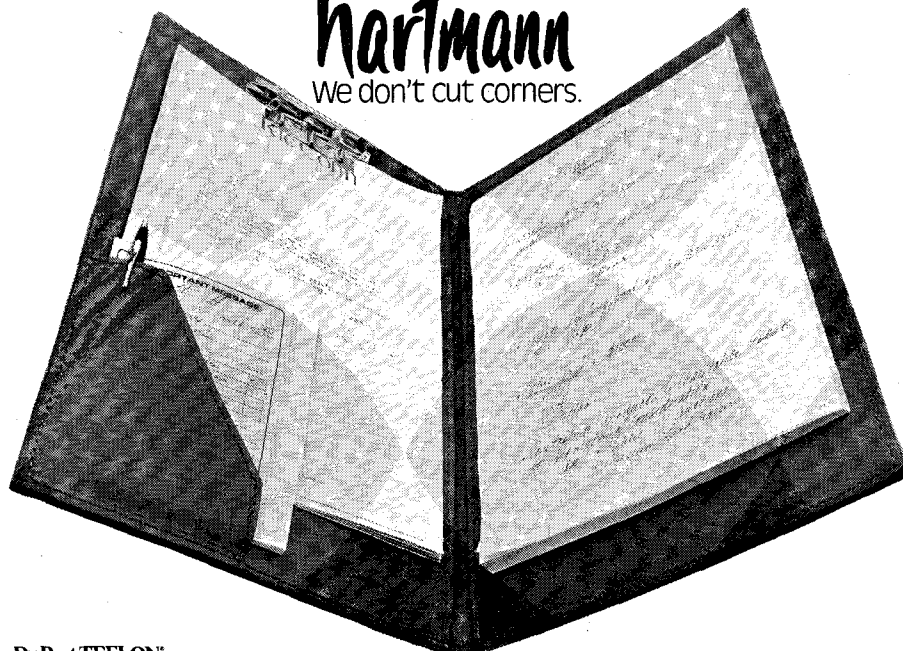
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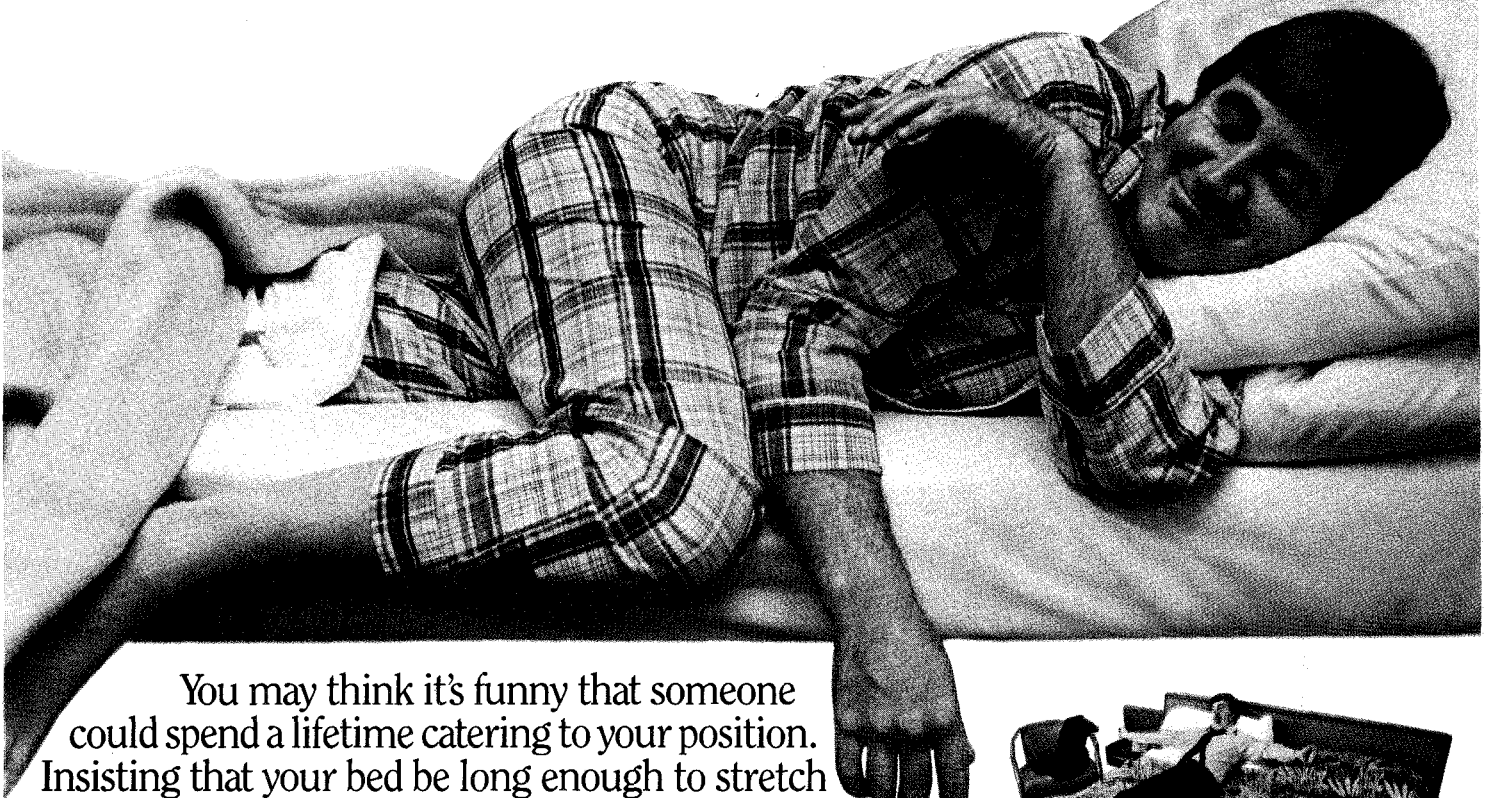
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the pillars. After he retired, in 1904, he continued to wear his uniform, including his medals and his visored cap, and took several newspapers with which he could keep track of comrades-in-arms' promotions, retirements, and deaths. He told funny stories to his children.

The children adored him. Uncle acquired his father's passion for collecting, his subtle brand of humor, his lavish attentiveness to guests. Uncle lived in the church wing, in what was called the Archbishop's Room. There, in spurts of nervous energy, he darted from project to project, littering his chaos with husks of sunflower seeds, which he was constantly eating. His collection of Little Russian butterflies was representative by 1898. He had the cabbages, the blues, the sulphurs, the wood nymphs, the checkerspots, and the fritillaries. He had the European swallowtail, which is smaller and chunkier than the American. He had four species of the genus *Vanessa*: the red admiral, the peacock, the tortoiseshell, and the painted lady. He had the eastern festoon, a small, intricately mottled Old World species with deeply scalloped brown lunules along the edges of its wings. He had several species of *Parnassius*, which Vladimir Nabokov has described as "strange butterflies of ancient lineage, with rustling, glazed, semitransparent wings, and catkin-like flossy abdomens." The ramifications of the genus *Parnassius* would consume Uncle's attention until he died.

Mopsy remembered the General as a wonderful father, who taught her to embroider and cross-stitch, encouraged her painting with little prizes, and supported everything she got interested in. Some of her earliest artistic efforts were menus he asked her to paint for dinner guests. She also remembered drawing something, maybe a bird, when she was two or three, and being taken bawling to her crib before she could finish it. She went through a period of drawing only noses. Then she discovered mouths. Her first full portrait was of a Chinese doll with beady black eyes. Uncle, who became a skillful draftsman when he was still a boy, was her main teacher. Miss Whishaw was a great help, too, and the house was filled with dozens of fine oils, which Vladimir Panayev had picked up when he was collecting art for the Hermitage. Crowding the walls in the sumptuous, close-packed décor that was typical of the period, they were a silent inspiration. A place of honor in the

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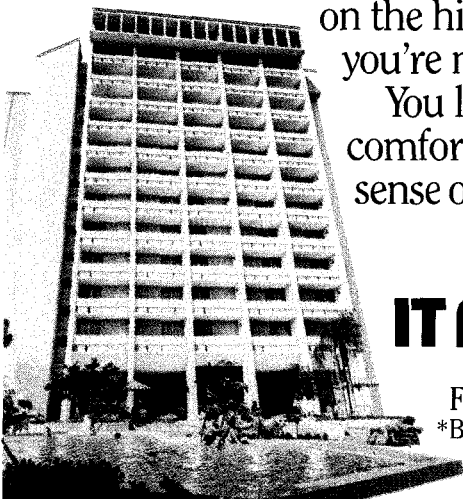
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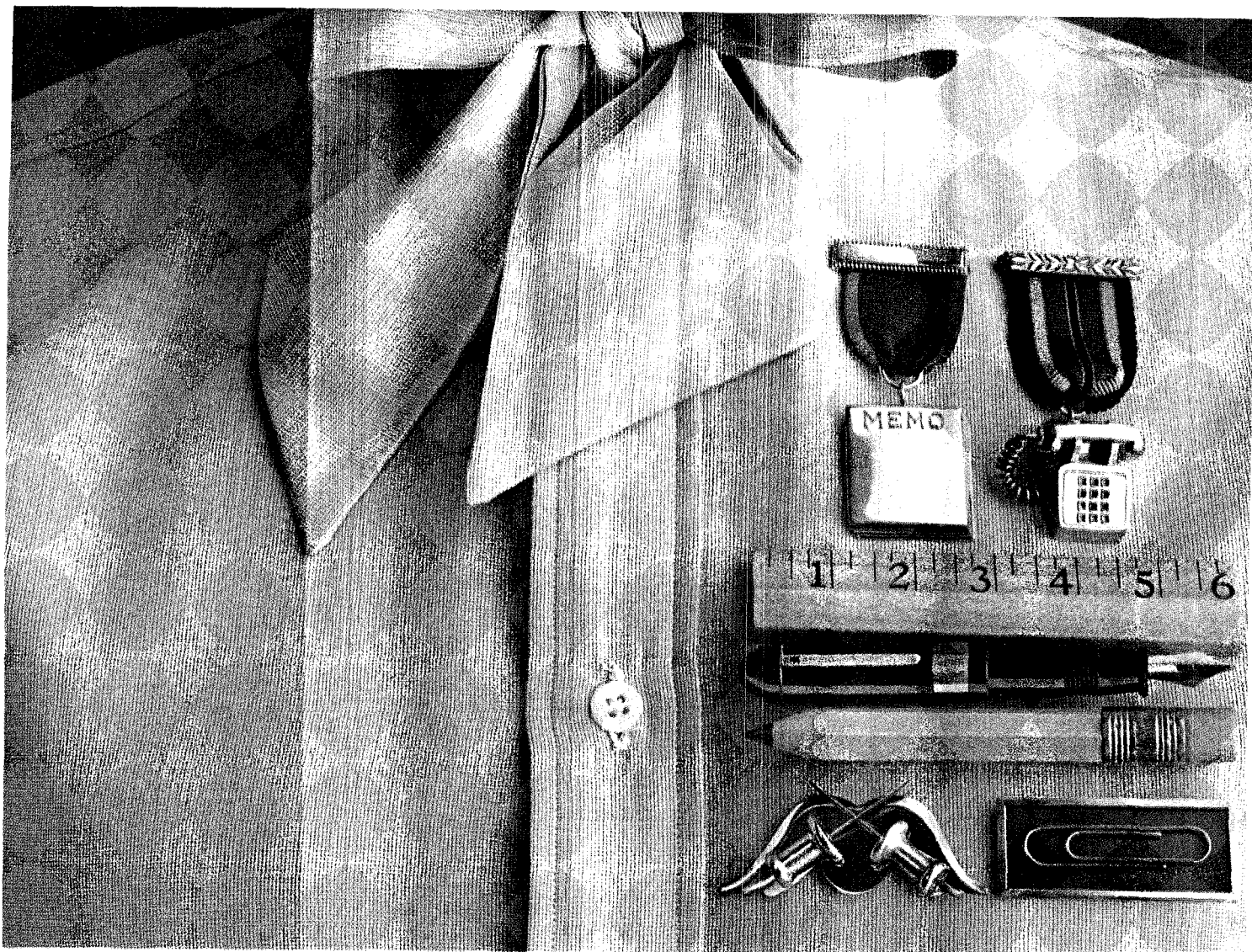


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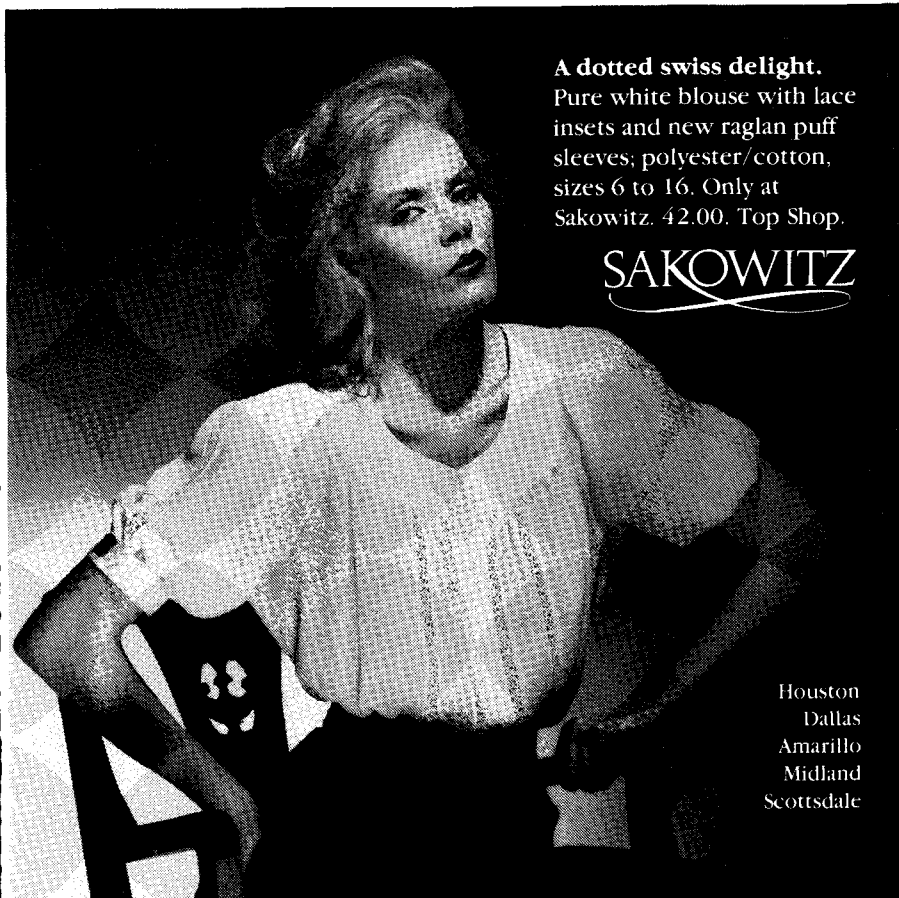
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largest room, the blue drawing room, was given to a portrait of Catherine the Great by Dmitri Levitsky. Beside her was a portrait of Empress Anne by Louis Caravaque. Then, in three tiers, the family. The wall was lined with high-backed chairs that had massive mahogany arms. A chandelier of Venetian-glass morning glories hung down. On the other walls were landscapes by the Flemish masters Teniers and Jordaens, a Madonna by Memling, a flower painting by Mignon, a Venetian scene by Guardi. Among these works, Mopsy dreamed of becoming another Mme. Vigée-Lebrun, who had painted the aristocracies of Western Europe and Russia a century before.

In the winter of 1905, she made a snow statue of Marie Antoinette in the garden while Uncle made one of Voltaire beside it. They were so lifelike, down to the buttons on the philosopher's frock coat, that the night watchman was terrified when he happened on them, and knocked them down when he realized they were only snow. But Nika, to my family's lasting gratitude, had managed to photograph them. No one makes such elegant snowmen anymore. The Avinoffs did not go to St. Petersburg that winter, because there was trouble in the capital—a small revolution. It was quickly crushed, but the ripples of discontent spread into the countryside. Several estates in Little Russia were burned, and their owners killed. A detachment of Cossacks was stationed at Shideyevo, and the winter passed quietly.

Mopsy painted little portraits of her friends, and they received them as presents for their patience. Her best friend was Tanya Maksheyev, who lived on an estate a dozen miles away. In a picnic photograph, Tanya is a pretty, self-possessed fourteen-year-old in a sailor suit. Mopsy would pick her up in the *karzinka*, and she would visit for several days. They baked pastries and took them to Schekuchin's house, beyond the estate's brick factory. It was a beautiful walk, almost a mile along the marsh. Schekuchin was a cultivated man living in seclusion. His cottage was in a grove of old mulberry trees that were the size of oaks. He would serve them tea and jam, in his faded dressing gown. His parents had owned a big estate not far away, but they had disowned him after he fell in love with his mother's chambermaid and took her to Paris. Now he lived with his homely daughter and a large library, most of whose volumes were



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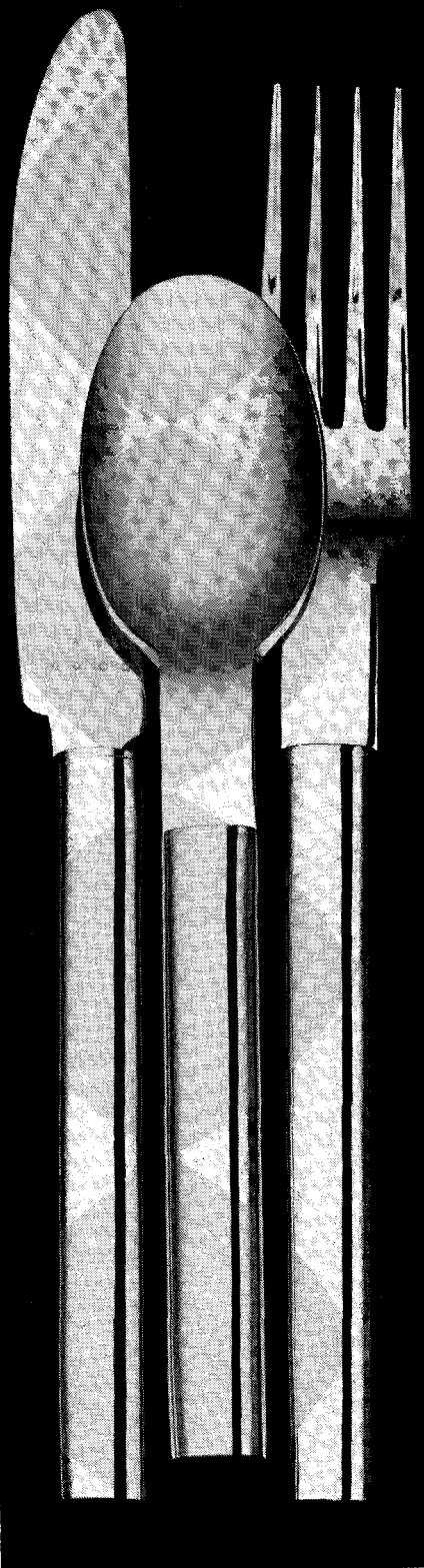
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about homeopathic medicine. He was always persuading his daughter that she had some ailment, so he could try one of his cures on her.

Tanya moved to France in 1912, and after the Revolution she and Mopsy lost touch. For sixty years, neither knew what had happened to the other. Tanya married a man named Vladimir Smirnoff, who had got out of Russia with little more than a document showing that he had once owned a famous vodka firm. He sold the rights to his name, and they lived on the proceeds until his death, in 1934. One day a few years ago, Tanya learned that Mopsy was living in America. They had a joyous reunion by letter. She was living in Marseilles. On her bed table, she wrote me, was her portrait by Mopsy, done when they were seventeen.

In 1898, General Avinoff had received a brigade in Helsinki. (Finland had been annexed by Russia in 1809.) After three winters there, he took his last command, a division near Kiev. Uncle entered a *Gymnasium* in Kiev, and Mopsy took lessons in oils from a young art student who would let her use only two colors, burnt ochre and black. Though she was happier with watercolors, she worked hard at oil painting, because Mme. Vigée-Lebrun had painted in oils. In 1904, when the General retired, they went for the winter to St. Petersburg, where they had an apartment on the Liteiny Prospekt, and where Mopsy took lessons from the Polish portraitist Alfons Karpinsky. Several winters later, she went to the Encouragement des Arts and studied with the court painter Alfred Eberling, who was famous for his portrait of the ballerina Karsavina. He told her not to worry about the outline of the face but to concentrate on the shapes of its highlights and shadows. One summer, in Florence, she took lessons in miniature painting.

When Mopsy was twenty, she fell in love with her cousin Leo Panayev. They met in St. Petersburg. He was five years older and, like every officer in the Oktirsky Regiment, wore a gold earring in his left ear. After four days, he proposed. Mopsy was ecstatic, but Uncle and her mother, who recognized in him the fanatical piety for which the Panayevs were known, warned her not to be hasty. The romance lasted about a year. Finally, Uncle made her write a letter breaking

it off. Mopsy was miserable, and Leo volunteered for duty in Mongolia. When war broke out in 1914, he and his two brothers rushed to the front. Fighting from their horses, like Knights of the Holy Grail, they were all killed in the first two months, and immediately became legends. The Czar posthumously awarded each of them the Cross of St. George. A book was written about them and distributed to the troops.

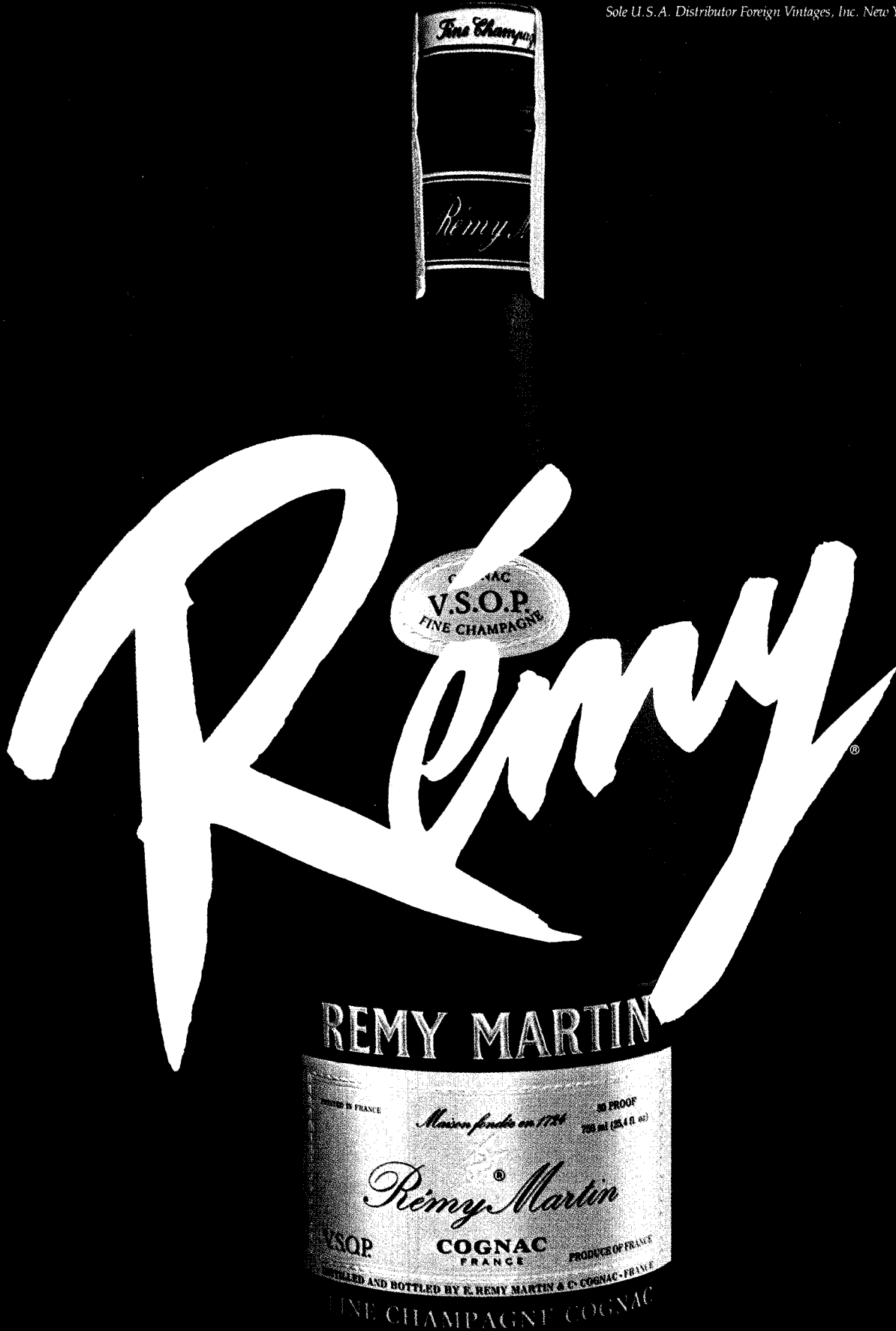
IN 1908, Serge Avinoff, the General's only brother, died childless, leaving a real-estate fortune to Nika and Uncle. Uncle had graduated from the Imperial Law College in 1905 and was working as an assistant secretary-general in the Senate—an administrative body that functioned as a Cabinet—monitoring correspondence from suspected revolutionaries abroad. One letter he carefully steamed open was from a man in England named David Gruen, who later became David Ben-Gurion. Uncle's salary, even with the addition of a small allowance from his parents, who were richer in land and works of art than in cash, hadn't enabled him to progress very far with his butterfly collection. But now, with this inheritance, he could move into high gear. That summer, during the long vacation that the government took, he went to the Pamir Mountains with a young entomologist from St. Petersburg, Alexander Kirichenko, and on its alpine prairies and rock-slides they netted thousands of specimens. Several were new to science. The prize catch was a splendid aberration in the genus *Apollo-nius*, with black ocelli, or eyespots, instead of the usual red ones. Most of the butter-



flies of European Russia had been classified, but in Central Asia there were—and still are—many discoveries to be made. It is not just that the region is so remote and imperfectly explored but that in its isolated mountain valleys butterflies develop characteristics of their own; new forms are continually evolving.

Between 1908 and 1914, Uncle sent out forty-two collecting expeditions across Asia. His agents were mostly students at the University of St. Petersburg. They brought him material from the Caucasus, from Armenia, from Persia, from the Hindu Kush, from Tien Shan, from Bhutan and Sikkim. In 1912, with Alexis Jacobson, an experienced entomologist, and

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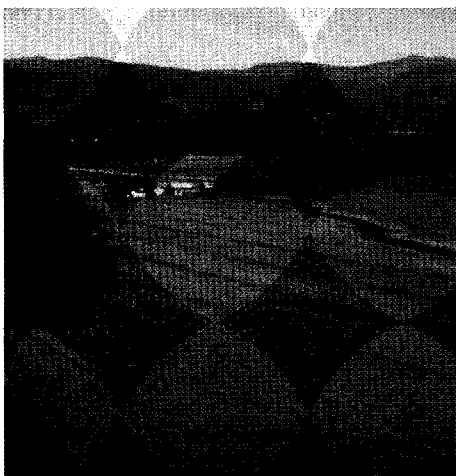
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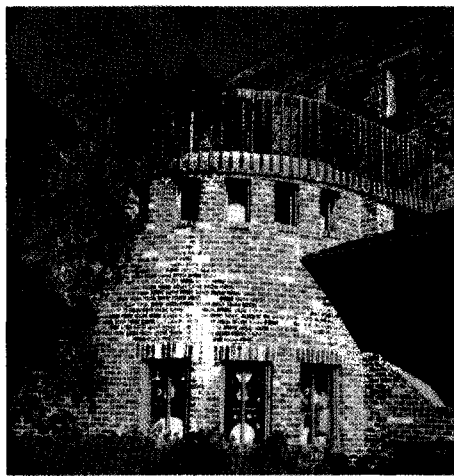
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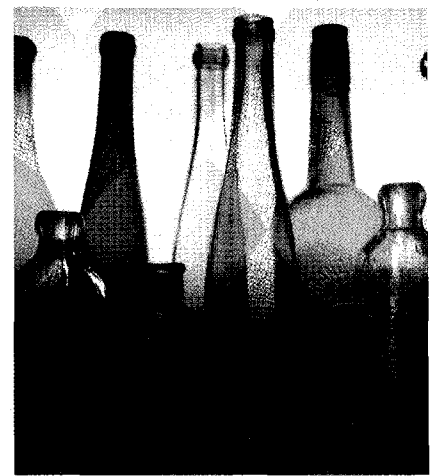
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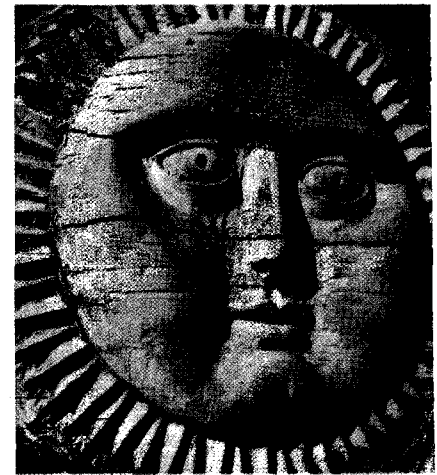
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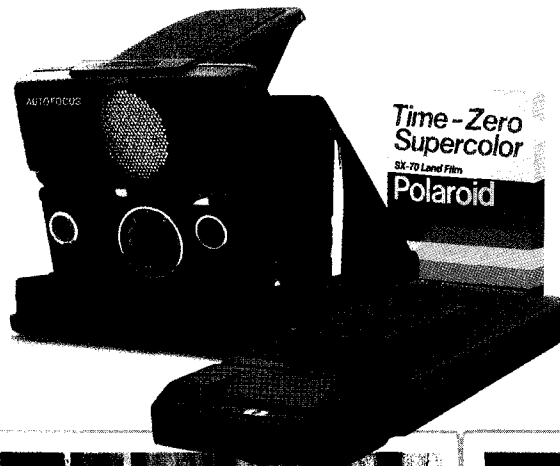
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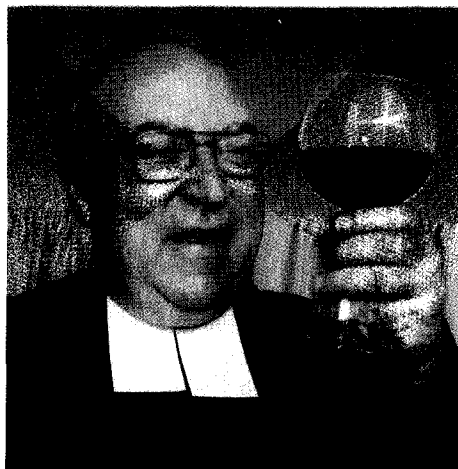
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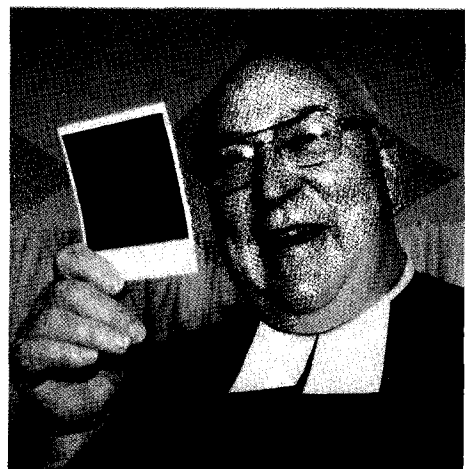
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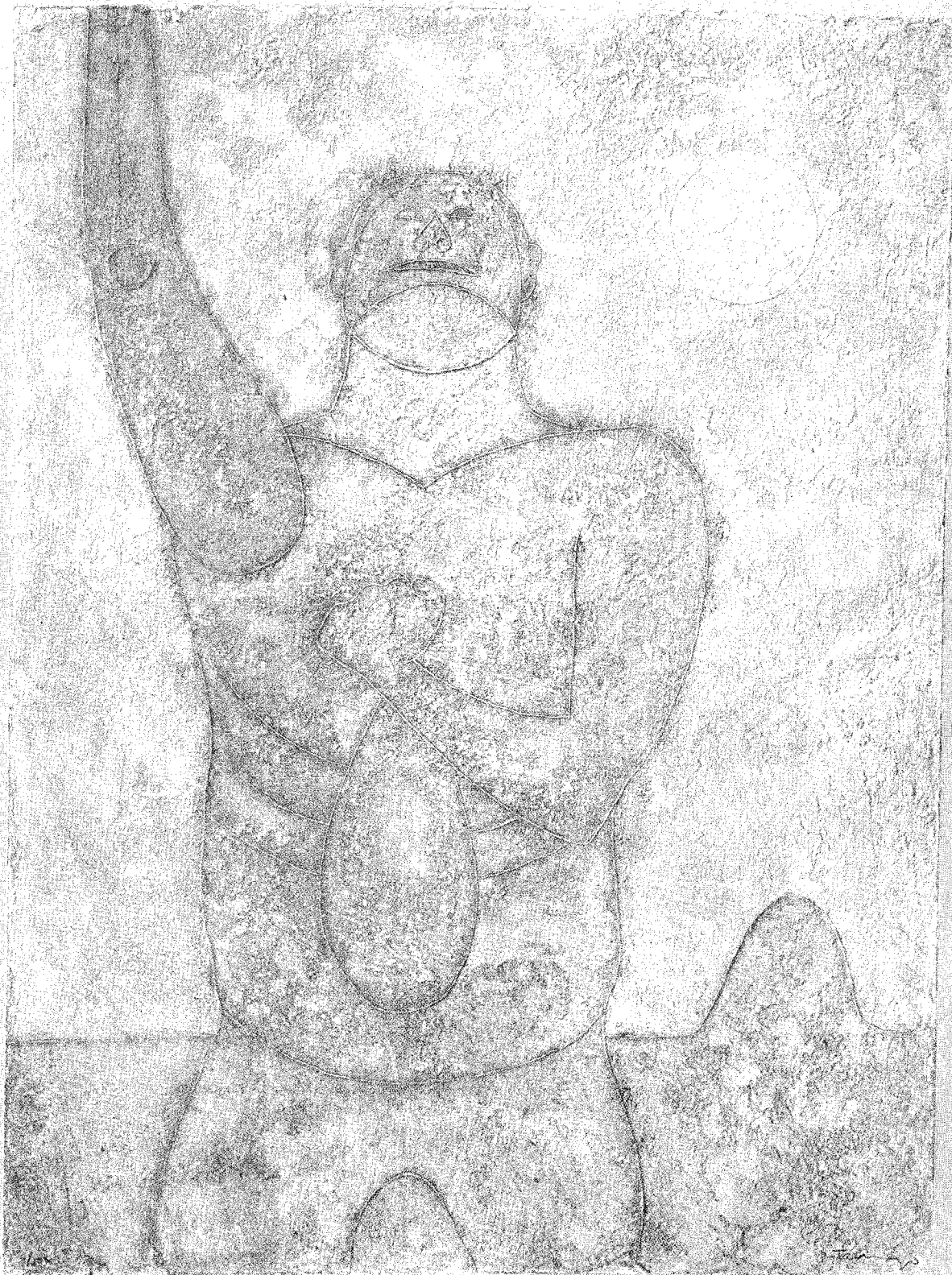


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Michael Mamayeff, an enthusiastic young sportsman, he traversed the western slopes of the Himalaya from India to Russian Turkestan. He was twenty-eight, and would be pondering the data and impressions from his trip for the rest of his life.

Mamayeff and he arrived by steamer in Ceylon (as he recounted in the *Pittsburgh Record* nineteen years later) and passed through the grand old cities of India—Madras, Agra, Delhi, Benares. They saw the mighty wall of the Himalaya from Darjeeling. Permits were procured from the government of the Viceroy for them to collect in remote parts of Kashmir. In Rawalpindi, they met Jacobson and, with seventy coolies, proceeded in primitive vehicles called *dongas* to Srinagar. From Srinagar, a family took them in their houseboat on the river Jhelum to Ganderbal, where they hired horses and started the ascent into the Himalaya. Foothills smothered with irises gave way to a balmy zone of fir trees. In a high valley where they camped for several days, they met another party of travellers—Mr. and Mrs. Bullock Workman, of Philadelphia, who were on their way to explore the glaciers of the Karakoram. Wading through deep snow in the Zoji-la Pass, they entered Ladakh. For several days, they rode through a desolate, treeless moonscape. One evening, Uncle caught a field mouse and dropped it into a special jar that had been given to him by Lord Rothschild. The year before, he had visited Tring Park, Lord Rothschild's zoological museum in Hertfordshire. The flea collection there was unrivalled. Many of the specimens were mounted under individual magnifying glasses. Of the thousand or so known species, Rothschild lacked only a few. One was said to parasitize a rare Tibetan field mouse. Hearing that Uncle was going to the Himalaya, Lord Rothschild asked him to try to get it for him. Having ascertained that this was the right mouse, Uncle dropped it into the jar, which was filled with kerosene, and waited hopefully for the flea to float to the surface, but none appeared. "I got the carrier, but it was clean," he reported to Lord Rothschild. "I couldn't get the infestation."

Uncle made many sketches of the barren land and the lamaseries that clung to the cliffs like colonies of coral. In Leh, the capital of Ladakh, a Moravian missionary took Uncle, Jacobson, and Mamayeff to meet the country's ex-king, who had recently

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been deposed by the Maharajah of Kashmir and was living as a private citizen in the city where his ancestors had ruled for centuries. His left eye was crossed—he had trained it since childhood to focus on his nose—because the king of Ladakh was considered too exalted a being to look on ordinary people with both eyes. Uncle made a *pointilliste* portrait of him with a stipple pen. The king gave Uncle a beautiful jade cup, and Uncle reciprocated with his flashlight, which the king accepted as something bordering on the miraculous. Leaving Leh before the batteries gave out, the explorers trekked into Rupshu, a high tableland southeast of Ladakh and on the Tibetan frontier. Rupshu proved to be an El Dorado for butterflies. Uncle netted several new species and subspecies, including a *Parnassius* that no one had ever seen before. He named it *Parnassius maharaja*. They saw kiangs—wild asses. About the only people they met were travelling shepherds. The sheep carried specially constructed bags of salt, which had come from several highly saline lakes in the vicinity, and were headed for Tibet, where salt was like money. From Rupshu, Uncle's party headed north on yaks, which they traded for twenty-two horses, and they rode the horses through a succession of passes into Chinese Turkestan. As they neared the top of the Karakoram Pass, at eighteen thousand feet, they passed many horse and camel skeletons, and stopped often to save their mounts from a similar fate. Even at that high elevation, there were butterflies, and Uncle and Jacobson, though their lungs were ready to burst, ran down a few that were extremely desirable.

There was an awkward moment at the border when the Chinese authorities asked to see the visas required for entering the country. By showing them all sorts of irrelevant documents, Uncle managed to convince them that they were on a mission of such importance that it would be undignified for them even to show their passports. His performance was so impressive that when they got to Kashgar the governor-general of the district was waiting for them with a sixty-course dinner. Most of the branches on the tree of life were represented in this banquet. There were even some wormlike invertebrates, dipped in a bright-indigo sauce. When it was over, Uncle asked the governor if he might take his picture.

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lenses of your camera will crack," the man replied.

"On the contrary," Uncle assured him. "I shall make a thousand copies and paste them all over my room."

The governor blushed, and asked Uncle how old he was.

Uncle knew how age is revered in the Orient. "A sparrow like myself is in his teens," he said, "but you must be well over a hundred."

The governor searched for a self-effacing comeback. "My head may be bald," he stammered, "but it is completely empty."

"Nothing of the sort," Uncle protested. "It is only transparent, like a beautiful crystal."

Thoroughly charmed, the governor made Uncle a mandarin, third class. This title enabled them to pass safely through the torrid basin of the Tarim, where strangers were regarded with suspicion, and reach the eastern edge of the Pamirs, where they entered Russian Turkestan. From Osh, the intrepid explorers caught a train to Tashkent, where years before, when he was a boy, Uncle's association with Central Asia had begun.

WHILE Uncle was diverting himself on the Roof of the World, Nika had joined what was often called "the conscience-stricken nobility." During the year he stayed on with his father in Tashkent, he had got mixed up with a radical element that included Sasha Kerensky and was led by an older student in his early twenties, called Kolashnikov. When he returned to Shideyevo, Mopsy noticed that he was even quieter and more serious than before. He refused to take part in frivolous gatherings with the adolescents on neighboring estates, and, even stranger, he and his father, after spending nearly a year together, seemed to have little to say to each other. Before she could make out what was going on, though, Nika went off to the University of St. Petersburg, where he did brilliantly in economics and grew a beard, which made him seem even more remote to her.

In 1901, there were riots at the university. Kolashnikov surfaced briefly to incite the students, then mysteriously disappeared. Nika's best friend, a student named Volyansky, who had done something terrible, committed suicide. Nika himself,

when he came to Shideyevo that summer, was worried that the Okhrana, the secret police, were on his heels. He worked outside all summer with the peasants, and refused to talk about events at the university. In the fall, he transferred to the University of Moscow, and fell in with the Moscow liberals: Prince Serge Troubetzkoy, the dean; Paul Milyukov and Fyodor Kokoshkin, both history professors; Dmitri Shipov, the chairman of the



City Council; Vladimir Dmitrievitch Nabokov, a jurist, whose son would become the last great voice from that culture, and who would himself be killed in 1922 by a bullet intended for Milyukov at an émigré political rally in Berlin. These men would found the Constitutional Democratic, or

Kadet, Party in 1905, and confront the Czar with a manifesto for a parliament. The best hope for Russia, they felt, was to make it either a republic or a constitutional monarchy, like England.

There had already existed, since the reforms of 1864, a democratic institution called the zemstvo. It operated on a local level, building hospitals, schools, and lunatic asylums, keeping roads and bridges in repair, providing transport for the police, watching the crops, and taking appropriate steps in years of famine. The zemstvos had begun to do great things, but after 1881, in the wave of reaction that followed the assassination of Alexander II, their power was sharply cut back. Nika became deeply involved in the movement to bring them back to life. Between 1904 and 1912, he wrote five monographs on local self-government.

Nika became good friends with a fellow-student named Igor Demidov. There is a photograph of them both in front of some trees at Shideyevo, looking very thick and conspiratorial in their beards and long coats. Demidov has a walking stick and a hip flask. A pamphlet is tucked under Nika's arm. Demidov had married a woman named Katya Novossiltsev, whose mother was a Scherbatov. The Scherbatsy were one of the great Russian families. They were the Scherbatskys in "Anna Karenina": on the steps in their palace in Moscow, where Katya's grandfather lived, Kitty stops to adjust the black velvet ribbon around her neck. Tolstoy himself was a friend of the old prince and came sometimes to the

house in his dirty *rubashka*. Katya's older sister Masha once told me how the man who stood at the door with a golden staff came in one day to announce Count Leo Tolstoy, then asked, with a sneer of disgust, "Shall I let him in?" Masha, who was more spirited than beautiful, was so well educated that her conversation was almost intimidating. The old prince was a liberal, and the Moscow dissidents would often meet at his home. His dance hall became a weekly political-lecture hall, and the speakers often protested against the Czar and his policies; after the pogrom at Kishinev in 1902, for instance, Nabokov advertised in the newspaper that his court uniform was for sale. The Kadet Party met frequently at the Scherbatov palace. Katya and Masha would type minutes of the meetings. One evening, Demidov took Nika to a meeting and introduced his sister-in-law. Masha was captivated by this "intelligent, benevolent panther with the kindest eyes on earth," as she later described him. He seemed to like her, too, and returned often, but was so shy that Masha began to wonder if he was ever going to propose. The match was finally arranged by their governesses, who got together and practically forced Nika to ask for her hand. After honeymooning on Lake Como, Nika and Masha came to Shideyevo in August, 1906. The newlyweds were met by a welcoming committee from the village, who all shouted "Long live Nicolai Nicolaevitch and his bride!" The family was waiting on the balcony. "My father-in-law, in general's uniform, held a silver icon," Masha wrote in a memoir many years later. "My mother-in-law, tall and stout, carried the traditional Russian plate of bread and salt used in welcoming a bridal couple. Nearby were my young brother-in-law, Andrey, whose pale face showed great sensitivity and intelligence; and my sixteen-year-old sister-in-law Ellie, with large dark eyes like Nika's." In reality, Alexandra Nicolaevna had been filled with foreboding about her son's marriage, and had refused to give it her blessing for a year. Not that it wasn't a brilliant match socially, but Masha's family was so liberal. "You'll both end up being hanged in prison," Alexandra predicted.

Masha noticed that the peasants of Shideyevo seemed much gayer and more self-assured than the ones on her family's estate, in central Russia. They seemed to look up to Nika, who

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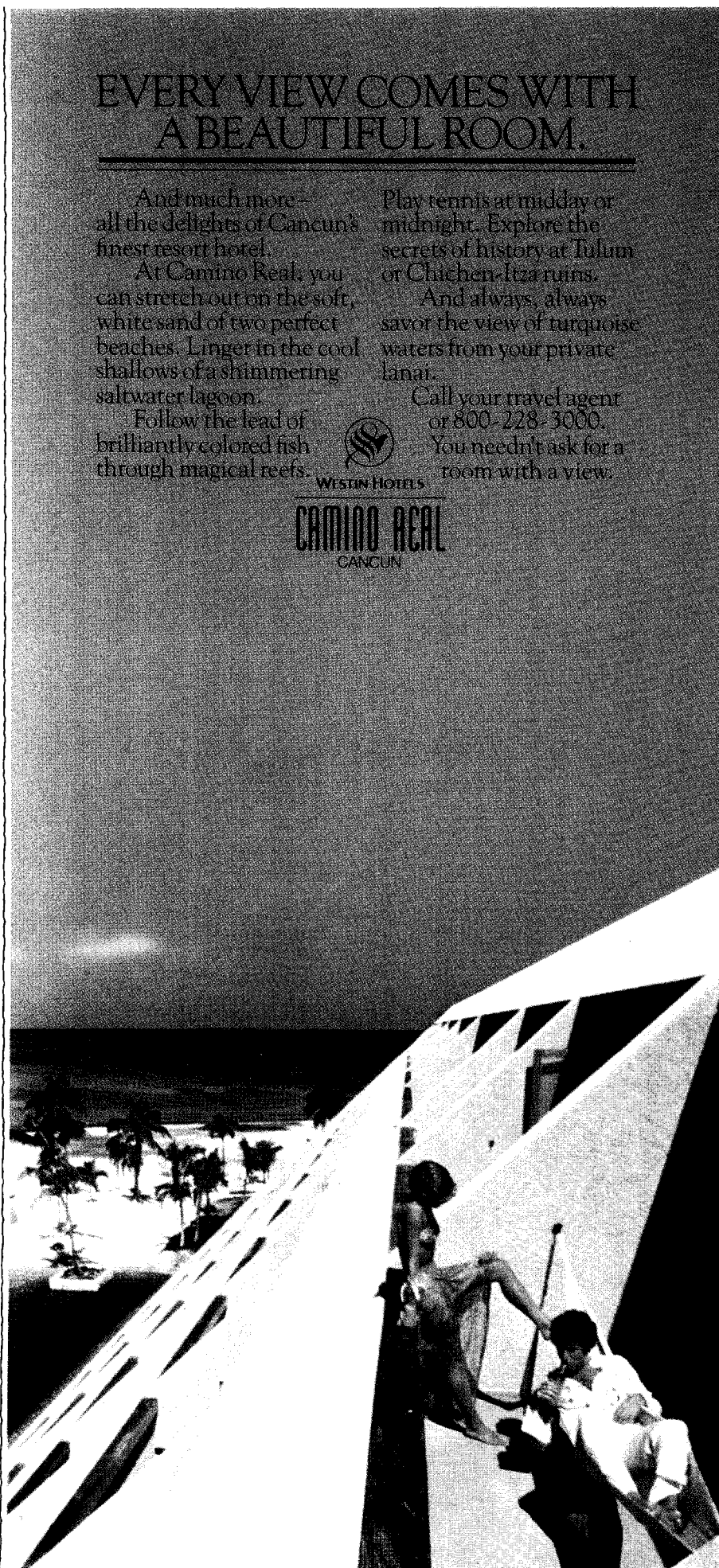
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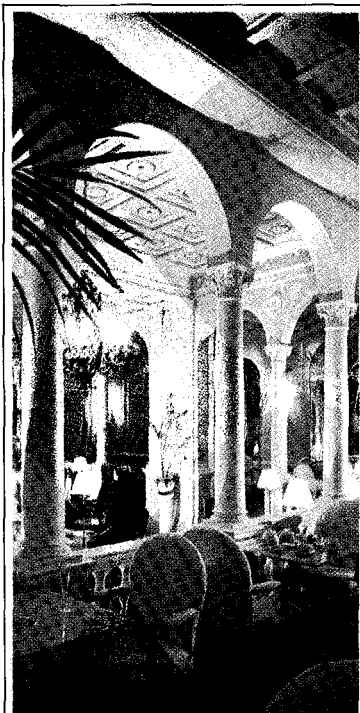
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had brought them the latest labor-saving machinery—threshers and harrows—from England and had taught them to improve their breed of cattle. “Prosperity was evident from the moment we entered the village,” Masha noted. She was impressed by the collection of Old Masters and by Mopsy’s portraits. Mopsy was still painting in oils. She had been slaving over a portrait of a peasant girl holding some lilacs, and it wasn’t working out. Masha asked Mopsy to make her a copy of Largillière’s oil of Mme. de Maintenon, in the long hall. The result was so close that when Masha later showed it to the critic Igor Grabar he exclaimed, “This young lady is a genius! For the life of me, I couldn’t tell her copy from the original.”

In the evenings, they played cards on the balcony. Mopsy would bring out her pet finches for some air. The smell of jasmine and acacia from the garden was overpowering. Uncle would set up a telescope and show Masha flies on the backs of cows grazing in the marsh, and cupolas of churches in villages so distant that they weren’t visible to the naked eye. She and Nika stayed at Shideyevo through the fall. “One golden day followed another,” she wrote, “like amber beads on a string.”

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ONE evening the following winter in St. Petersburg, Uncle brought to dinner a colleague in the Senate, convivial, blue-eyed Leo Schumacher—my grandfather. Leo was a bright young Baltic German. At twenty-five, he had already reached the rank of Collegiate Assessor, which was the civil-service equivalent of an Army major. He was a solid man of about Mopsy’s height, and had a fund of amusing stories. His family had lived in Russia from the time of Peter the Great. One of Leo’s ancestors, Johann D. Schumacher, had been director of the Academy of Sciences in St. Petersburg during the early eighteenth century. Leo’s grandfather Alexander Danilovitch had served on Alexander II’s commission to liberate the serfs, and Leo’s father, Arkady, had recently been appointed president of the commission for liquidating the government’s debts. “After paying his own debts, Arkady Alexandrovitch now pays the debts of the government,” Nika would joke. There were about two million Balts in Russia, and many of them held high positions in the government or controlled the banks

and large businesses. The indigenous nobility, who considered it bad form to work for a living, had little aptitude for commerce. Leo told the Avinoffs how a few weeks earlier he had met Grigori Rasputin on a train to Yalta. After blessing a huge crowd, Rasputin got on the train and entered Leo's *wagon-lit*. He was wearing his usual black velvet caftan with a red silk shirt. His hair was long and straggly, his beard was filthy, and there was dirt under his fingernails. His eyes—pale blue, almost white—were unsettling. Women had fainted just from looking into them. Leo, by contrast, was fastidious in the extreme about the way he looked. If there was a spot on his suit, he wouldn't wear it; he had a special little brush for his mustache.

"May I join you?" Rasputin asked.

"Why, certainly," Leo said, with a shudder of disgust. He kept on reading his paper.

Rasputin was slightly miffed at Leo's lack of interest in him. "Don't you know who I am?" he asked.

"Of course I do," Leo said, still reading.

Perhaps egged on by Leo's coolness, Rasputin launched into his life story. He was on his way to Livadia to join the imperial family. "I'm always with them," he boasted, "wherever they go."

"How is it that you, a simple peasant, got into this entourage?" Leo asked.

"I lived in Siberia and was the worst sinner," Rasputin said. "But one day, in a field, I realized the beauty of nature, and fell to my knees and repented. After a long pilgrimage, I came to St. Petersburg. The Empress heard of my healing powers and summoned me. I've been with her ever since."

"How is it, if you're so holy, that I hear of all these scandals in night clubs?"

"Well, I repented, and I can sin again and repent again," Rasputin said. He proceeded to analyze shrewdly the important people at court, and predicted that with his death the imperial family would be in danger. "I am their protector," he told Leo.

What a capital fellow, this Leo Schumacher, Uncle kept telling his little sister. But Mopsy was still sick about her cousin. "I didn't care who I married after that," she told me. In November, 1913, she and Lyova Schumacher (he was known from then on by the affectionate diminutive) were

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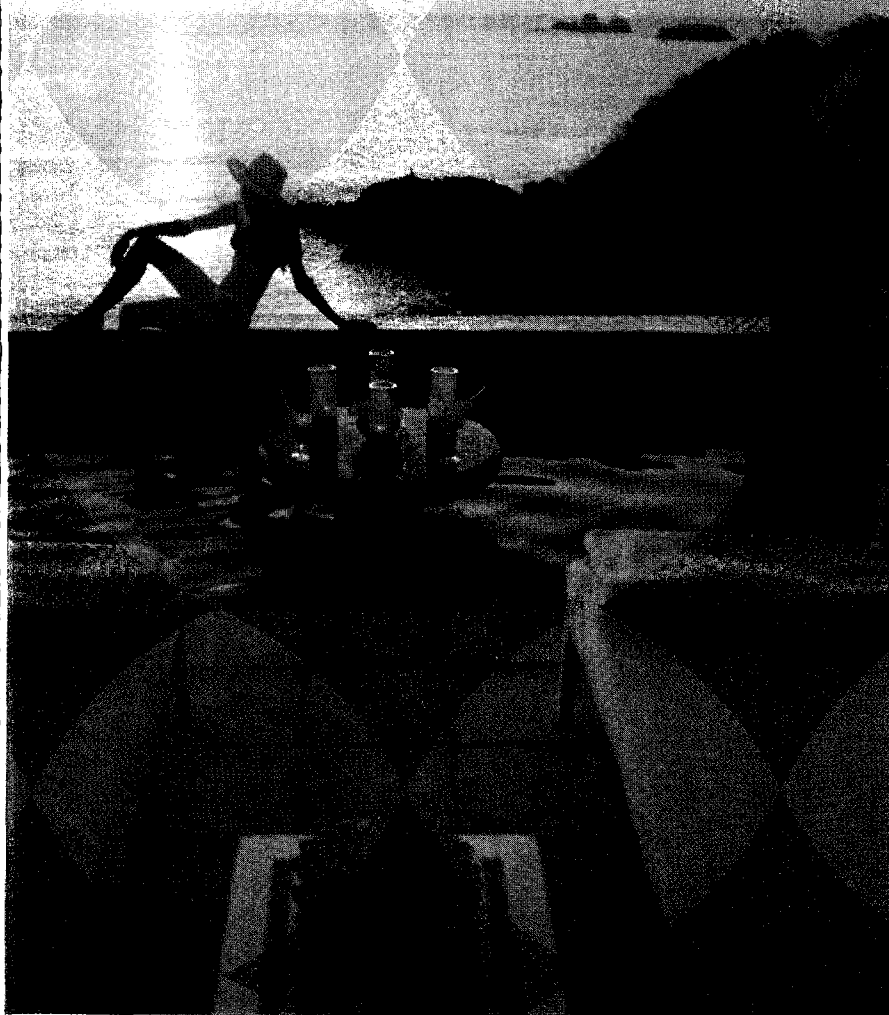
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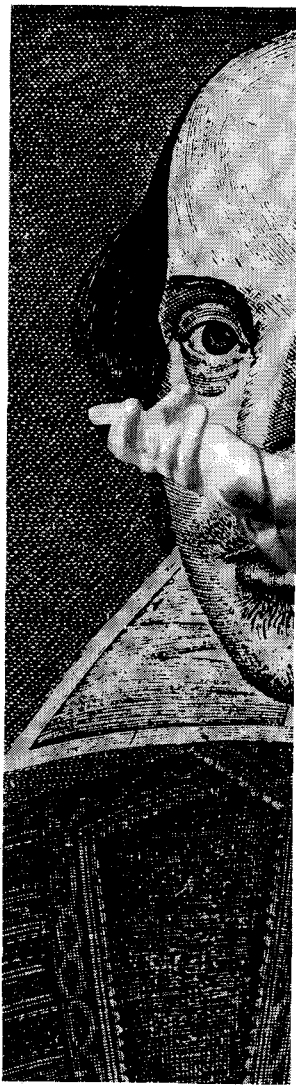
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married. It wasn't an *affaire de cœur*. Marriage in that world often wasn't. When they returned from their honeymoon, in Italy, Mopsy was pregnant. The following summer, the World War started. Their first child, a daughter, was born in St. Petersburg on October 2nd. They named her Sophia, but her nanny called her Zoric, which means Morning Star in Ukrainian, because she kept waking everyone up before daybreak with her crying. The nickname stuck. Soon afterward, Lyova was stationed in Starokonstantinov, a town a hundred miles from the front. They were there two years, in constant earshot of exploding shells. As the *maréchal de noblesse*, Lyova was in charge of recording the noble births in the district, and as chief of the local zemstvo he was in charge of local administration and caring for the wounded.

In the beginning, morale was high. The Czar's popularity was greater than it had been in years. Russians forgot their discontent and concentrated on hating the Germans. In 1915, there was a three-day pogrom against the Germans in St. Petersburg. People with German names were hunted down, and some were lynched. The name St. Petersburg itself was Russified to Petrograd. It was a bad time to have a German-sounding name like Schumacher. On January 18, 1916, Collegiate Assessor Leo Arkadyevitch Schumacher and all his descendants were permitted by imperial decree to use the name Shoumatoff. According to family legend, the Czar, looking over the document, which is now in my father's safe, exclaimed, "Shoumatoff—how nice it sounds!" There is a princely line called Shakhmatoff, and in Leningrad in 1979 I heard on the radio that a heart transplant had been successfully performed by a surgeon named Shoumakoff, but as far as I know we are the only Shoumatoffs in the world: my parents, my brother and sister and I, my wife and our two children.

Lyova's parents stayed Schumacher. They were too old to change, they said. They lived in St. Petersburg in a large apartment house belonging to the government, on an intimate square whose buildings had lilac or cadmium washes and lacy white trim. Arkady Schumacher was a small, energetic man. Unlike most of the Baltic bureaucrats, he was not a stuffy, hide-bound reactionary; he did not shave his head or wear a monocle. One of their daughters, Olga, lived there with

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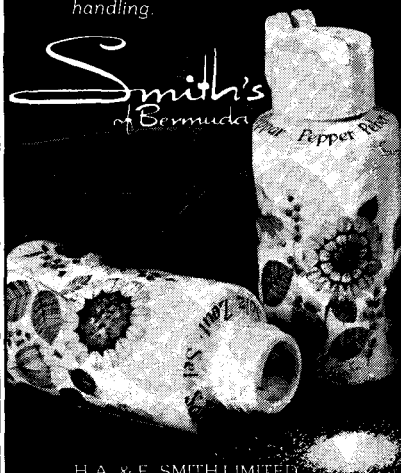
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her husband, Thomas de Hartmann, who was a young composer of such promise that the Czar, after attending one of his ballets, had personally exempted him from military service. The de Hartmanns would become disciples of the Georgian mystic G. I. Gurdjieff and would escape with him to the Caucasus.

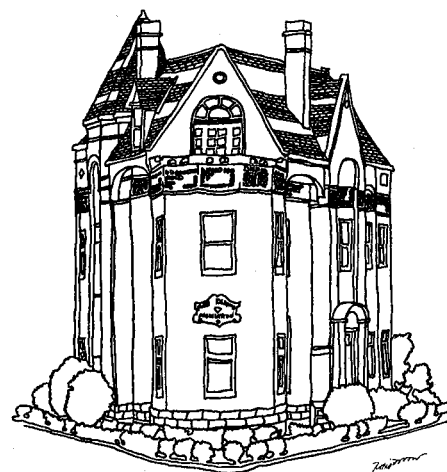
Lyova's mother, Olga Konstantinovna, was, on her mother's side, a great-granddaughter of Josephine Émilie-Louise de Beauharnais, whose heroic act of saving her husband is familiar to most French schoolchildren; she was Empress Josephine's niece and her *dame d'autour*, the lady-in-waiting in charge of her wardrobe. She was disfigured by smallpox while her husband, Antoine-Marie Chamance de Lavalette, fought with Napoleon in Egypt. Napoleon rewarded him for his loyal service by making him postmaster general. On July 18, 1815, during the Bourbon restoration, he was arrested and condemned to the guillotine. His wife went to him and, removing her clothes, hid behind a screen while he, dressed as her, was escorted to the entrance of the prison, where a horse was waiting. By the time the trick was discovered, de Lavalette had a good start to Luxembourg. The soldiers gave chase but lost him in a thick fog. Respecting women and valor, they let her go. Not long afterward, she went insane. Her daughter, also Josephine, married a governor of Warsaw named Phillipeus. Their daughter married a man named Wolfert, who was said to be a son, by a Polish woman named Labounsky, of Kaiser Wilhelm I. Their daughter was Olga Konstantinovna, who told Mopsy the story.

There was a small, exquisite portrait of Josephine Phillipeus in the Schumacher apartment. She had been a great beauty. Her hair was in an enormous chignon, interwoven with strands of pearls. Diamonds sparkled at her ears, and her bare shoulders were draped with a filmy stole. Mopsy recognized the artist, Peter Sokoloff. He had painted the prominent families of Russia during the reign of Nicholas I. His portraits were enlarged miniatures, in watercolor on paper rather than on the alabaster, porcelain, or ivory that most miniaturists preferred. Mopsy, who had already been asked by Masha to copy a Sokoloff portrait of her Scherbatov grandmother, had come to admire his work more than anyone else's. Sokoloff's work proved to her that watercolor didn't have to

be runny, blotchy, or thin; it could be controlled and vibrant, like the complexion of a young woman.

Mopsy copied the portrait of Josephine Phillipeus; the two paintings seemed to be done by the same hand. She also painted an enlarged miniature of her mother, who had to sit still for seventy hours. Every hair of her sable-and-ermine wrap stood out. It was a wonderful likeness. The style of Mopsy's early portraits was evolving. It was derived from Sokoloff, but soon her colors were richer and closer to real skin tones than his, her figures better proportioned and not as stiff.

WHEN Uncle returned from Tashkent, he had ninety per cent of the known butterfly species in Central Asia—eighty thousand specimens in all. Twenty thousand were in just two genera, *Parnassius* and *Colias*, and there were some twenty new forms to describe. He kept his specimens in cabinets lining his St. Petersburg apartment. After the Revolution, his butterflies were impounded, like all private property. They were taken to the Zoological Museum, and there I arranged to see them one morning in 1979. I was met at the turnstile by the curator of beetles, a robust man of about sixty called Dr. Kryzhanovsky, who wore in the lapel of his loose-fitting suit the Order of the Great Patriotic War. He showed me two beetles that had been named for Uncle by the celebrated Russian entomologist Andrei Semenov Tian-Shansky. *Carabis avinovi* Sem., with a coppery-red pronotum and an iridescent green-and-black elytron, lives in the mountains of southern Sakhalin Island, north of Japan, Dr. Kryzhanovsky told me. *Colpostoma avinovi* Sem., a nondescript black one not more than a quarter-inch long, inhabits the upper



soil surface of forests east of Tashkent which are between two and three thousand metres above sea level. Uncle and Semënov had often collected together before the Revolution. While Uncle caught the butterflies, Semënov caught the beetles. "He was the teacher of my teacher, and died at the age of seventy-five, during the siege of Leningrad, from starvation," Dr. Kryzhanovsky told me. We looked at tray after tray of Uncle's *Parnassius* but could not find the unique specimen of *Parnassius autocrator*, well known in entomological circles, which Uncle had named for the Czar in a defiant gesture of support not long before he was dethroned. A German had caught it for him in northeastern Afghanistan. Many of the specimens in the museum had Uncle's labels or those of another prerevolutionary collector, Prince Nicolai Mihailovitch Romanoff. I got the feeling that not many butterflies had been caught after 1917.

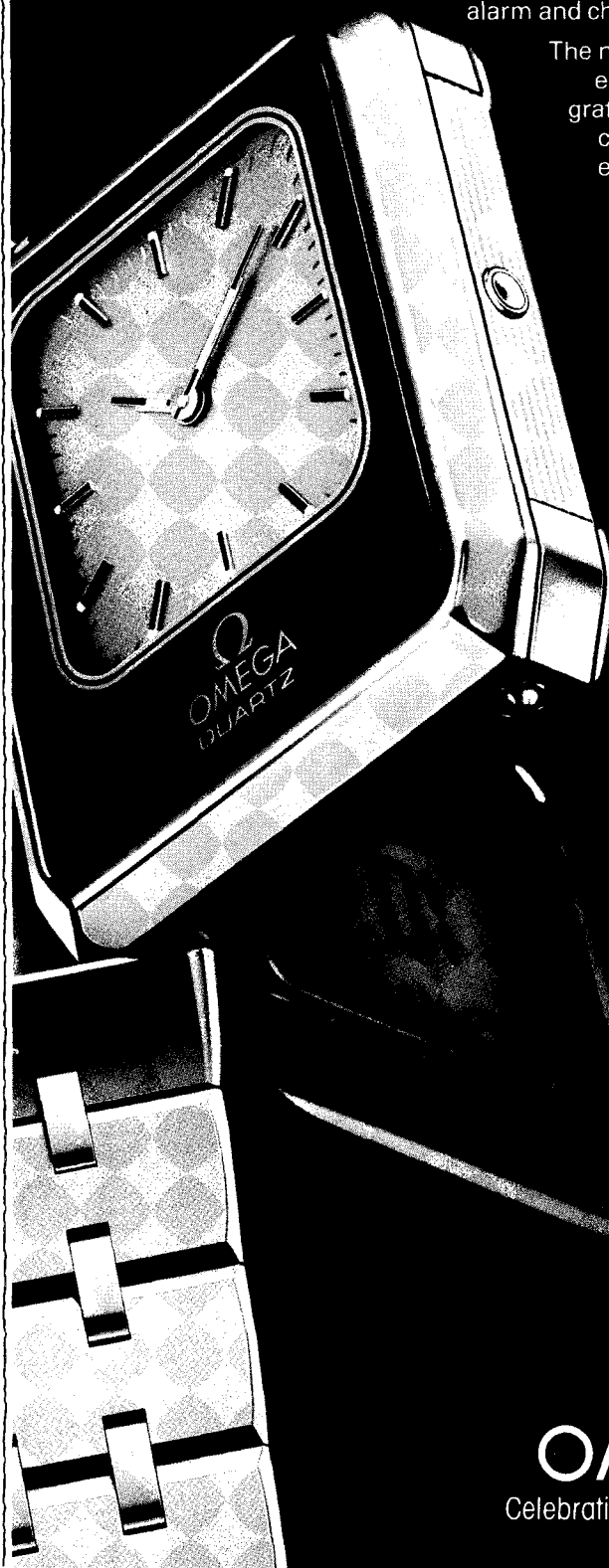
Speaking in excellent English at a meeting of the Entomological Society of London on February 5, 1913, Uncle described his Himalayan expedition and passed around a box that contained his rarest trophies, which stunned the assembled company. In Rennes, France, he called on the celebrated lepidopterist Charles Oberthür, and in a villa north of Florence he saw the fantastic collection of Roger Verity. I remember being taken by my father when I was eight to see Dr. Verity, the retired doctor of the English-speaking colony in Florence, and, in the dappled light of his wooded hilltop, gaping at his trays of *Parnassius*.

Back in Russia, Uncle wrote a series of monographs on the biogeography of Central Asian butterflies. The Imperial Geographical Society gave him its gold medal, and he was acclaimed a great traveller. At that time, too, he was experimenting with certain techniques in his painting to replicate insect wings and luminous shafts of light. There were two exhibitions in Moscow—one of his entomological studies, the other of his mystical landscapes, which were strongly evocative of Tibet. In one gallery, his rainbows, strange clouds, and sketches of the Pamirs were hung beside the tumultuous abstracts of Kasimir Malevich and Vasily Kandinsky. But his philosophy of art had little in common with that of the two avant-gardists: his "phantasmagorias," as he called them, celebrated the beauty and intricacy of nature. His people and objects were rec-

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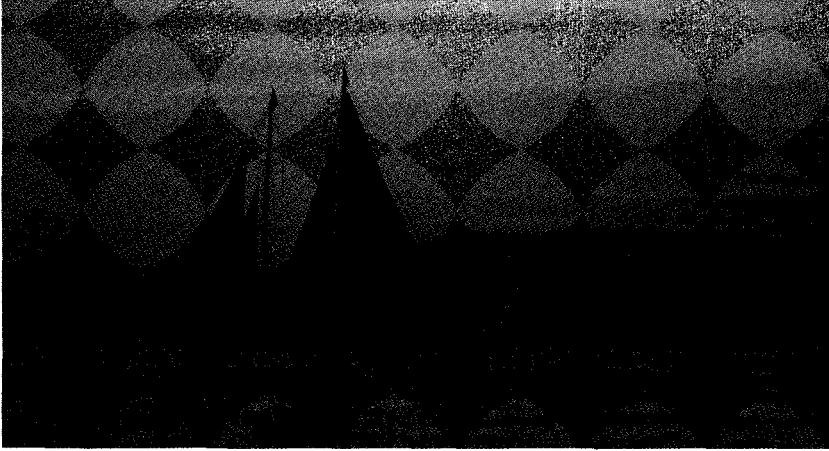
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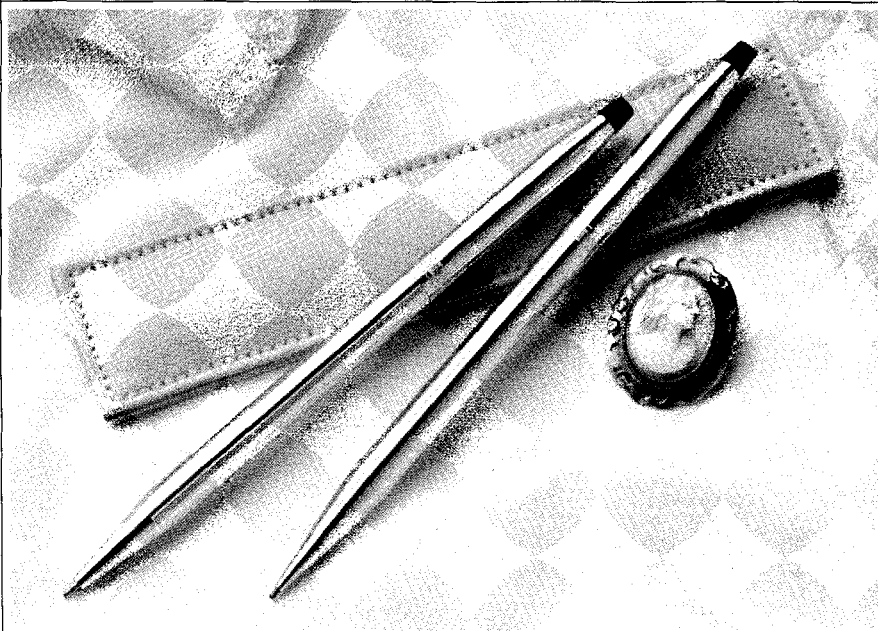
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ognizable, while Kandinsky and Malevich had virtually rejected the external world except for line and color. Uncle attended solemn meetings of the Geographical Society and, with other dabblers in the occult, dimly lit séances of a clairvoyant named Gusik, a frail Pole who spoke incoherently and was always in a somnolent state. Uncle played delicate improvisations on the piano for the composer Scriabin. He watched the empire's final, extraordinary cultural flowering, and gave himself to it.

In 1911, which was the year his father died, Uncle had resigned from the Senate to become a *Kammerjunker*, or gentleman-in-waiting, to the Czar. Nika was mortified by his little brother's decision to become involved with the court, but Uncle's politics, for all the wildness of his imagination, had always been deeply conservative. The court position was unsalaried, and called for three thousand dollars' worth of uniforms, including a cape with a sea-otter collar, a gold-embroidered tunic, and a fore-and-after cockaded with ostrich feathers. Mopsy remembered seeing him in full regalia on April 1, 1913, at a huge reception in the Winter Palace to celebrate the three-hundredth anniversary of the Romanoff dynasty. Every lady had to carry the train of the lady ahead. Mopsy held her mother's. Behind her was the widow of Admiral Makharov, who had died at Tsushima in 1905, when in an hour the Japanese sank most of Russia's Baltic fleet. She refused to hold Mopsy's train. "But, Madame, it is etiquette," Mopsy said. At last, with majestic disdain, the woman picked it up. "I looked back, and all I saw were her nostrils," Mopsy recalled. "Uncle was in the gallery, with all his gold and feathers, looking like a rare butterfly." When it was her turn, she approached the Czar and curtsied deeply. She thought his eyes were beautiful, his face appealing, and his Russian excellent, but she could not help regretting that a Czar as weak as the last Louis had come at such a bad time.

Uncle was installed at the court on the same day as Prince Felix Yusupov, who would murder Rasputin six years later. The list of gentlemen-in-waiting in the Court Calendar for that year—a little red book the size of a psalter—reads like a roster of the famous names of the empire: Obolensky, Troubetzkoy, Davidov, Tolstoy, Volkonsky, Dolgoruky, Tatischev, Sheremetyev, Pouschine, Golitsyn,

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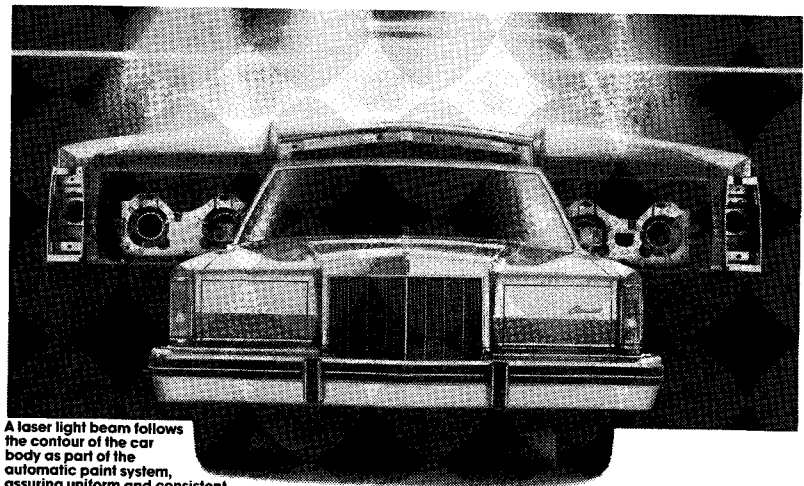
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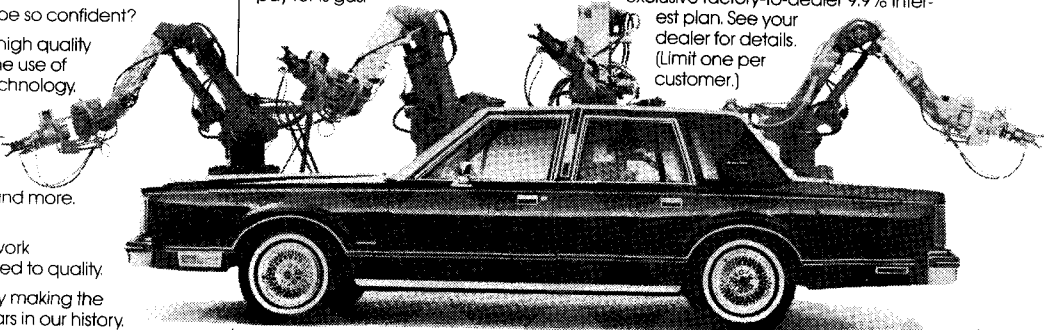
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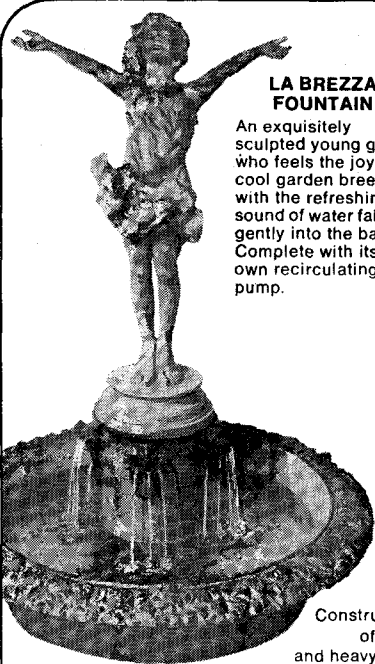
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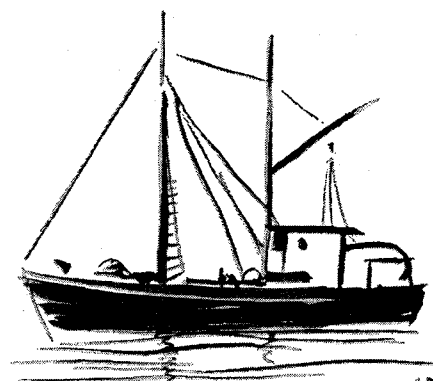
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Lamsdorff, Berg, Lermontov, Scherbатов. Because of his attentiveness and his fluency in several languages, Uncle was put in charge of receiving foreign guests. Late in July, 1914, he took part in the presentation to the Czar of an envoy from one of the Czar's cousins, the new Lord Marshal of Mecklenburg-Schwerin. The ceremonies were followed by a lunch with the Czar, his four daughters, the envoy, and the *Oberhofmeister*, or Grand Marshal of the Russian Court, Count Paul Benkendorf. "We had *botvinia*," Uncle recalled much later, "a complicated cold soup into which you are supposed to slip a side dish of sturgeon, crayfish, eggs, and chopped greens—a sort of iced bouillabaisse. The envoy had some difficulty with this dish, and the Emperor showed him how to handle it. Conversation was animated and general." After lunch, Count Benkendorf took Uncle aside and told him to get the envoy out of the country. "Russia is preparing for war against Germany," the Count whispered. "Nicholas signs the mobilization order tomorrow." The envoy knew nothing of these plans, and the Czar, who hated unpleasantness, wouldn't have dreamed of telling him directly. On the way to the railroad station, where a special train was waiting, Uncle explained the situation. "The envoy thanked me profusely for having saved him from internment as an enemy alien. He said he would send me a Star of the Griffin of Mecklenburg, making me a knight commander, but, of course, he didn't." On the way home, all that Uncle could think about was that the collecting trip he had planned for the following year to southeastern Tibet and China, from Sadiya to Tatsienlu, was probably off.

Because of his bad eyesight, Uncle was excused from military service (it would have been hard to imagine him in the trenches) and worked for the Zemsky Union, an organization similar to the Red Cross. At one point, at a railroad station in Lodz, he and a stationful of casualties were surrounded by the Germans, but he managed to get them all aboard a hospital train, which then broke through. Early in 1916, the Zemsky Union sent him to America to buy medicine and other supplies. He arrived in New York City in April. He had expected to find the New World in blossoming springtime, but instead New York was having one of the worst blizzards he had ever seen. Some American busi-

nessmen met him at the dock and took him to his hotel. They had tickets for the "Ziegfeld Midnight Frolics" that night, they said. Uncle had already noticed in the *Times* that the New York Entomological Society was having a meeting that evening at the American Museum of Natural History. Of course, that took priority. "On the very first day I set foot on American soil," he would recall, "I found myself in the familiar and congenial company of fellow entomologists on the premises of an institution of which I myself was to be a trustee many years later." He was called upon to give an impromptu talk on the relationship between the butterflies of Central Asia and those of North America. When he got back to his hotel, there was still time for him to see the "Frolics." Will Rogers delighted him immensely. A cowboy with a lasso fitted perfectly the picture of American life that he had got as a boy from the novels of Fenimore Cooper and Captain Mayne Reid. A late-comer arrived and settled himself with two showgirls at a neighboring table in the front circle. "But to my amusement," Uncle wrote long afterward, in a passage that is a good specimen of the rococo prose of his later years, "it was the portly old gentleman who outshone his feminine companions in bejewelled splendor. He had perfectly tremendous studs scintillating with diamonds . . . and cufflinks that displayed solitaires of prodigious caratage. It was Diamond Jim Brady in person. I admit an unexpected revelation of an America I had heard of but never thought was credible." Uncle made a sketch of "this grotesque personage" on his menu card and gave it to a woman nearby, who thought it was very amusing.

Nijinsky was in town, and Uncle watched him perform at the Metropolitan Opera House. Nijinsky was at the peak of his career. "Le Spectre de la Rose" lasted just twelve minutes, but



the curtain fell to thunderous applause. "Scheherazade" was so powerful that it left the audience drained and clapping weakly. Uncle went backstage—he had met Serge Diaghilev in St. Petersburg—and made a portrait of Nijinsky, still in costume and glistening with sweat. Then he went back to his hotel and painted a macabre watercolor of his "Reminiscences of the Ballet." Nijinsky, in a costume of curled petals, is slowly, like someone stretching awake, bursting into blossom. A horrible caricature of Kaiser Wilhelm threatens the audience, which consists of Diaghilev in his beaver hat, a poodle, and a matron peering through opera glasses. Behind them, a hansom cab is going down a street in a strange pastel light.

When Uncle returned to Russia, in early 1917, he found that the mood of the country had changed. With the number of casualties in the millions, there was no longer any enthusiasm for prosecuting the war. People were openly speaking against the Czar and his German wife; revolution was in the air. Three days before the imperial family were arrested, Uncle left Petrograd and went to Shideyevo, and there, during the brief existence of the Provisional Government, he served as the last marshal of nobility for the district of Kobelyaki. One evening in July, he was examining the reeds below with his telescope and discovered a small flock of gray cranes wading stealthily after frogs. There was a distant rumbling of thunder. The cranes, frightened, took to the air and flew low over the house. At that moment, he had an intuition that the old Russia was about to disappear forever, and that on his next trip to America—the Zensky Union was sending him again in September—he would be going there to stay. He went into the house and wandered from room to room, touching objects whose grace and beauty had informed his sensibility. He went into the library and wondered which of his seven thousand entomological titles he should take. Hübner's monumental work, with its large engraved plates, was tempting, but it was much too heavy to carry on the trans-Siberian express. The situation had so deteriorated by then that there was no way for anything to be shipped. Whatever he took with him he would have to carry himself, and be unobtrusive about it. At last, he settled on just one volume—the original hundred plates for a work contemplated, but never published, by the late-eighteenth-cen-

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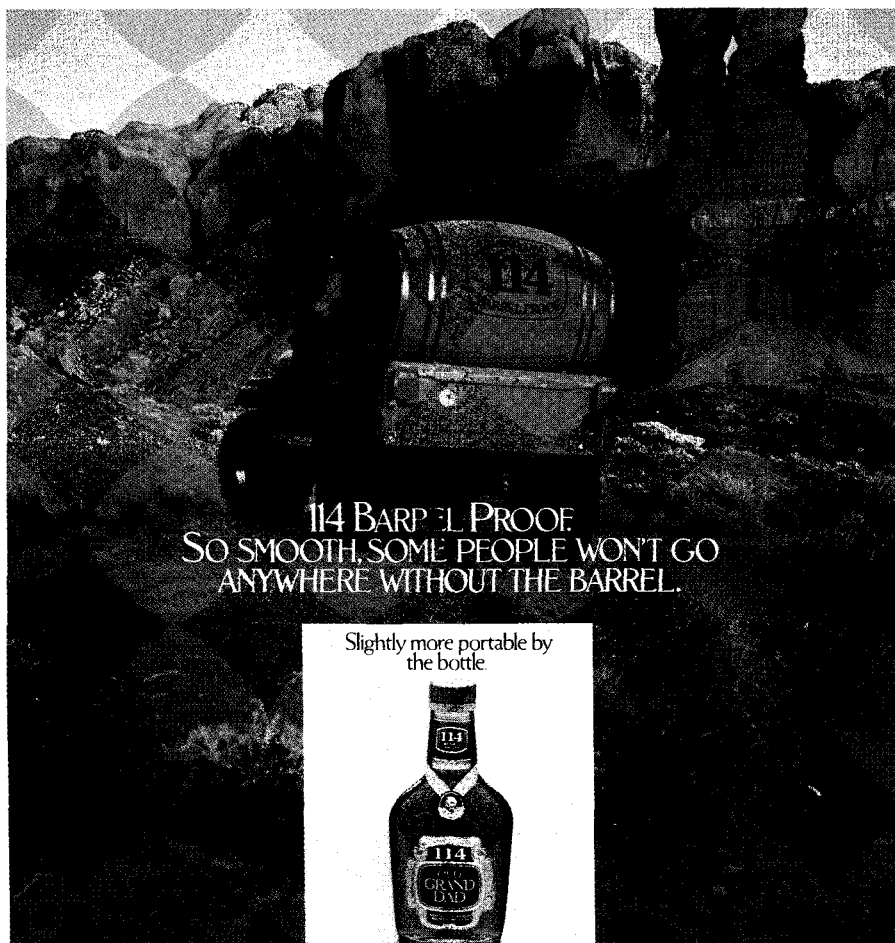


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tury American lepidopterist John Abbott. He had paid a small fortune for it at an auction in London, but it was really priceless. It would be the nucleus of his new library.

Before he left Shideyevo, he tried to get it all into one painting, ten inches by fourteen, and nearly succeeded. In it is the blue drawing room—or, rather, its reflection in a large oval mirror, originally from the Winter Palace, that had been given to Vladimir Panayev. There are the paintings, the white marble columns at the door, the row of mahogany chairs, whose seats are upholstered in shiny white chintz with blue bachelor's buttons (a detail that can be verified only with the help of a magnifying glass). Through an open window, the liman, with its whimsical crook, can be seen beyond the line of Lombardy poplars in the lower garden, whose tips are illuminated by the end of a rainbow. A porcelain man in eighteenth-century dress, playing a flute, is standing on one of the General's Bukhara rugs. In the center of the picture is a swirling vortex made up of flowers—delphiniums, peonies, irises—and leafy vegetables, topped with a spiralling green ear of corn. In the upper right, the chandelier of Venetian-glass morning glories hangs down. There are glimpses of an ornate doorway, a blue Venetian-glass vase, an arching white ceiling painted with octagonal frescoes, a peacock feather from the estate of neighbors named Eius. Forty-five opalescent soap bubbles are rising in the picture, which itself seems like an unobtainably opulent dream on the verge of dissolving.

ALIKA, who has known five generations of us and taken care of three, enters the story now. She was born Olga Romanovna Alekseevna on a farm in Lithuania, in January, 1889, a month after Mopsy. Alika is simply an affectionate diminutive of Olga. Though she has lived in America for more than sixty years, her English is still fractured, her accent thick Eastern European. "During war, I work for nice people in Petrograd—Dolgenovs. Friends of Schumachers. Big apartment. Sixth floor on street corner. One day in February, I take Dolgenov boys in park. Student says, 'Take children home. Revolution starting.' I see through window Cossacks riding. General is shooting from fourth floor. Bullet from street comes in through window, sticks in my pillow. Drunk soldiers break in, looking for guns. Then


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Cossacks come in, say Czar's brother is coming to put down revolution. Dolgenovs want to go to Finland. I don't want. Schumacher's son married to rich lady in south. They have girl. In south it is quiet. I go."

While Mopsy and Lyova were living on an estate near Starokonstantinov, they were called to the local church for important news. As the priest read a statement in which the Czar said that he was abdicating, everyone in the church wept. The Shoumatoffs returned quickly to Petrograd.

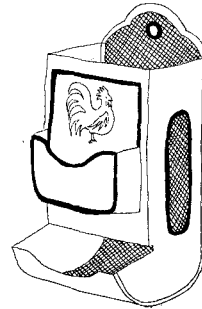
At the Schumachers' apartment, they met Alik, a handsome woman of twenty-seven, with jutting cheekbones and an air of dependability, and decided to take her to Shideyevo. "We was three days on the train," Alik continues. "Then horses brought us twenty miles from Poltava. Big house. So many halls, halls.

I used to get lost. So many help." Alik's job was to take care of two-year-old Zoric. She was a wild child and wouldn't let Alik comb or dress her. Picking berries in the garden, Alik was amazed at the fertility of the soil. Having been worked to the bone from childhood, she was amazed, too, at how carefree the peasants were. After putting Zoric to bed, she would go down to the village and listen to the women singing Ukrainian songs. The air was so clean it made you want to sing. For ten years, Alik had worked in a dress factory in Riga, and had almost died of tuberculosis. There were thirty Austrian prisoners of war working on the estate. They were just as glad not to be fighting. They would join in the songs and dance gallantly with Alik and the peasant women.

Uncle kept saying how wonderful America was, and after he left, at the beginning of September, he started sending cables urging them to join him. Early in October, Alexandra Nicolaevna came to Alik and told her they were going to visit her son in America. Alik wondered what to do. Lithuania had been overrun by the Germans. She didn't even know what had happened to her family. What could she do but go with these people? In the hurried days before their departure, Alik helped pack the trunks and baskets. Mopsy made a pilgrimage to the Kozhelschina Monastery, about forty miles away, and bought a small travelling icon of the Virgin, painted

on mother-of-pearl, to protect them.

They left Shideyevo in three carriages and a wagon: Mopsy, Alexandra Nicolaevna, Zoric, Alik, Lyova, his secretary, Stepanov, and a maid named Mila, who would turn Bolshevik during the trip and be deported as a Communist soon after they reached America. The leave-taking was not as emotional as it might have been, because they thought they were going only for eight months. The estate was left in the charge of Brauns, the manager. He was to take the paintings for safekeeping to a house the family owned in Poltava. What happened to them afterward—whether they were nationalized and are sitting in the basement of an art museum in Moscow or Leningrad (much of the art seized from the nobility has never been displayed) or made their way into private collections abroad—is unknown. Maybe they were destroyed. The



DAJETA

Memling alone, if it exists, is worth a fortune. Years later, in the postwar forties, a black Cadillac pulled into my parents' driveway in Westchester County. They were raking leaves. My father had just got out of the Navy and was working in New York. He had bought a small frame house that had quartered the servants of the turreted mansion on the corner. I had just been born. The man in the Cadillac introduced himself as the son of Frederic Augustovitch Brauns, the manager of Shideyevo.

In 1912, Nika had spent an hour alone with the Czar, showing him around a zemstvo exhibition, and had found him shy but engaging. The Emperor had been equally taken with Nika. "Your brother is a brilliant man," he had told Uncle at a function the next day. "He has such a charming manner, too. Very natural and simple. I felt quite at ease with him." Whether Nika, in his longing to see Russia a democracy, supported the deposing of Nicholas in March, 1917, is not known. He did serve as Under-Secretary of the Interior in the government that took over, first under Prince G. E. Lvov, then under his old schoolmate Sasha Kerensky. Bruce Lockhart, the British observer in Russia, knew Nika then. "I was in almost daily contact with the men who, sorely against their will, formed the first provisional government after the abdication of the czar: Prince Lvov, Chelnokoff, Manuiloff, Avinoff,

Maklakoff, Novikoff [Nabokov], Kokoshkin," Lockhart wrote in his memoir, "British Agent." "From intimate personal intercourse I knew that they were appalled by the problem which confronted them as Russian patriots. The problem itself was very succinctly put by Maklakoff . . . in one of those parables in which, owing to the censor, Russians were experts. A motor-car is going down a steep hill. At the bottom there is a yawning precipice. Your mother is seated in the front seat next to the driver. You yourself are in the back seat. Suddenly you realize that the driver has lost control. What are you to do?"

Nika kept an extensive diary through 1917, but during a raid of his Moscow flat in the thirties the Soviet secret police found it, hidden in a samovar.

The Provisional Government became, as a friend of Masha's has put it, like one of Uncle's soap bubbles, reflecting every color of the spectrum and eventually bursting. Kerensky was a masterly speaker, who could modulate his voice from a boom to a whisper, but, as events quickly showed, he was unequal to the task of uniting the country in a democracy. In Mopsy's judgment, he was "a pompous actor who did more harm than anything." Once, in the Russian cathedral in New York, Kerensky ran up to Mopsy and kissed her hand. My brother Nick met him, too, in 1960, when he was a freshman at Stanford University. Kerensky gave a talk about the Provisional Government at Nick's dorm, and afterward they sat and talked for about an hour. When he realized that Nick was the great-nephew of Nicholas and Andrei Avinoff, Kerensky's eyes started to glisten. "Nika was a beautiful man," he said. "A saint."

Early in March, 1917, Nika was made chairman of a commission to draw up the procedure for electing the long-awaited Constituent Assembly. The assembly was to decide Russia's future form of government. It was to be a real parliament, with representatives from every part of the country and every segment of its population. Russians had been waiting for such an assembly for over forty years. But when it finally convened, early the following year, the Bolsheviks were firmly in power, and it never had a chance. Between the seventh and the sixteenth of November, Lenin had directed his successful coup d'état from headquarters at the Smolny Institute. Nika's commission nevertheless con-



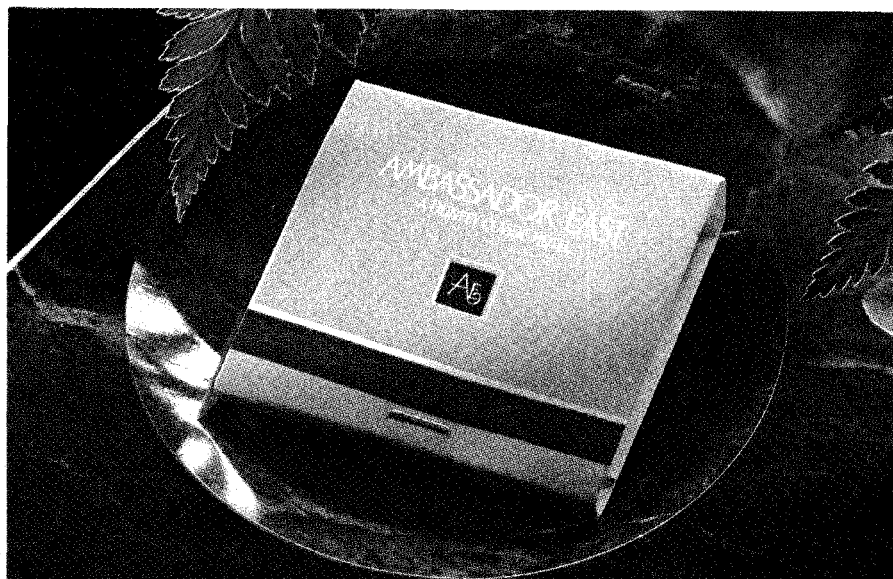
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tinued preparing for the elections, which were to begin on the twenty-fifth. On November 23rd, a Bolshevik ensign entered the Tauride Palace and in the name of the Executive Committee of the Congress of Soviets ordered the electoral commission to disband. Lenin by then had no interest in the Constituent Assembly, though he had been one of its loudest supporters a few months before; he had no desire to work with the Kadets, the Mensheviks, or anyone else. "N. N. Avinoff was in the chair," Vladimir Nabokov—the novelist's father—wrote in his memoir, "The Provisional Government," "and his reply, on behalf of the whole Commission, was a categorical refusal. The officer left, went to the Smol'ny for instructions, and came back with a document signed by Lenin and containing an order—very badly worded—to arrest the Kadet Electoral Commission and send its members to the Smol'ny Prison." The commission was kept for five days in a cramped little room with a low ceiling. "There were from twelve to fifteen of us," Nabokov continued. "'Among those present' I remember Avinoff, Bramson, Baron Nol'de, Vishnyak, Gronsky..." While they were in prison, the elections took place. Of the 41.7 million votes cast, only 9.8 million were for the Bolsheviks. On January 19, 1918, the day after the Constituent Assembly finally convened, Lettish soldiers were sent by Lenin to break it up with fixed bayonets. Some of the deputies fled south and joined the White Army; others left Russia for good.

So Nika had had nothing less than the last hope for democracy in Russia on his mind when the Shoumatoff party arrived in Petrograd in October of 1917. It was Nika who had arranged for Lyova to go to America as a representative of the Ministry of Supplies. The United States had entered the war, and had been sending arms to Russia through Vladivostok since May 29th. Contracts worth a hundred million dollars were being negotiated. Nika knew that it was not good for his mother and sister to stay in Russia any longer; he also knew that he was staying. Masha and he had already fought about it. She had demanded that Nika think of her, and take her away before the country fell to Bolshevism. She was not about to be a martyr. From what she had already seen of the masses in action, she was beginning to agree with Flaubert that universal suffrage was the curse of

mankind. Nika had only looked at her sadly. Mopsy had begged him to leave with them, too, but had had no better luck. "He was stubborn and impossible," she said when she recalled her efforts.

The bitter northern winter had already fallen. It was dark from three in the afternoon to ten in the morning. There were shortages of candles and kerosene, and the use of lights was discouraged for fear of attracting zeppelins. In the darkness, all civilized order was falling apart. Looting and robbery were widespread. The American Ambassador, an elderly plutocrat from Missouri named David R. Francis, had to give up his nightly constitutional on the Furshtatskaya, which he was in the habit of taking with a cigar in one hand and a portable bronze cuspidor in the other.

The Shoumatoff party left Petrograd on the night of October 28th, on what was almost certainly the last trans-Siberian express to get through. There was a good deal of turmoil at the station. Nika, with Zoric in his arms, led the way through the crowd. This was the last they would ever see of him. Stopping only at major stations, like Baikal and Irkutsk, the train took three weeks to reach Vladivostok. Its corridors were packed with soldiers and civilians. Another train, with its windows smashed, and full of mutinous soldiers, chased them into Manchuria. Mopsy, who was five months pregnant with my father, suffered throughout the crossing. The woods of Siberia seemed endless. They were already filled with snow. Sometimes for the whole day there was not even a house. Zoric became very sick. An Army doctor aboard diagnosed her illness as pneumonia and wired ahead for medicine. Alika soaked towels in turpentine and hung them in their compartment. In Manchuria, they lost the Bolshevik train by pulling off on a siding. Farther on, the track was demolished, and they stopped for two days while it was repaired. Zoric's fever broke, and by the time they reached Vladivostok she was much better. In the station, they napped on their baggage until the steamer to take them to Tokyo was ready, and in Tokyo they were transferred by rickshaw to an overnight train to Yokohama. Alika recalls that the Japanese women on the train scratched their heads with long sticks, so as not to spoil their coiffures. In Yokohama, they were taken, again by rickshaw, to the Tanya Maru, a steamer bound for



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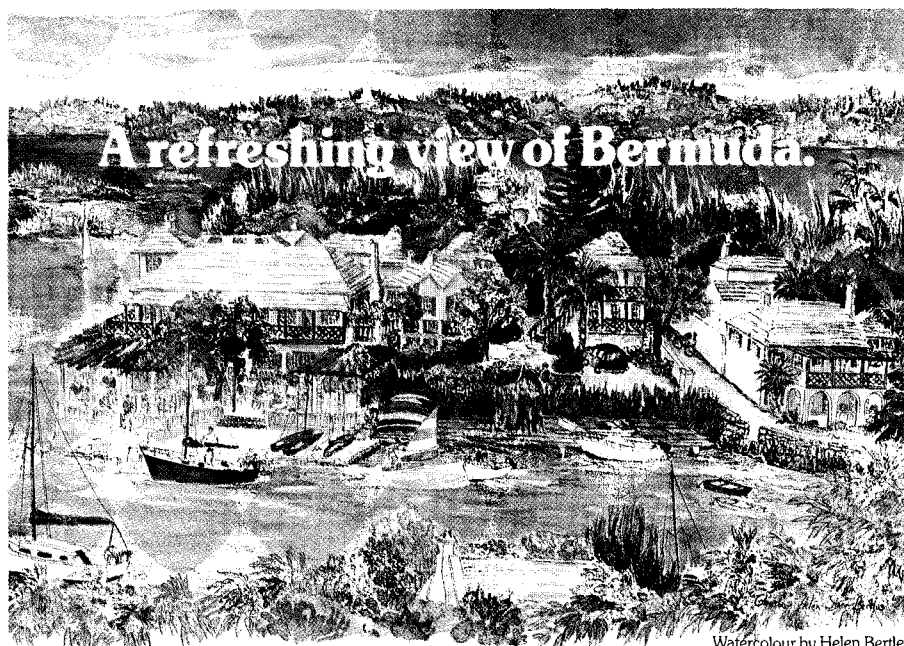


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Honolulu. On Hawaii, Alike saw her first banana tree, and was shocked to discover that pineapples grow on the ground. Lyova bought a paper and read that the Provisional Government had fallen. That meant that the several hundred thousand imperial rubles he had with him were worthless, and that his sponsor, the Ministry of Supplies, no longer existed. Their total assets now, as they embarked on another steamer for San Francisco—a train would take them to New York, and Uncle would meet them at Pennsylvania Station—were what they had with them: some dresses, linen, silverware, diamonds, around fifteen thousand dollars in American currency, five pale-blue satin pillows painted on by Alexandra Nicolaevna, about a hundred glass negatives of Nika's photographs, and six icons, including a copy of the family icon.

SINCE October, 1917, no one in the family had been back to Shideyevo. Mopsy had heard a rumor from a neighbor who got out of Russia in the early twenties that the house was destroyed in the civil war. Sixty-two years later, when I went to the Soviet Union in the hope of visiting the site, I didn't know what I'd find or whether I'd even be allowed to drive out there. It would depend on whether the local Intourist officials in Poltava would permit an excursion beyond the city limits. Leaving Kharkov, my wife and I and our baby son headed west, toward Poltava, in the beginning of October. The steppe, at least, could not have changed much. It stretched in every direction like a dusty black sea, so flat we could see the earth curving. It already had languorous and idyllic connotations for me. I had read Gogol's early stories. "How intoxicating, how magnificent is a summer day in Little Russia!" he wrote in one. "How luxuriously warm the hours when midday glitters in stillness and sultry heat."

In the Poltava region, seventy per cent of the steppe is used for agriculture—corn, sunflowers, and white sugar beets, in the main. Seven per cent is wooded—mostly along the rivers—and the remaining twenty-three per cent is of clay or sand, which is used to make bricks, tile, glass, and ceramics. By now, the crops were all in, and there was a white icing of frost until midmorning. We passed people walking in recently harvested cornfields and collecting missed ears in burlap bags. Some of the fields

were chartreuse with mustard that had already flowered since the harvest. But most of them were strips of bare black earth—the famous *chernozem*, which lies as much as five feet deep and is one of the world's most fertile mediums. We felt dust in our nostrils, even though the windows of the car were up. In Mopsy's day, people had shielded the lower half of their faces with dust protectors, called *pylniki*, when they were out on the steppe. Occasionally, a flatbed truck loaded with greens would roar past us, with bits of its cargo flying off. We saw groups of men and women lying on the road bank or on piles of straw and roasting potatoes. They wore drab quilted clothing and hats with earflaps pulled down. Those who had potatoes for sale had one displayed on the end of a stick, and sat eating them while waiting for business. They were like latter-day Potato-Eaters.

The villages of the open steppe are different from those in the north. Because of the scarcity of wood, the log or clapboard *izbas* give way to *hatas*, whose roofs are thatch or corrugated tin, and whose walls are brick or whitewashed stucco. In one village, we stopped at a tearoom, whose patrons were mostly truckers, and had *galushki*—pieces of dough in a fatty bouillon. The Avinoffs had served *galushki* to their hands at the day's end. After lunch, I bought and savored a fine Cuban cigar. In front of the cottages of another village, kerchiefed *babushki* were sitting behind buckets of apples. We stopped, and I asked one for half a dozen. (I speak rudimentary Russian, having heard it often as a child and studied it in college.) She said she was selling them only by the bucket. I asked how much she wanted. "Pay whatever you want," she said.

In Poltava, I went to the Intourist office. The people there were very friendly—not full of protocol, like their Moscow counterparts. The excursion to Shideyevo was arranged on the spot. Unfortunately, my son had fallen ill, and he and my wife would not be able to accompany me. That morning, I set out in the car with a picnic basket and with a handsome young woman from the Intourist office named Tanya, whose round face and narrow eyes were perhaps a sign of Tatar blood. Tanya and I would spend much of the next few days together in the archives of libraries and museums. She was a natural, friendly person and would touch me on the arm

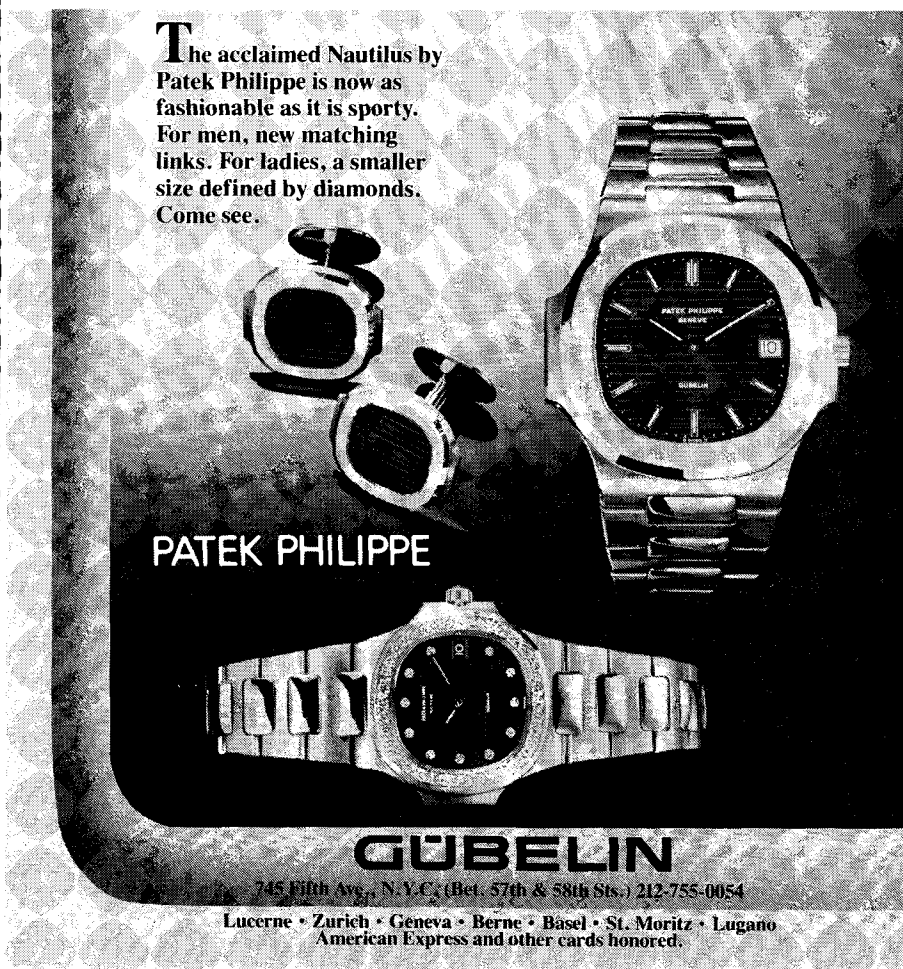


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when she got excited about something.

We headed south, toward the Dneiper, through little villages that were just as Gogol had described them more than a century before, each with its central mud puddle that never dried, and blinding-white geese waddling in it but never seeming to get dirty. Although I'd never seen these surroundings before, I felt as if I'd been born with a sense of them within me. The feeling of *déjà vu* started to get really strong when we reached Nekvorosche, where Mopsy had got her mail. Nekvorosche was a particularly cozy hamlet. Its main street was cobbled and was lined with whitewashed *hats* that stood in the shade of old oaks and poplars. We went into the one official-looking building and shook hands with the secretary of the village soviet. He knew who the Avinoffs were. "My great-great-grandmother Anna Sobuta worked for them," he said. "One winter, when they were in St. Petersburg, she found a bundle of money they had left in one of the rooms. When they returned in the spring, she turned it over to them. The General peeled off a twenty-five-ruble note and gave it to her for her honesty. It was more money than she'd ever had."

I asked how to get to Shideyevo, and what was there.

He said it was a *kolkhoz* now—the Maxim Gorky Collective Farm. The big house and its outbuildings were long gone—all except one of the barns, which had been a school for many years and was now the central office of the *kolkhoz*.

Not far from Nekvorosche, we came to a high bluff that plunged into a marsh in which a gleaming band of water—the Orel—twisted. We took the road that went along the crest of the bluff, the same road, Mopsy had told me, that Catherine the Great had used during her tour through Little Russia. After several miles, we met a man driving a cart with wooden wheels. The harness, whose tugs were connected to a thick wooden hoop that arched over the horse's neck, was typical of rural Russia.

I asked the driver what kind of wood the hoop was made of.

"Willow," he said, taking a pipe from his mouth. "You soak it in hot water until it bends."

When I said that I was an Avinoff, his jaw dropped. "*Seriozno?*" he asked. "Are you kidding?"

I recognized from Nika's photo-

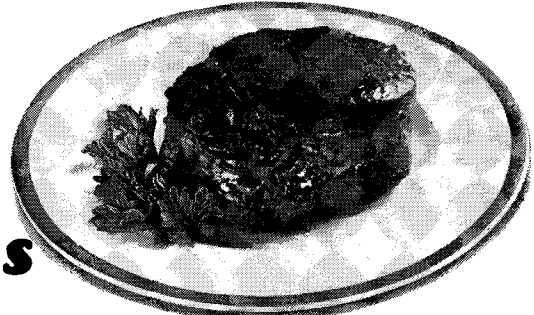
graphs the broad, straight approach to the house, but the cherry orchard on either side was gone, and instead of a six-pillared portico at the end there was a small post office. We parked and went in. A woman of about fifty, with an orange scarf about her head and shoulders, and a mouth brimming with silver, was gossiping with the postmistress. When I explained who I was, she got very excited. We practically hugged each other. She led me outside, to the edge of the ramparts. I recognized the liman in the distance and could tell from the alignment of its two pools that we were standing exactly where the house had been. But there was no trace of it—no rubble, not even a depression in the earth. Except for an area that had been cleared for a playground, the site was smothered with tall grass and wild flowers—campanula, clover, and yarrow, mostly. The village below looked clean and prosperous, but much smaller than it had been in Nika's photographs; there were only a few *hats* at the road junction, where dozens had been before. "Come," said the woman with the orange scarf and the silver smile, skipping down the ramparts like a child and beckoning. "The vineyard was there. This was the nobles' garden. I heard from Mama that it was beautiful but, ooh, a lot of work." Tanya and I waded after her through the overgrowth, flushing a nettle wren. A smell of burning straw and dung came from the houses below. We entered a yard. Huge sweet potatoes, calabashes of assorted shapes and colors, and a wooden pitchfork and other homemade implements stood against the house. A small barn was filled to the roof with hay, and there was a good supply of straw-and-dung bricks, called *kizyaki*—the main fuel of the steppes—piled against one of its walls. An old woman was sweeping the yard with a twig broom.

"You're old enough to know, Auntie," the woman who had brought us there said. "This is the grandson of Elizaveta Nicolaevna. He has come from America."

The old woman looked scared, uncertain how to respond to such an unusual event. "No, I wouldn't know," she said, shaking her head emphatically. "I didn't come from here." Then her husband came out, in his bare feet—he had been taking a nap—and stared at me through a milky veil of cataracts. He asked us in and sat us at a table covered with a checked cloth. The interior—the

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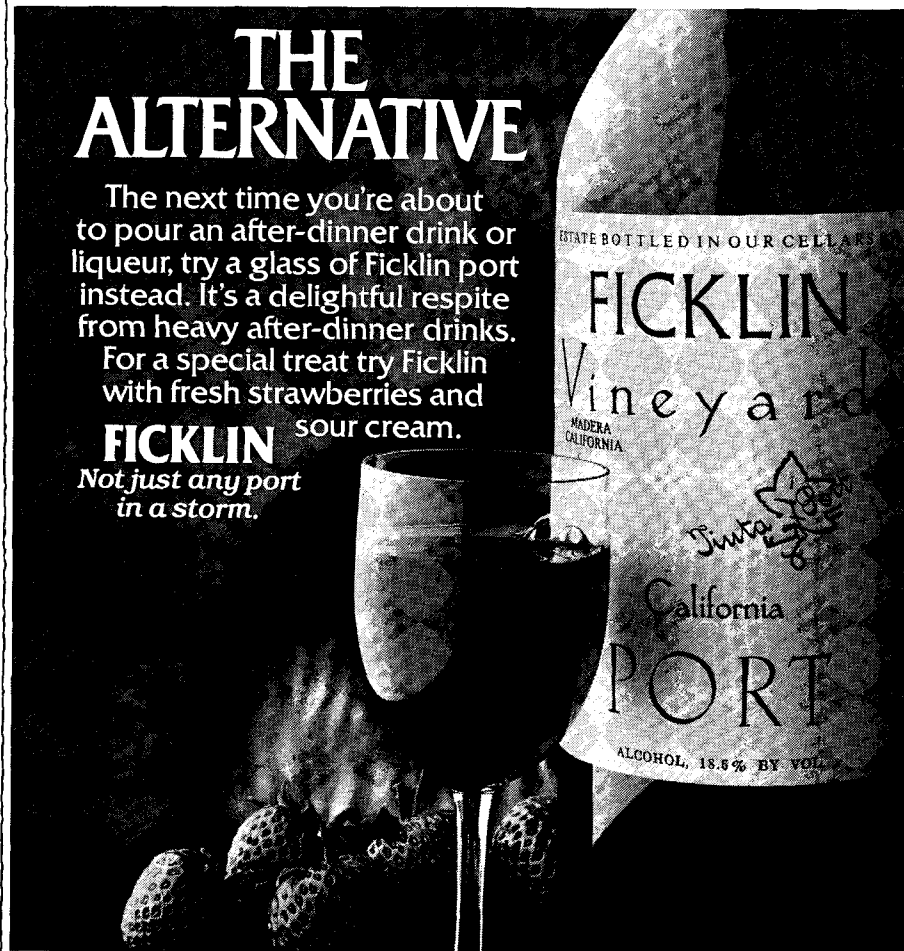
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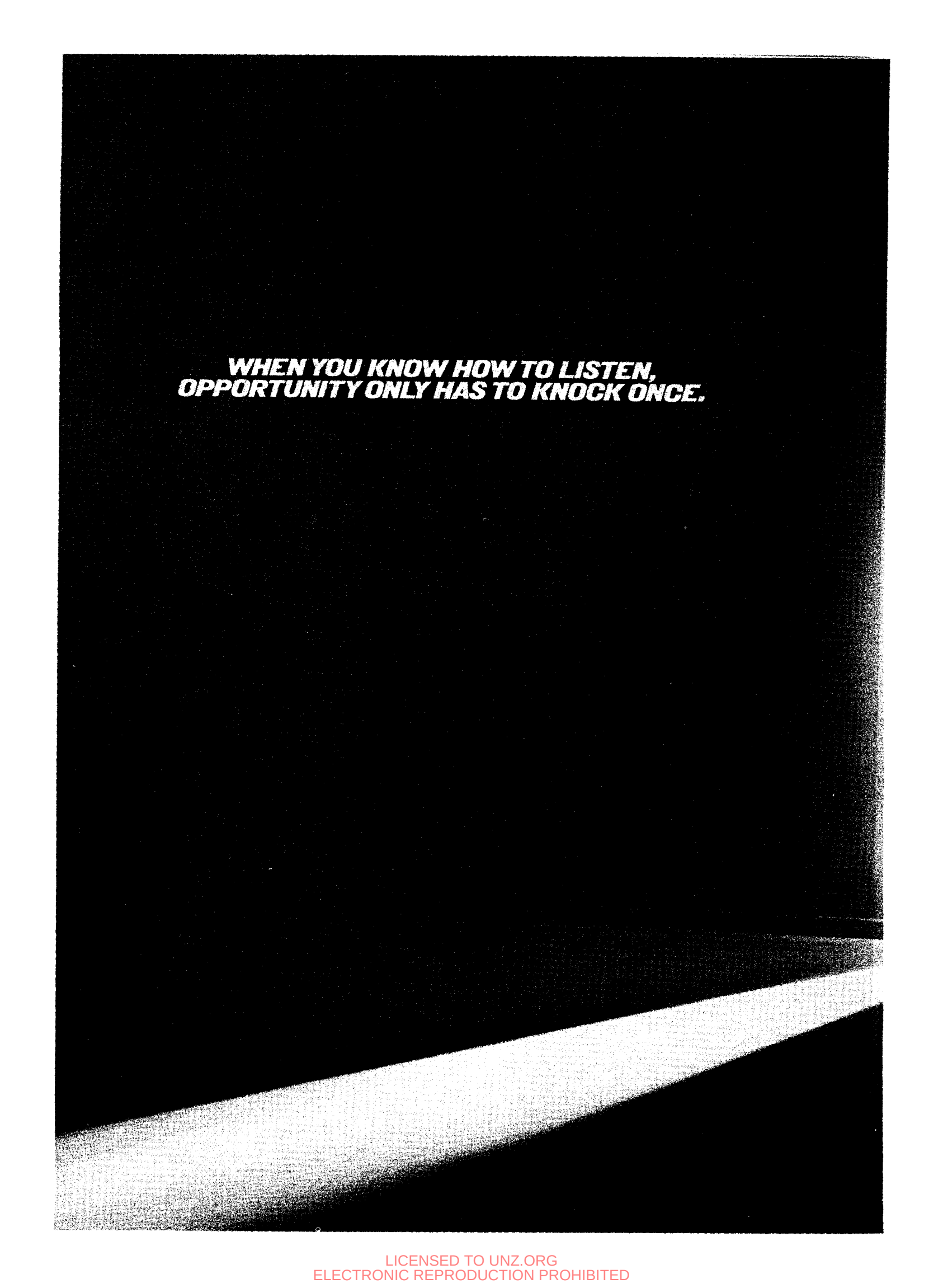
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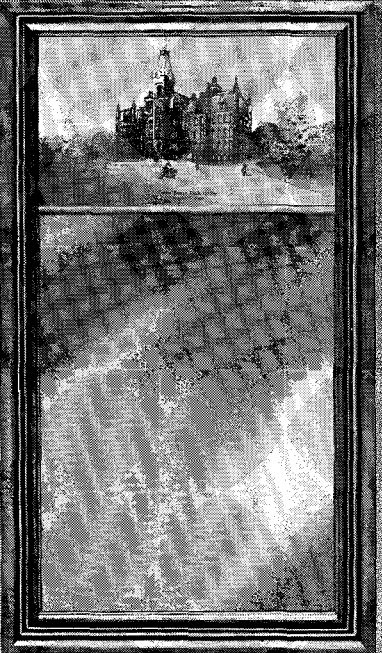
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shrivelled herbs and strings of dried apple slices hanging from the rafters, the stove, with its *lezhankas*, the icon in the corner—was right out of “Rolling-Flax.” Tanya translated his patois into Russian and squeamishly refused a glass of milk from their cow. It was still warm.

“I don’t think I ever spoke with Elizaveta Nicolaevna,” he began. “But I used to watch her drive by in her *karzinka*. She married a stout man. Her brother Nika was good to us. He brought us plows and winnowing machines that made our work easier. Andrei never did a thing for us. I can still see him running down the brick path in the garden after butterflies. What more can I say? I was only fifteen when they left. I took care of the pigs, then the cows. There were many herds. They asked one of the servant girls to go with them to America, but she didn’t want to. She still lives in the district, but not in this village.”

“My grandmother is still alive, too,” I said.

“She must be a hundred,” he said.

“No. Almost ninety-one.”

“You don’t say. And what of her brothers?”

“Andrei died in America in 1949. Nika stayed in Russia. He was arrested in 1937. We don’t know for sure, but he was probably shot in prison.”

“After they left,” the old man went on, “the manager, Frederic Augustovitch, took most of what was in the house to Poltava. The villagers took some. My father got one of the General’s old flintlocks, but that got sold long ago. The books were taken to Kobelyaki in fifteen carts. One of them weighed three *puds*, my Uncle Afanasy told me. A few months later, the Germans came.” A *pud* is thirty-six pounds avoirdupois.

Between 1918 and 1920, the Ukraine was a turbulent limbo. The estates there, as in all of Russia, had been nationalized on November 8, 1917, but on the following January 28th the Ukrainians, taking advantage of the chaos after the Revolution to break away from Russia, declared their territory a republic. Its independence was short-lived, however; the Bolsheviks took Kiev on February 9th, and were themselves driven out by the Germans within the month. In the Treaty of Brest-Litovsk, signed on March 3rd, the Ukraine received a second independence, which was in effect a German occupation and lasted until the Central Powers were defeated in the West and the Armistice was

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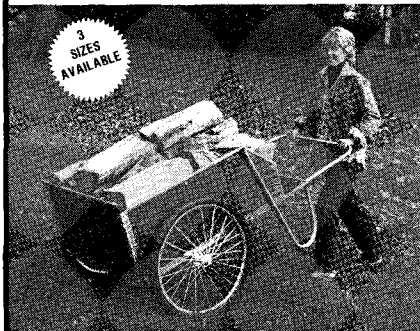
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signed, on November 11th. By the end of 1918, five separate armies were fighting on the Ukrainian steppe. The old man remembered a brief period in 1919 when anarchic peasant bands under the semi-legendary guerrilla leader Nestor Makhno took over the big house. This was after the Germans had come and gone twice. Ukrainian nationalists, with yellow-and-blue flags, also passed through that year. There was a savage civil war in which the Bolsheviks, helped by Makhno's bands and the Ukrainian industrial working class, crushed both the nationalist government of Petlyura in Kiev and the White Army of General Anton Denikin. The territory became the Ukrainian Soviet Socialist Republic, which it still is, although the yearning for independence, both at home and among exiles, is as strong as ever. That summer, the old man said, he and the other villagers watched Red *partizani* put the big house to the torch. "They burned it so the Germans wouldn't come back and shoot us," he explained.

Word of my arrival had reached the president of the kolkhoz, a man of about forty-five named Boris, and he was waiting for me on the ramparts. He took me into a building that Mopsy later recognized from my photographs as the old machine shop. In his office, he told me that after three years and nine months the current five-year plan for the Maxim Gorky Collective Farm was one hundred and two per cent on schedule. There was a knock on the door. A boy came in with a brick that had the letter "A" stamped on it. It was from the old brick factory near Schekuchin's house. Boris wrapped the brick in a copy of *Komsomol Pravda* and gave it to me. "I understand Avinoff was a retired general from St. Petersburg," he said. I gave him some photocopies of Nika's photographs. He had never seen what the area looked like in the nineteenth century. We went to his house—I had asked to visit the home of a typical *kolkhoznik*—and he showed me the modern wall system in his living room. It was made of Formica that looked like laminated oak, and had a drop-leaf bar and a television-audio section. There were about six hundred television sets on the kolkhoz, he told me. We went to see the monument commemorating the two hundred and twenty men from the village who had been killed in the Second World War. Fresh flowers were strewn beneath it. Whole clans had been wiped out. I

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ounted ten men in the Oleshko family, eight Kolnechenkos, fifteen Moshuras. An old man with a bad leg, who had been leaning against a wall of the nearby House of Culture—a sort of recreation hall—hobbled over and shook his fist at me. “You go back to your country and tell them we want peace,” he said. “I was wounded in that war. Look how many died from our village. We don’t want that ever to happen again.”

Tanya was getting eager to return to Poltava. I took a final walk to the edge of the ramparts and decided that I had probably learned all I was going to learn. As we were getting into the car, the woman with the silver smile ran up and gave me a watermelon. I was very grateful for it. In Leningrad, I’d stood for half an hour in a watermelon line.

I threw the brick out the car window on the way back to Poltava—something I now deeply regret. It seemed at the time a perfect example of useless baggage from the past. But I had taken a lot of pictures, to show Mopsy when we returned to America. She was distressed as we looked at my slides. “It’s so sad,” she said. “Everything is a kind of wilderness.” She couldn’t understand how they had destroyed the house so thoroughly. The walls had been four feet thick. They must have not only burned it but blown it up. It had not just been destroyed; it had been destroyed with a vengeance. I wondered if partisans who were merely passing through would have gone to all that trouble. Certainly the people there now had seemed to share none of my nostalgia. “Before, we didn’t have the right to walk in the forest and the fields,” an old woman I met on the ramparts, carrying a bundle of reeds on her back, had said to me. “It was the nobles’ land. Now it belongs to us.”

For the rest of that evening, Mopsy was unusually quiet. But gradually she recovered her spirits, and we heard again her resonant, resilient laughter. “It is as it says in the Psalms,” she said, at last. “Man is like grass. It was there, and nothing remains.”

—ALEX SHOUMATOFF

(This is the first part of a two-part article.)

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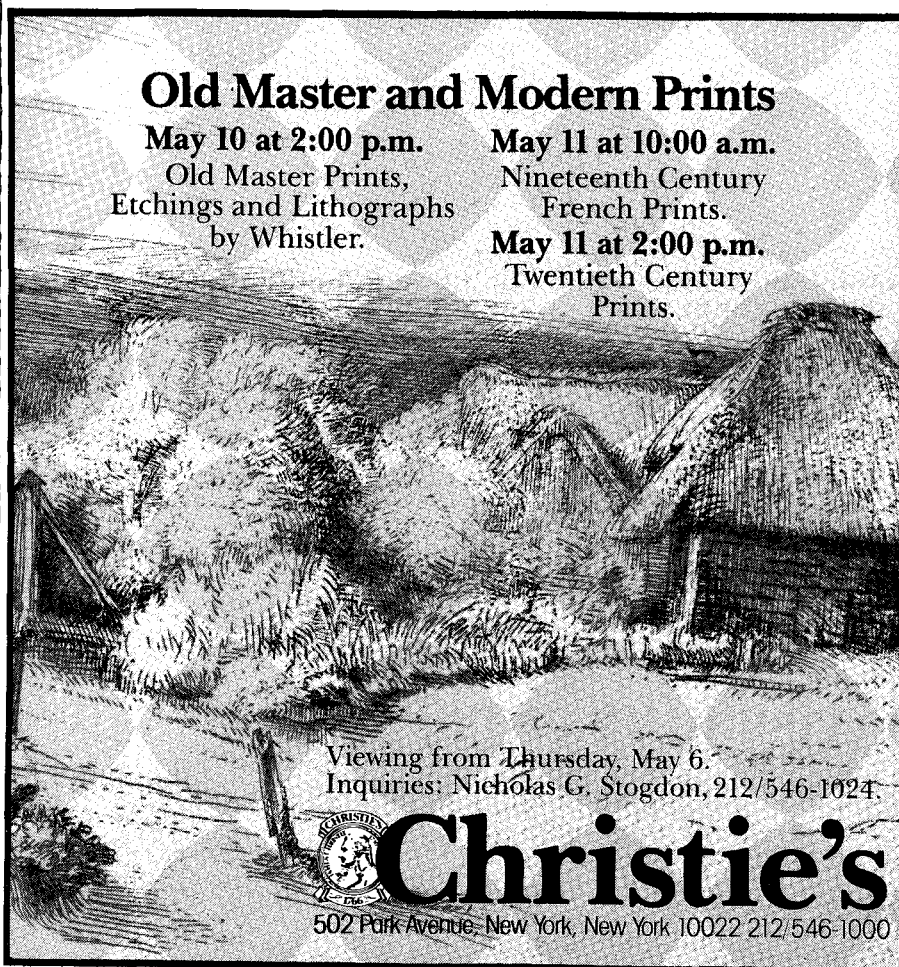
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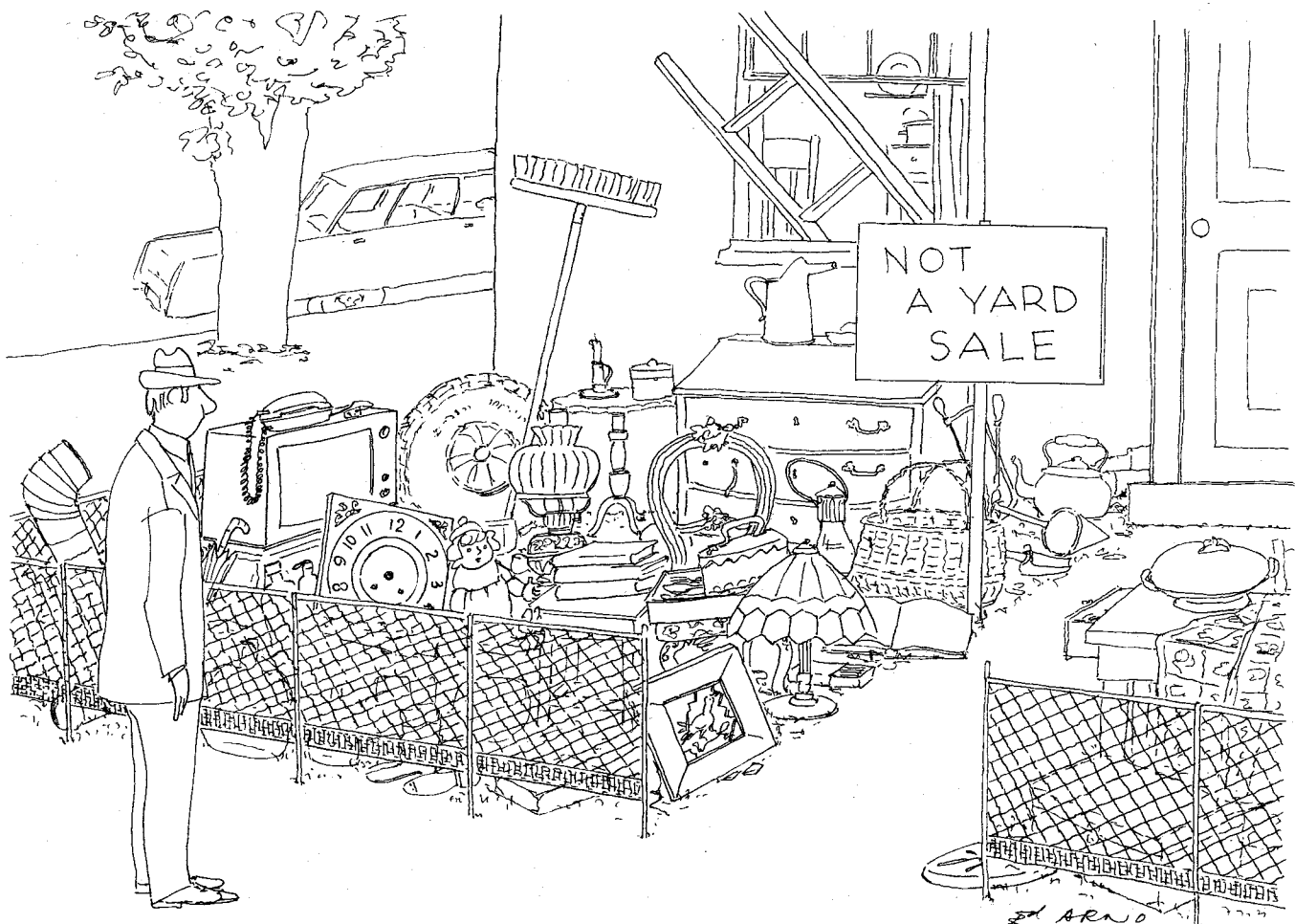
APRIL 19

IT is part of the dreamlike weirdness of the last three weeks that the British should be waiting with such anxiety for the return of Secretary Haig, whose previous image had seemed far distant from their affairs. Nobody appears to be very hopeful that he could be bringing a solution satisfactory to Downing Street. The only thing that remains firmly in place at this confused, argumentative moment is the overwhelming majority in the country, whatever their views on Mrs. Thatcher's domestic policies, who back her determination to come out and show fight.

It all started so abruptly. On April 3rd, people who had been thinking forward cheerfully to a weekend of enjoying, with luck, more of the recent spell of beautiful spring weather and watching the horses at Aintree found themselves sitting by their radios listening to the pandemonium of the House of Commons—assembled to attend the rare Saturday-morning session, called only in moments of peril—baying as one party for the blood of the Foreign and Defence Secretaries, and even of the Prime Minister herself, who had not seemed to know

what was about to happen. The anger—which could scarcely have been stronger if a foreign power had landed on the Isle of Wight—was certainly compounded by its being Argentina's "tinpot Fascist dictatorship," as John Silkin, a Labour shadow minister, wrathfully called it in a television interview, that had raised its flag with such humiliating ease over those suddenly important dots on the map. If there were any Falkland Islanders sitting in the packed public gallery on Saturday, they might well have smiled ironically to hear some of the noble sentiments uttered by M.P.s on the inviolable Britishness of an undefendable place from which, as the orators well knew, successive Governments have been trying quietly and unsuccessfully to loosen their ties for years. "WE ARE ALL FALKLANDERS NOW" was the amazingly emotional headline of the long and only leader in the *Times* on Monday, the day that the task force was dispatched. To judge by the letters immediately crackling in the correspondence columns, its readers viewed the headline either as magnificent or as more jingoistic hysteria of the kind that many people had deplored in the bellicose Saturday pro-

ceedings. Outside Westminster, most of the indignation centered on Mr. John Nott, the Defence Secretary.irate citizens remembered the row over his vastly unpopular cuts in the Royal Navy, the most loved of the services, when a junior minister, Mr. Keith Speed, was sacked for speaking out roundly against, among other economies, the imminent scrapping of H.M.S. Endurance, the solitary watchdog left to patrol the impossibly wide Falkland Islands back yard. With the protest against the Trident missile steadily growing in Britain, there will surely be a clamor for a reexamination of conventional forces in the light of the Falklands debacle. Mr. Nott was at least temporarily forgiven when the task force—assembled and fitted out with quite incredible speed in dockyards doomed to closure, and including the elderly, superannuated H.M.S. Hermes, at which many onlookers gazed with moist eyes, as though at a favorite old dog saved from being put down—sailed last week. The British love the extemporary, the swiftly organized Dunkirks, and the sight gave enormous nostalgic satisfaction to the crowds that had flocked into Portsmouth to cheer the ships on their way. After that, of course, with nothing to do but wait



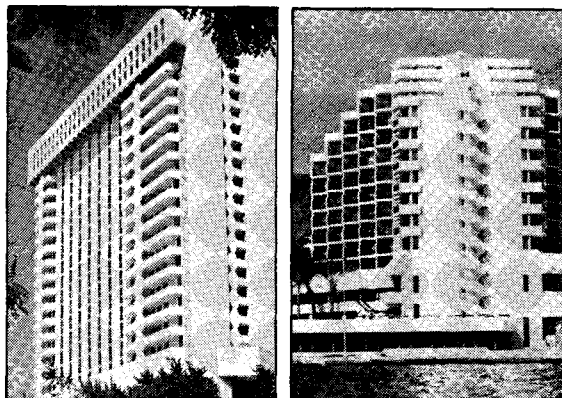
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and argue anxiously about what might happen two weeks or so later, the national mood dropped by several notches. The dignified departure of Lord Carrington from the political scene—probably for good, it is said—was a sobering shock to all, especially to those Conservatives who had hoped he would decide to weather the storm pelting on the Foreign Office from all directions and continue to give his weight and authority to Mrs. Thatcher's embattled administration. He was by far the most popular, admired member of it with the public, credited with being the only man in the Cabinet to whom she listened with respect—or, in some versions, even listened. His sharp, patrician style had become so familiar and relied upon that the frailer, largely unknown figure of the new Foreign Secretary, Francis Pym, was regarded thoughtfully when he appeared suddenly on the nation's TVs. He is an out-and-out House of Commons man who has adroitly managed to keep himself plumb in the center of the Party and is liked by all shades of opinion within it, though not many unpolitical citizens would have been able to supply him with a face, let alone a voice. His vigorously resolute utterances so far were therefore a pleasant surprise. The only faintly silver lining observed in the gloom of Lord Carrington's going is that Mrs. Thatcher for the first time has her Foreign Secretary sitting beside her on the front bench, instead of being in the House of Lords and inaccessible for answering any critical questioning in the Commons. Many of the customary polite congratulations from members on both sides of the House to the new minister on his first appearance last week added their satisfaction that this hole in the air is now filled.

PARLIAMENT was suddenly hailed back last Wednesday from its Easter break for a full-dress examination of the latest Argentine proposals, carried to Downing Street by Mr. Haig (with whom Britons who think they know their Prime Minister feel sympathetic). To judge by the crowds waiting in Whitehall and seething on the pavements in Parliament Square, the recall was expected to be a momentous occasion, perhaps coming up with new reasons to hope that the worst might yet be averted. It turned out to be a subdued and highly decorous debate, in which the only astonishing thing was the almost complete ac-

cord shown by all the parties. Mrs. Thatcher's businesslike statement setting forth Britain's determination to stick out for the old demands was heard in a deep, attentive silence—a change from the background of fury provided by Labour's backbenchers through which she so often has to battle. When Michael Foot, that passionate old orator for peace (though not a pacifist, as he later took pains to explain to a Party meeting), came to the dispatch box to approve the honorable lady's firmness in backing up the talk with action that might speak more persuasively, there was not much kick left in the small section of the Opposition that is violently against such action. A few heated speeches voiced the worry and anger of many people in all parties who think that the old country could have better served the loyalty of the Falklanders than by taking a possible war into their midst, with lethal and even international consequences that nobody likes to think about. These views were received with shouts of indignation. Resentment of President Reagan's cautious equation of his two friends turned up often and bitterly in the debate, as it goes on rumbling away in the talk of Londoners who say that Mrs. Thatcher was right—that one has to do something, for look how nearly Hitler got away with it—and who shake their heads over the United States' not coming out to support Britain after all the times the Prime Minister has supported the President. As one of the few notes of cheer, what people say about the European Economic Community has been generally so sour that everybody's warm gratification at the instant moral and practical economic support coming from Brussels seemed positively startling.

The papers have been interring Margaret Thatcher somewhat prematurely, and speculating on the succession should things go disastrously wrong. Conservatives who have been most loudly critical of her unbudging economic policies are in the dilemma of not wanting her to go now, just as her policies are seen at long last to be slowly beginning to work. Curiously, though the country is so strongly behind her at this dangerous moment, it does not seem to have shifted toward her and her Government. In spite of all the patriotic emotion and the flag-waving, the opinion polls continue to insist coldly that Labour still holds a bit of a lead for the next general election. —MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES



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of
Howard
Miller.**

MUSICAL EVENTS

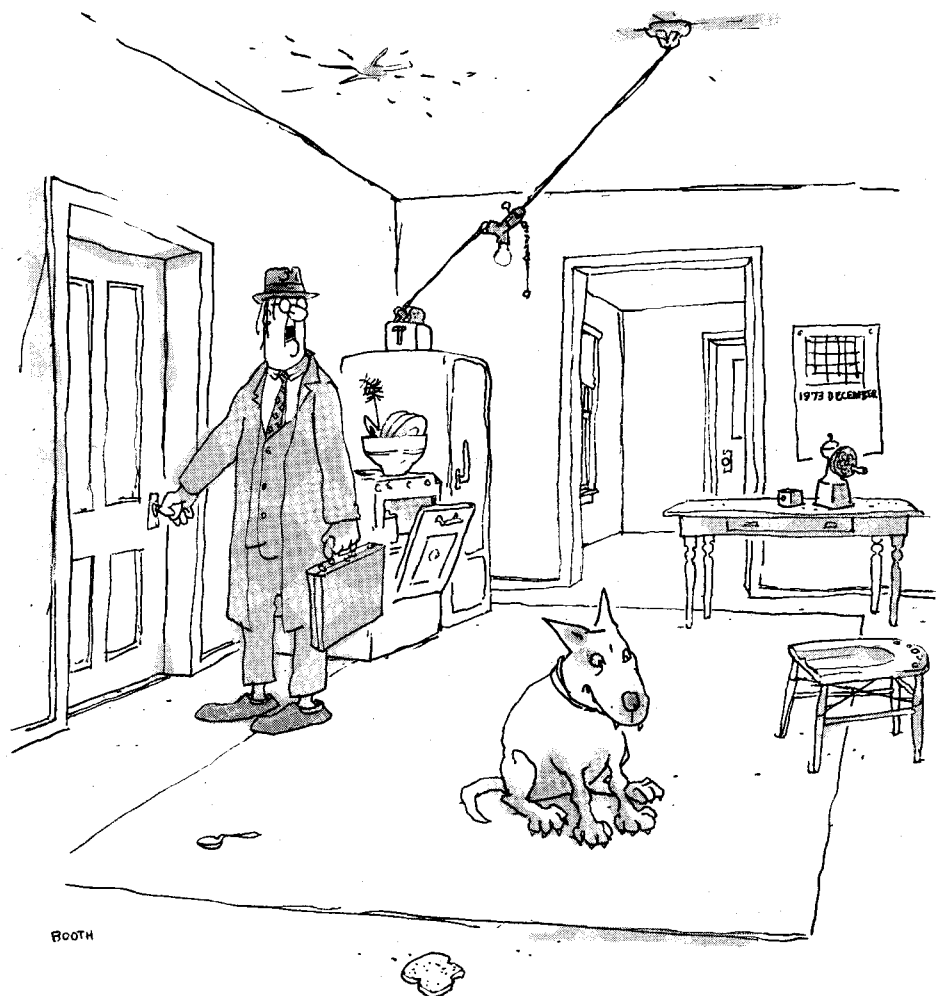
Fluting

LEONARD BERNSTEIN'S "Halil," a "nocturne for solo flute, string orchestra, and percussion" (thus the score, but the orchestra also includes a piccolo, an alto flute, and a harp), was given its New York premiere last month by the Philharmonic, conducted by the composer, in Avery Fisher Hall. The title is Hebrew for "flute." The piece, which lasts about fifteen minutes, is dedicated "to the spirit of Yadin, and to his fallen brothers;" Yadin Tanenbaum was a young Israeli flutist killed in a tank in the Sinai in 1973. It was played in Israel last May, and the following month in the Vatican. "Halil" is a stretch of music partly elegiac, partly dramatic, and wholly good to hear. In an interview last year, Bernstein said, "A tune came to me that occurred to me as a flute tune—almost a pop song, very diatonic, very simple. I fooled around with it and

then found that it led to all kinds of very symphonic things. So before I knew it, I was off and writing a flute piece." The tune itself is a beguiling D-flat melody, *andante tranquillo*, swaying gracefully between D-flat and A-flat in measures of varied length, but what it rises out of is a troubled, stormy slow passage of violent contrasts and jagged contours in which the solo flute plays a twelve-note theme (enclosing a D-flat triad) forward, backward, then forward again, impressing its shapes on the listener so that their subsequent adventures and transformations can be followed. In a program note, the composer writes of a "struggle between tonal and non-tonal forces" that is waged in much of his music and of a particular sense in this piece of "that struggle as involving war and the threat of wars, the overwhelming desire to live, and the consolations of art, love, and the hope for

peace." Bernstein may wear his heart on his sleeve, but he's a composer who does have a heart, and the warm, generous content of his music is something one can respond to as to—well, as to the warm, generous, humanity-loving eloquence of Beethoven. Implying only parallels, not parities, I'd suggest that what Bernstein calls "fooling around" with a theme is a Beethovenish way of discovering its kinetic potential, while what appears in the finished work, after this exploring, is not a merely musical demonstration of varied possibilities but a passionate statement of feelings and beliefs about the human condition. That can only be assertion. The musical felicities of "Halil" are demonstrable: the exquisite scoring as the alto flute leads the soloist toward D-flat or as a solo viola—movingly played in the Philharmonic performance by Leonard Davis—sings duets with him; the drama of the extended cadenza against percussion irruptions; the stroke by which the soloist, apparently silenced, is induced by the alto flute and the piccolo to return and breathe a benediction over the final cadence. Julius Baker, the Philharmonic soloist (other flutists who have played "Halil" are Jean-Pierre Rampal, Uri Choham, Doriot Anthony Dwyer, and Ransom Wilson), was technically adept but emotionally somewhat staid, I thought, in sounding what Bernstein calls the "wish-dreams, nightmares, repose, sleeplessness, night-terrors" of his work.

Walton's Viola Concerto, played in observance of his eightieth birthday, followed, with Sol Greitzer a less than poetic soloist. Then came an incandescent account of Elgar's "Enigma" Variations. Maybe it was overdone: the slow movements very slow, the fast movements furious. But I found it overwhelming. The Philharmonic's note writer, Phillip Ramey, seemed to endorse Virgil Thomson's thin approval of the "Enigma" as "an academic effort" and "mostly a pretext for orchestration, a pretty pretext and a graceful one, not without charm and a modicum of sincerity, but a pretext for fancywork all the same." The piece Bernstein conducted was a blazing and beautiful dithyramb to love and friendship, and a zestful celebration of the vagaries and oddities of companions. Emotion is not enough in itself to invest music with eloquence (though perhaps it is what matters most). This performance of the "Enigma," which is technically a

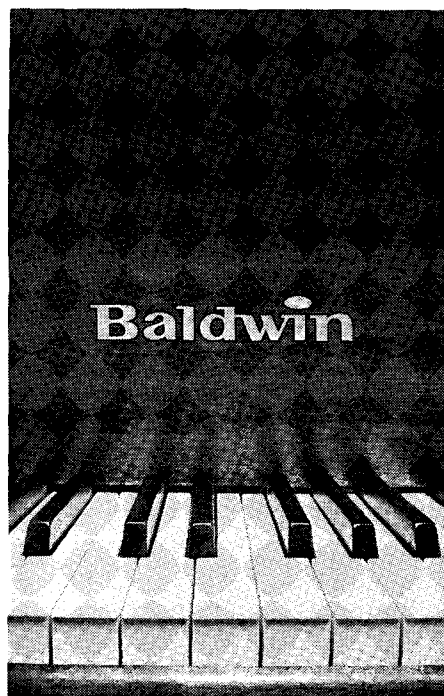


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work of formal and instrumental mastery, was technically, too, on a very high level. I have seldom heard the Philharmonic play with such warmth, intensity, and richness.

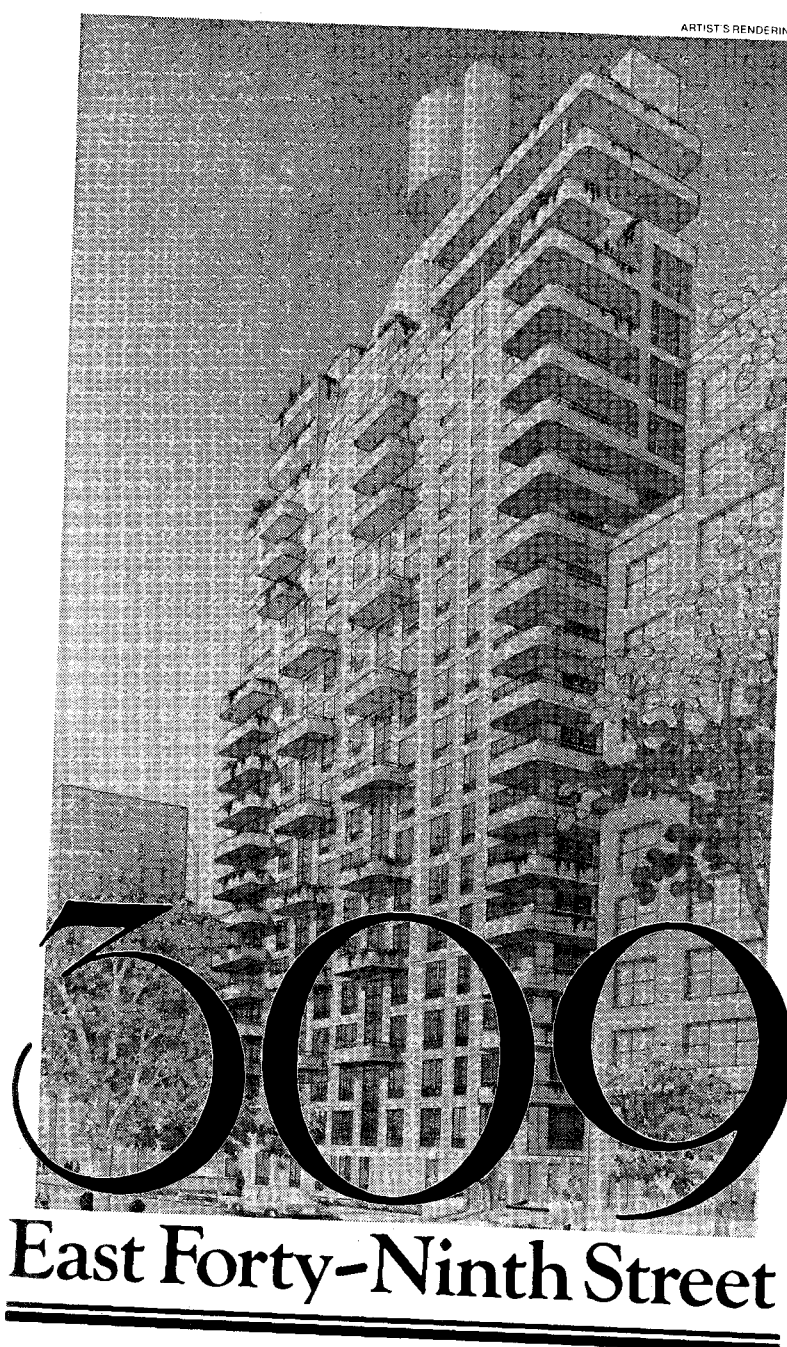
LEON KIRCHNER's Music for Flute and Orchestra was given its New York premiere last month by the American Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Michael Tilson Thomas, in Carnegie Hall. The piece, which lasts about fourteen minutes, was commissioned by and is dedicated to the flutist Paula Robison, who gave the first performance in Indianapolis in 1978 and has played it in Boston, Buffalo, San Francisco, Atlanta, and now New York. Subtitled "Encounters of Another Bird," the work is a stretch of gleaming and physically exhilarating sounds, containing what Miss Robison, in an interview, described accurately as "wonderful, kind of exotic, flashing and shimmering 'bird' music." But, she continued, "the whole piece really swings; it has a lot of big-band sounds in it. . . . I kept on thinking of Erroll Garner when I heard it." I thought of Villa-Lobos's once popular "Urupurú," another piece where seductive, full-throated flute melody assumes incantatory powers and bird-song becomes a symbol of human yearning, and of Kirchner's opera "Lily," whose music is at once picturesque and visionary. The Music for Flute and Orchestra is rhythmically complicated and texturally intricate; the orchestra is large, and the writing for it is delicate and detailed. Like all Kirchner's music, it combines fastidiousness with largeness of spirit, and complexity with directness of appeal. Miss Robison, whose full, lustrous tone is not apt for everything she plays, sounded wonderful.

The program was well planned and interesting. Before the Kirchner, there was a "classic" for flute and orchestra, Charles T. Griffes' Poem—a late work (1918) and a fine one. Brahms (the "Academic Festival" Overture) began the concert, and Brahms orchestrated by Schoenberg (the G-Minor Piano Quartet) ended it. Mr. Thomas is a conductor in whom instinct and intelligence unite. The roster of the American Symphony is a roll call of fine young New York players. But what has happened to Brahms sound? Have those modern orchestral innovations—no portamento, metal E strings, uniform bowing, and, above all, lopsided platform placing—at last put an end to it? Sir Adrian Boult,

who learned his Brahms from Fritz Steinbach, Hans Richter, and Arthur Nikisch, will forgive me if I quote some sentences he wrote to a student of orchestral practice. "I hold very strong views and am constantly shocked at the present orchestral arrangement, which makes things a bit easier for conductors and players but gives a crooked picture of the music to most of the audience." "In my boyhood there was hardly any vibrato (but a good deal more portamento)." "I would say that metal strings did not exist in England until sometime like 1914. String tone has never recovered!" "My first experience of uniform bowing . . . was in 1919 or 1920, and it was several years later that it gradually invaded Queen's Hall. . . . It soon became the fashion, and everyone had to do it." And, again on the matter of platform placing, "I can't believe that the counter-reformation isn't coming: all the critics—or nearly all—favour it, and a number of unselfish conductors who use their ears admit that the orchestra *sounds better*." Edo de Waart now seats the violins of the San Francisco Symphony in their traditional places, firsts on his left and seconds on his right. Across the Bay, Calvin Simmons has been seating the Oakland Symphony that way for years. Stokowski, the founder of the American Symphony, often tried bold new arrangements. Six of his orchestral ground plans—including one for the American Symphony's 1971-72 concerts—are illustrated in the New Grove; the first and the last show a solid, central foundation of double-basses. I wish one of his successors would now boldly try the old arrangement that Brahms, Rimsky-Korsakov, Strauss, and Mahler wrote for.

"I LOMBARDI ALLA PRIMA CROCIATA," Verdi's fourth opera, is a young composer's epic—vigorous, grand, vastly ambitious, rough in places and beautiful in others, colorful. It must be hard to make it unexciting, but the City Opera production—New York's first since 1847—managed. The combination of Christopher Keene's thin, mean conducting, Mario Vanarelli's depressing, monotonous décor (black curtains around a gray contraption of steps), Gilbert Hemsley's dim light, and Cynthia Auerbach's weak staging proved well-nigh fatal. Ashley Putnam—who a few weeks earlier had been an accomplished Elvira in "I Puritani"—was light casting for a

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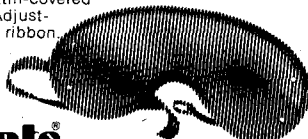
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Verdi dramatic heroine in a big house. The sustained cantabile of "Salve Maria" and of "Se vano è il pregare" was unsteady (I heard the second performance), but the cabaletta was bright and true, and so was most of what followed. Riccardo Calleo's Oronte had some good and some raw, blared phrases. Garry Grice's Arvino was strained. Justino Díaz's Pagano missed grandeur because he seldom took enough time to sound the phrases fully, but it was a sketch for a considerable performance. None wore their costumes as if they felt proud of them; the spectacle had a village-hall aspect. The famous chorus "O Signore, dal tetto natio," which in Verdi's day would "move the public to frenzy," was received in glum silence. Cuts were few (a verse of Oronte's cabaletta being the largest), but the prelude to the trio was played after the trio. Properly directed, the City Opera artists can do big Verdi with spirit; the splendid "Attila" showed that. But this "Lombardi" was as halfhearted and half-baked an affair as last year's "Nabucco."

—ANDREW PORTER

FURTHER EVENTS

Transatlantic

AMERICAN music was prominent on a London concert programs earlier this month. The BBC Symphony, in a series of invitation concerts at the London colleges of music, offered the British premières of works by Charles Wuorinen and David Del Tredici. The London Symphony Orchestra, in the course of its first residency at the newly opened Barbican Center, in the City of London, gave a popular program of Ives, Bernstein, and Gershwin at a lunchtime concert, and added Roy Harris's Third Symphony for a full-length concert the following evening. (Two weeks later, Mr. Bernstein arrived to conduct the European première of his "Songfest" with the BBC Symphony—a performance that was televised.)

Mr. Wuorinen's "A Reliquary for Igor Stravinsky," which dates from 1975, reworks some fragmentary sketches by Stravinsky, presenting them first in a manner that alludes to Stravinsky's techniques and then varying them in Mr. Wuorinen's distinctive style. It is a gritty and moving piece, but it is untypically discursive and slightly long—or so it seemed in this less than fully confident account. It sounds like a Venetian

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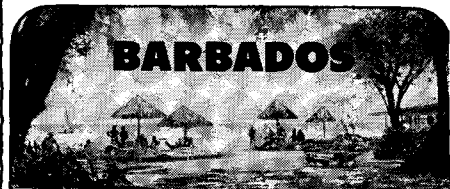
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threnody for the Stravinsky of "Canticum Sacrum," and is at its best when it is simplest: in the wrenching, detached string chords that follow the central lament for solo violin, grief seems to assume a physical weight, and in the noble epilogue, when harp, flute, and cellos mingle over a muffled funeral drum and subside to a final unison, Stravinsky's ritual style is tellingly re-created.

Mr. Del Tredici's "Adventures Underground," part of his cycle of pieces inspired by Lewis Carroll's "Alice" books, was far more extrovert. Though it was immediately appealing, it seemed unnecessarily flamboyant in style, and dangerously thin in content. There is no denying the extraordinary skill with which Mr. Del Tredici creates his effects—scuttering scales race around the orchestra, breathtakingly naïve musical gestures are clothed in a semblance of subtlety. But what, as Alice might well have asked, does it all mean? Perhaps the intention is to reflect Carroll's flights of imagination, yet the text was carried largely by recitation between the music or by soaring, unintelligible vocal lines over the music; although Elsa Charlston, from Chicago, put the words and the music across as well as possible, the experience was disturbingly remote from that of reading Carroll. Even though the small folk band for which Mr. Del Tredici writes important sections was not prominent enough, the performance was vivid. The concert was completed by a rambling but attractive Cello Concerto by Jeremy Dale Roberts (a professor at the Royal College of Music), in which the ingenious notion of an "echo" soloist, Ross Pople, to complement the principal soloist, Rohan de Saram, was undermined, because neither soloist could be clearly seen onstage and electronic amplification intermingled their sounds. Richard Pittman, of the Boston Musica Viva, conducted, stiffly at first but with conviction in the Del Tredici.

THE Barbican Center, twenty-five years in the making, is a major addition to London's resources for music, theatre, and conferences. Situated in a part of the City of London, northwest of St. Paul's Cathedral, that was devastated by bombing in the Second World War, the center houses a theatre for the Royal Shakespeare Company, a concert hall that doubles as a conference hall, a library, a group of cinemas, an art gallery, exhibition

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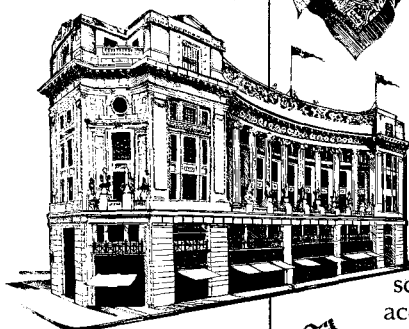
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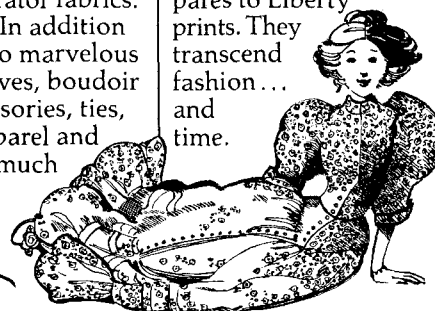
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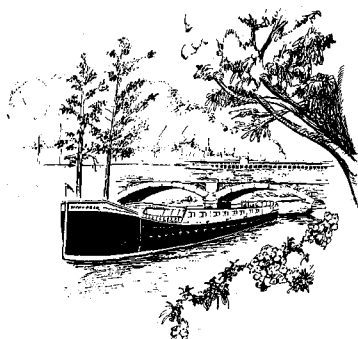
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halls, and restaurants. The main center was opened in March; next door is the Guildhall School of Music and Drama, which has been open since 1977. This area of London has not hitherto been associated with the arts, or with much late-night activity of any kind, and a major concern of the organizers has been whether an audience could be attracted there in the evening. (On a subway poster advertising the center, orchestral players look baffled and a caption reads, "If the L.S.O. can find the Barbican before it opens in March, they'll be playing there nightly. It's easier than you think...") In order to tempt daytime workers in the City, early-evening as well as lunchtime concerts have been scheduled. The London Symphony program I attended at lunchtime was full to the doors, with large queues for returned tickets.

The building has become an attraction in itself: I'm not sure why, since the interior is like an airport lounge, with concrete walls and huge illuminated signs; outside the concert hall, the floors slope inexorably downward toward the bars. It is not easy to find one's way around, and for a building designed to operate on many levels the elevators are absurdly small. The outside is unmemorable, but a pleasant landscaped patio has been designed that looks across an artificial lake to the Church of St. Giles, Cripplegate. On the top level, there is a conservatory garden, and the roof of the concert hall (a sculpture court that is surrounded by a semicircular arch of conference rooms) looks a natural for summer outdoor events. The concert hall is a light, airy, attractive room that seats just over two thousand in comfort, but it seems to have been designed more for conferences than for music. The seats are in three banks—one across the center of the hall, the others, sharply angled, at the sides. At the London Symphony concert, I sat first in one side bank and then in the other; in both cases, the sound was severely unbalanced, and there was insufficient bass sound. Yet the acoustics are fresh and natural—far more so than those of the Royal Festival Hall—and the balance may improve in the higher reaches of the auditorium. Bernstein's Symphonic Dances from "West Side Story" served to display the clarity and sharpness of the acoustics very well, though Charles Ives' "The Fourth of July" was more than desirably confused by the immediate brightness of the response. Mark

Elder, the musical director of the English National Opera, conducted; the performances were neat and fluent rather than exciting.

A decade ago, when the Barbican was being planned, it was supposed to provide one solution to London's orchestral problems. The L.S.O. would move into residence there, and the competition between London's four public-funded orchestras at the Festival Hall would become less intense. But the London Symphony has not dared to take the plunge: it is holding three four-week residencies at the Barbican in addition to its work at the Festival Hall, and extra public funds have been provided for the residencies. The English Chamber Orchestra is sharing these periods at the Barbican; during the rest of the year, the hall will be open for other engagements and for conferences. The opportunity to give one of London's orchestras a permanent home has not, so far, been taken; but if audience response is maintained at the present rate perhaps the matter will be raised again—and perhaps, too, the Barbican's programming will risk becoming a mite more adventurous.

IN New York, two concerts on one evening in the week before Easter served to confirm the present revival of interest in the early piano, complementing the Haydn series at Merkin Concert Hall, about which Andrew Porter wrote here last week. At the Metropolitan Museum of Art, Virginia Pleasants gave a short recital on a 1797 Broadwood that she and her husband have donated to the Museum's collection of musical instruments. It was a delightful occasion. In the shadow, as Mrs. Pleasants put it, of one of the earliest of all pianos (the 1720 Cristofori that stands in one of the musical-instruments galleries), we were seated closely around the Broadwood and could hear it with ideal detail and clarity. It is a small domestic piano—not an unusual instrument but, rather, one that is valuable for being typical of so many Broadwood products of the end of the eighteenth century. It has been very well restored, and, unlike many larger Broadwoods, has good, firm damping allied to a chiming, crystal tone. Some of Mrs. Pleasants' selections—sonatas by J. C. Bach and Clementi—seemed on too large a scale. (The Bach sonata was clearly orchestral in style.) Mrs. Pleasants and the piano shone in intimate music by Haydn, C. P. E. Bach,

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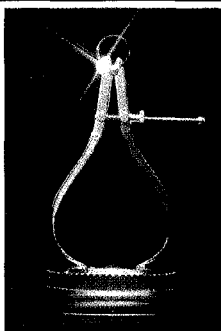
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and, especially, J. B. Cramer, whose gentle yet brilliant studies perfectly matched the scale and tone color of the instrument.

It was something of a shock to go directly from the Metropolitan's galleries to Alice Tully Hall, where the Mozartean Players were giving a program of classical concertos and concert arias. Tully Hall's acoustics are bald, and, even though the audience was depleted by the bad weather, there was little bloom or resonance to catch the sound of Steven Lubin's piano. Mozart played the piano in halls almost as large, though their acoustic design was probably very different. But a modern performer has to make his own choices and compromises when trying to re-create a historical sound. Mr. Lubin's copy (by Rodney J. Regier) of an Anton Walter instrument did not project sufficiently over the orchestra, and Mr. Lubin was forced to make a hard, brittle sound in the passagework of the A-Major Concerto, K. 488. The slow movement of that concerto (intelligently embellished) and Mr. Lubin's obbligato to "Ch'io mi scordi di te," sung with beautiful poise and understated expressiveness by Jane Bryden, were much more satisfactory. The orchestra, of period instruments, played with vigor and competence, though there were no unusual insights into Mozartean style; horns and clarinets came through crisply, but the bassoons were under-balanced in the exquisite dialogue of the concerto's slow movement.

—NICHOLAS KENYON

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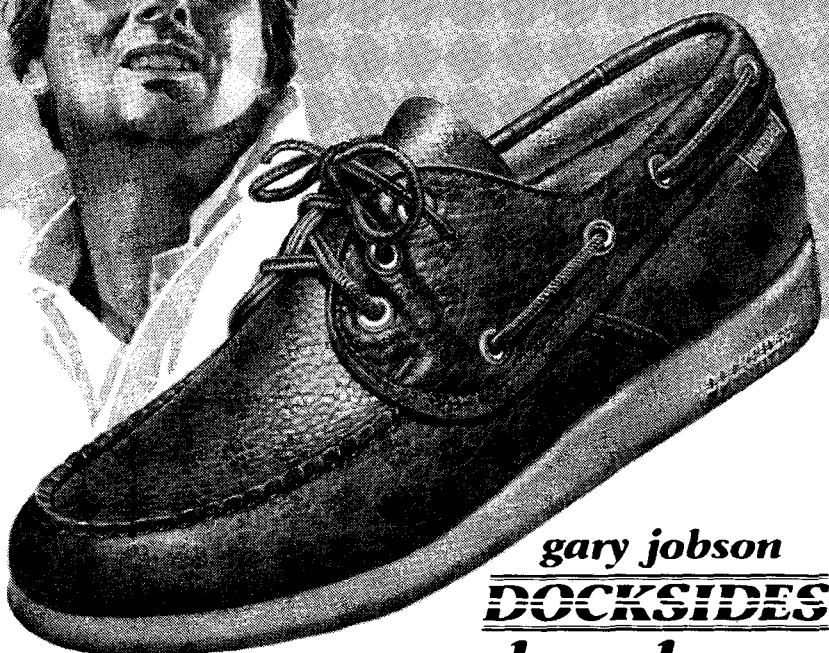
But the other promotional stunts they've done have been half the fun of the job, Osina said. They've dressed up as Playboy Bunnies for the Hugh Muses Playboy plane and handed out parsley-net Easter bonnets—"You would see a little bald-headed man wearing a bonnet all the way on the flight." And there was "Transylvania," where they made themselves and passengers into vampires with blood and plastic teeth. Or macaroni week, when they gave out crowns of noodles. "We'd crown a King Noodle on each flight."—*El Paso (Texas) Herald-Post*.

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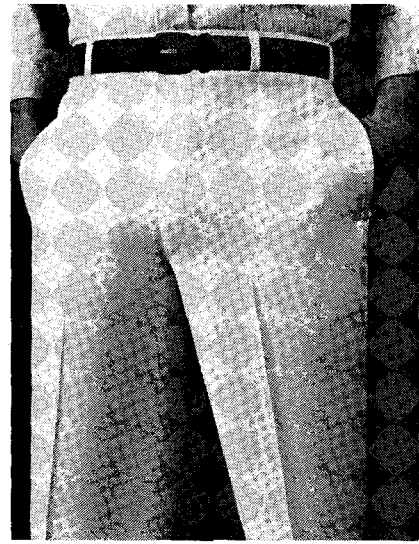
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REFLECTIONS

WRITING ITSELF: ON ROLAND BARTHES

The best poetry will be rhetorical criticism.—Wallace Stevens, in a journal of 1899.
I rarely lose sight of myself.—Paul Valéry, "Monsieur Teste."

TEACHER, man of letters, moralist, philosopher of culture, connoisseur of strong ideas, protean autobiographer: of all the intellectual notables who have emerged since the Second World War in France, Roland Barthes is the one whose work I am most certain will endure. Barthes was in full flow, incessantly productive as he had been for over three decades, when he was struck by a van as he started to cross a street in Paris in early 1980—a death felt by friends and admirers to be excruciatingly untimely. But with the backward look of grief comes the awareness that confers upon his large, chronically mutating body of writing, as on all major work, its retroactive completeness. The development of Barthes's work now seems logical; more than that, exhaustive. It even begins and falls silent on the same subject—that exemplary instrument in the career of consciousness, the writer's journal. As it happens, the first essay Barthes ever published celebrates the model consciousness he found in the "Journal" of André Gide, and what turned out to be the last essay published before Barthes died offers his musings on his own journal-keeping. The symmetry, however adventitious, is an utterly appropriate one, for Barthes's writing, with its prodigious variety of subjects, has finally one great subject: writing itself.

His early themes were those of the free-lance partisan of letters, on the occasions afforded by cultural journalism, literary debate, theatre and book reviews. To these were added topics that originated and were recycled in seminars and from the lecture platform, for Barthes's literary career was run concurrently with a (very successful) academic one, and in part as an academic one. But the voice was always singular, and self-referring; the achievement is of another, larger order than can be had even by practicing, with thrilling virtuosity, the most lively and many-tracked of academic disciplines. For all his contributions to the would-be science of signs and structures, Barthes's endeavor was the quintessentially literary one: the writer organizing, under a series of doctrinal auspices, the theory of his own mind. And when the current enclosure of his

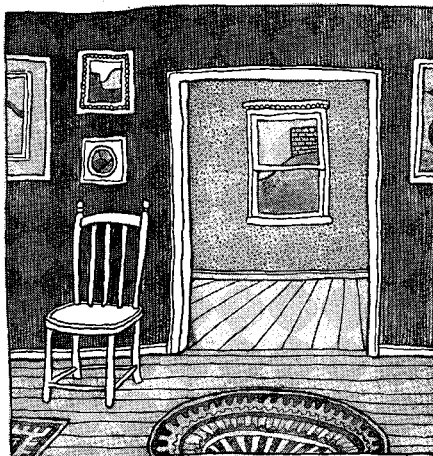
reputation by the labels of semiology and structuralism crumbles, as it must, Barthes will appear, I think, as a rather traditional *promeneur solitaire* and a greater writer than even his more fervent admirers now claim.

HE always wrote full out, was always concentrated, keen, indefatigable. This dazzling inventiveness seems not just a function of Barthes's extraordinary powers as a mind, as a writer. It seems to have almost the status of a position—as if this is what critical discourse *must* be. "Literature is like phosphorous," he says in his first book, "Writing Degree Zero" (1953); "it shines with its maximum brilliance at the moment when it attempts to die." In Barthes's view, literature is already a posthumous affair. His work affirms a standard of vehement brilliance that is indeed one ideal of a cultural moment which believes itself to be having, in several senses, the last word.

Its brilliance aside, Barthes's work has some of the specific traits associated with the style of a late moment in culture—a style that presumes an endless discourse anterior to itself, that presumes intellectual sophistication: it is work that, strenuously unwilling to be boring or obvious, favors compact assertion, writing that rapidly covers a great deal of ground. Barthes was an inspired, ingenious practitioner of the essay and the anti-essay—he had a resistance to long forms. Typically, his sentences are complex, comma-ridden and colon-prone, packed with densely worded entailments of ideas deployed as if these were the materials

of a supple prose. It is a style of exposition, recognizably French, whose parent tradition is to be found in the tense, idiosyncratic essays published between the two world wars in the *Nouvelle Revue Française*—a perfected version of the *N.R.F.*'s house style, which can deliver more ideas per page while retaining the brio, the acuteness of timbre. His vocabulary is large, fastidious, fearlessly mandarin. Even Barthes's less fleet, more jargon-haunted writings—most of them from the nineteen-sixties—are full of flavor he manages to make an exuberant use of neologisms. While exuding straight-ahead energy, his prose constantly reaches for the summative formulation it is irrepressibly aphoristic. (Indeed one could go through Barthes's work extracting superb bits—epigrams, maxims—to make a small book, as has been done with Wilde and Proust. Barthes's strengths as an aphorist suggest a sensibility gifted, before any intervention of theory, for the perception of structure. Being a method of condensed assertion by means of symmetrically counterposed terms, the maxim or aphorism inevitably displays the symmetries and complementarities of situations or ideas—their design, their shape. Like a markedly greater feeling for drawings than for paintings, a talent for aphorism is one of the signs of what could be called the formalist temperament.

The formalist temperament is just one variant of a sensibility shared by many who speculate in an era of hypersaturated awareness. What characterizes such a sensibility is its reliance on the criterion of taste, and its proud refusal to propose anything that does not bear the stamp of subjectivity. Confidently assertive, it nevertheless insists that its assertions are no more than provisional. (To do otherwise would be . . . bad taste.) Indeed, adepts of this sensibility usually make a point of claiming and reclaiming amateur status. "In linguistics I have never been anything but an amateur," Barthes told an interviewer in 1975. Throughout his late writings Barthes repeatedly disavows the, as it were, vulgar roles of system-builder, authority, mentor, expert, in order to reserve for himself the privileges and freedom of delectation: the exercise of taste for





"When it comes to forsythia, Raymond's motto is 'Prune without pity.'"

Barthes means, usually, to praise. What makes the role a choice one is his unstated commitment to finding something new and unfamiliar to praise (which requires having the right dissonance with established taste) or to praising a familiar work differently.

An early example is his second book (published in 1954), which is on Michelet. Through an inventory of the recurrent metaphors and themes in the great nineteenth-century historian's epic narratives, Barthes discloses a more intimate narration: Michelet's history of his own body and the "lyric resurrection of past bodies." Barthes is always after another meaning, a more eccentric—often utopian—discourse. What pleased him was to show insipid and reactionary works to be quirky and implicitly subversive, to display in the most extravagant projects of the imagination an opposite extreme: in his essay on Sade, a sexual ideal that was really an exercise in delirious rationality; in his essay on Fourier, a rationalist ideal that was really an exercise in sensual delirium. Barthes did take on central figures of the literary canon when he had something polemical to offer: in 1960 he wrote a short book on Racine, which scandalized academic

critics (the ensuing controversy ended with Barthes's complete triumph over his detractors); he also wrote on Proust and Flaubert. But more often, armed with his essentially adversary notion of the "text," he applied his ingenuity to the marginal literary subject: an unimportant "work"—say, Balzac's "Sarrasine," Chateaubriand's "Life of Rancé"—could be a marvelous "text." Considering something as a "text" means for Barthes precisely to suspend conventional evaluations (the difference between major and minor literature), to subvert established classifications (the separation of genres, the distinctions among the arts).

Though work of every form and worth qualifies for citizenship in the great democracy of "texts," the critic will tend to avoid the texts that everyone has handled, the meaning that everyone knows. The formalist turn in modern criticism—from its pristine phase, as in Viktor Shklovsky's idea of de-familiarizing, onward—dictates just this. It charges the critic with the task of discarding worn-out meanings for fresh ones. It is a mandate to scout for new meanings. *Étonne-moi.*

The same mandate is supplied by Barthes's notions of "text" and "textuality." These translate into a method

of criticism the modernist ideal of an open-ended, polysemous literature; and thereby make the critic, just like the creators of that literature, the inventor of meaning. (The aim of literature, Barthes asserts, is to put "meaning" into the world but not "a meaning.") To decide that the point of criticism is to alter and to relocate meaning—adding, subtracting, multiplying it—is in effect to base the critic's exertions on an enterprise of avoidance, and thereby to recommit criticism (if it had ever left) to the dominion of taste. For it is, finally, the exercise of taste which identifies meanings that are familiar; a judgment of taste which discriminates against such meanings as too familiar; an ideology of taste which makes of the familiar something vulgar and facile. Barthes's formalism at its most decisive, his ruling that the critic is called on to reconstitute not the "message" of a work but only its "system"—its form, its structure—is perhaps best understood thus, as the liberating avoidance of the obvious, as an immense gesture of good taste.

For the modernist—that is, formalist—critic, the work with its received valuations already exists. Now, what *else* can be said? The canon of great books has been fixed. What can we

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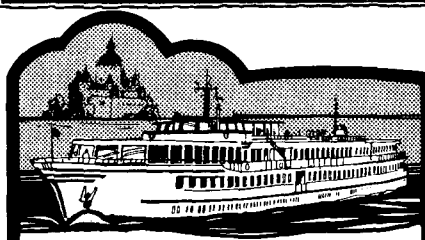
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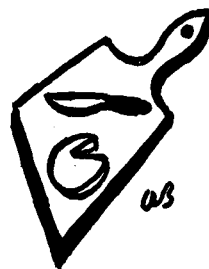
add or restore to it? The "message" is already understood, or is obsolete. Let's ignore it.

OF a variety of means Barthes possessed for giving himself something to say—he had an exceptionally fluent, ingenious generalizing power—the most elementary was his aphorist's ability to conjure up a vivacious duality: anything could be split either into itself and its opposite, or into two versions of itself; and one term then fielded against the other to yield an unexpected relation. The point of Voltairean travel, he remarks, is "to manifest an immobility;" Baudelaire "had to protect theatricality from the theatre;" the Eiffel Tower "makes the city into a kind of Nature"—Barthes's writing is seeded with such ostensibly paradoxical, epigrammatic formulas, whose point is to sum something up. It is the nature of aphoristic thinking to be always in a state of concluding; a bid to have the final word is inherent in all powerful phrasemaking.

Less elegant, indeed making a point of dogged explicitness, and far more powerful as an instrument for giving himself something to say, are the classifications that Barthes lays out in order to topple himself into a piece of argument—dividing into two, three, even four parts the matter to be considered. Arguments are launched by announcing that there are two main classes and two subclasses of narrative units, two ways in which myth lends itself to history, two facets of Racinian eros, two musics, two ways to read La Rochefoucauld, two kinds of writers, two forms of his own interest in photographs. That there are three types of corrections a writer makes, three Mediterraneans and three tragic sites in Racine, three levels on which to read the plates of the Encyclopedia, three areas of spectacle and three types of gesture in Japanese puppet theatre, three attitudes toward speech and writing, equivalent to three vocations: writer, intellectual, and teacher. That there are four kinds of readers, four reasons for keeping a journal. . . .

And so on. This is the codifying, frontal style of French intellectual discourse, a branch of the rhetorical tactics that the French call, not quite accurately, Cartesian. Although a few of the classifications Barthes employs are standard, such as semiology's ca-

nonical triad of signified, signifier, and sign, many are inventions devised by Barthes in order to *make* an argument, such as his assertion in a late book, "The Pleasure of the Text" (1973), that the modern artist seeks to destroy art, "this effort taking three forms." The aim of this implacable categorizing is not just to map the intellectual territory: Barthes's taxonomies are never static. Often the point is precisely for one category to subvert the other, as do the two forms, which he calls *punctum* and *studium*, of his interest in photographs.



Barthes offers classifications to keep matters open—to reserve a place for the uncoded, the enchanted, the intractable, the histrionic. He was fond of bizarre classifications, of classificatory excess (Fourier's, for example); and his boldly physical metaphors for mental life

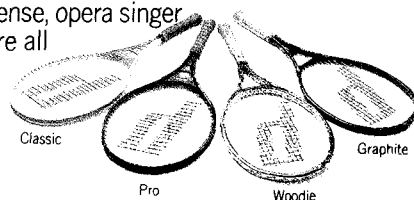
stress not topography but transformation. Drawn to hyperbole, as all aphorists are, Barthes enlists ideas in drama, often a sensual melodrama or a faintly gothic one. He speaks of the quiver, thrill, or shudder of meaning of meanings that themselves vibrate, gather, loosen, disperse, quicken, shine, fold, mutate, delay, slide, separate, that exert pressure, crack, rupture, fissure, are pulverized. Barthes offers something like a poetics of thinking, which identifies the meaning of subjects with the very mobility of meaning, with the kinetics of consciousness itself, and liberates the critic as artist. The uses that binary and triadic thinking had for Barthes's imagination were always provisional, available to correction, destabilization, condensation.

As a writer he preferred short forms, and had been planning to give a seminar on them; he was particularly drawn to miniature ones, like the haiku and the quotation; and, like all true writers, what enthralled him was "the detail" (his word)—experience's model short form. Even as an essayist, Barthes mostly wrote short, and the books he did write tend to be multiples of short forms rather than "real" books, itineraries of topics rather than unified arguments. His "Michelet," for example, keys its inventory of the historian's themes to a larger number of brief excerpts from Michelet's prolific writings. The most rigorous example of the argument as an itinerary by means of quotation is "S/Z" (1970), his model exegesis of

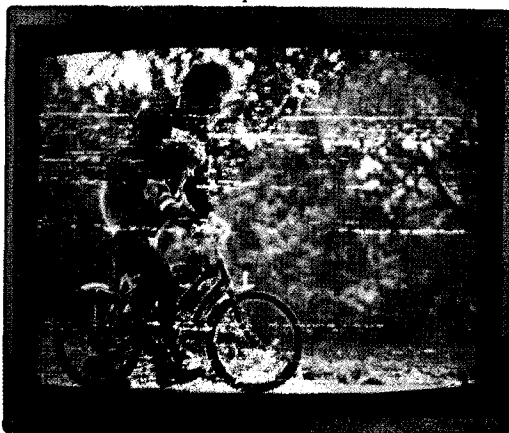


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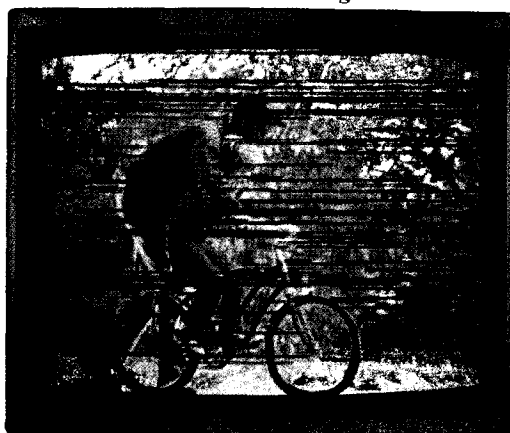
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Balzac's "Sarrasine." From staging the texts of others, he passed inevitably to the staging of his own ideas. And in the same series on great writers (*Écrivains de Toujours*) to which he contributed the Michelet volume, he eventually did one on himself, in 1975: that dazzling oddity in the series, "Roland Barthes" by Roland Barthes. The high-velocity arrangements of Barthes's late books dramatize both his fecundity (insatiability and lightness) and his desire to subvert all tendencies to system-making.

An animus against the systematizers has been a recurrent feature of intellectual good taste for more than a century; Kierkegaard, Nietzsche, Wittgenstein are among the many voices that proclaim, from a superior if virtually unbearable burden of singularity, the absurdity of systems. In its strong modern form, scorn for systems is one aspect of the protest against Law, against Power itself. An older, milder refusal is lodged in the French sceptic tradition, from Montaigne to Gide: writers who are epicures of their own consciousness are likely to decry "the sclerosis of systems," a phrase Barthes used in his first essay, on Gide. And along with these refusals a distinctive modern stylistics has evolved, the prototypes of which go back at least to Sterne and the German Romantics—the invention of anti-linear forms of narration: in fiction, the destruction of the "story;" in non-fiction, the abandonment of linear argument. The presumed impossibility (or irrelevance) of making a continuous systematic argument has led to a remodelling of the standard long forms—the treatise, the long book—and a recasting of the genres of fiction, autobiography, and essay. Of this stylistics, Barthes is a particularly inventive practitioner.

The Romantic and post-Romantic sensibility discerns in every book a first-person performance: to write is a dramatic act, subject to dramatic elaboration. One strategy is to use multiple pseudonyms, as Kierkegaard did, concealing and multiplying the figure of the author. When autobiographical, the work invariably includes avowals of reluctance to speak in the first person. One of the conventions of "Roland Barthes" is for the autobiographer to refer to himself sometimes as "I," sometimes as "he." All this, Barthes announces on the first page of

this book about himself, "must be considered as if spoken by a character in a novel." Under the meta-category of performance, not only the line between autobiography and fiction is muted but that between essay and fiction as well. "Let the essay avow itself almost a novel," he says in "Roland Barthes." Writing registers new forms of dramatic stress, of a self-referring kind: writing becomes the record of compulsions and of resistances to write. (In the further extension of this view, writing itself becomes the writer's subject.)

For the purpose of achieving an ideal digressiveness and an ideal intensity, two strategies have been widely adopted. One is to abolish some or all of the conventional demarcations or separations of discourse, such as chapters, paragraphing, even punctuation, whatever is regarded as impeding formally the continuous production of (the writer's) voice—the run-on method favored by writers of philosophical fictions, such as Hermann Broch, Joyce, Stein, Beckett. The other strategy is the opposite one: to multiply the ways in which discourse is segmented, to invent further ways of breaking it up. Joyce and Stein used this method, too; Shklovsky in his best books, from the nineteen-twenties, writes in one-sentence paragraphs. The multiple openings and closures produced by the start-and-stop method permit discourse to become as differentiated, as polyphonous as possible.



Its most common shape in expository discourse is that of short, one- or two-paragraph units separated by spaces. "Notes on..." is the usual literary title—a form Barthes uses in the essay on Gide, and returns to often in his later work. Much of his writing proceeds by techniques of interruption, sometimes in the form of an excerpt alternating with a disjunctive commentary, as in "Michelet" and "S/Z." To write in fragments or sequences or "notes" entails new, serial (rather than linear) forms of arrangements. These sequences may be staged in some arbitrary way. For example, they may be numbered—a method practiced with great refinement by Wittgenstein. Or they may be given headings, sometimes ironic or overemphatic—Barthes's strategy in "Roland Barthes." Headings allow an additional possibility: for the elements to be arranged alphabetically, to emphasize further the arbitrary character



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of their sequence—the method of “A Lover’s Discourse” (1977), whose French title evokes the notion of the fragment; it is “Fragments d’un Discours Amoureux.”

Barthes’s late writing is his boldest formally: all major work was organized in a serial rather than linear form. Straight essay writing was reserved for the literary good deed (prefaces, for example, of which Barthes wrote many) or journalistic whim. However, these strong forms only bring forward a desire implicit in all of his work: to have a superior relation to assertion, the relation that art has—of pleasure. Such a conception of writing excludes the fear of contradiction. (In Wilde’s phrase: “A truth in art is that whose contradiction is also true.”) Barthes repeatedly compared teaching to play, reading to eros, writing to seduction. His voice became more and more personal—more full of grain, as he called it; his intellectual art more openly a performance, like that of the other great anti-systematizers. But whereas Nietzsche addresses the reader in many tones, mostly aggressive—exulting, berating, coaxing, prodding, taunting, inviting complicity—Barthes invariably performs in an affable register. There are no rude or prophetic claims, no pleadings with the reader, and no efforts *not* to be understood. This is seduction as play, never violation. All of Barthes’s work is an exploration of the histrionic or ludic, in many ingenious modes, a plea for savor, for a festive (rather than dogmatic or credulous) relation to ideas. For Barthes, as for Nietzsche, the point is not to teach us something in particular. The point is to make us bold, agile, subtle, intelligent, detached. And to give pleasure.

WRITING is Barthes’s perennial subject—indeed, perhaps no one since Flaubert (in his letters) has thought as brilliantly, as passionately as Barthes has about what writing is. Much of his work is devoted to portraits of the vocation of the writer: from the early debunking studies, included in “Mythologies” (1957), of the writer as seen by others, the writer as fraud, such as “The Writer on Holiday,” to more ambitious essays on writers writing, the writer as hero and martyr, such as “Flaubert and the Sentence,” about the writer’s “agony of style.” Barthes’s wonderful essays on writers are different versions of his great apologia for the vocation of the writer. With all his admiration for the

self-punishing standards of integrity set by Flaubert, Barthes dares to conceive of writing as a kind of happiness: the point of his essay on Voltaire ("The Last Happy Writer") and of his portrait of Fourier, unvexed by the sense of evil. In his late work he speaks directly of his own practice, scruples, bliss.

Barthes construes writing as an ideally complex form of consciousness: a way of being both passive and active, social and asocial, present and absent in one's own life. His idea of the writer's vocation excludes the sequestration that Flaubert thought inevitable, and appears to deny any conflict between the writer's necessary inwardness and the pleasures of worldliness. It is, so to speak, Flaubert strongly amended by Gide: a more well-bred, casual rigor, an avid, guileful relation to ideas that excludes fanaticism. Indeed, the ideal self-portrait—the portrait of the self as writer—that Barthes sketched throughout his work is virtually complete in the first essay, on Gide's "work of egoism," his "Journal." Gide supplied Barthes with the patrician model for the writer who is supple, multiple; never strident or vulgarly indignant; generous but also properly egotistical; incapable of being deeply influenced. He notes how little Gide was altered by his vast reading ("so many self-recognitions"), how his "discoveries" were never "denials." And he praises the profusion of Gide's scruples, observing that Gide's "situation at the intersection of great contradictory currents was nothing facile about it." Barthes subscribes as well to Gide's idea of writing that is elusive, willing to be minor. His relation to politics also recalls Gide's: a willingness in times of ideological mobilization to take the right stands, to be political—but, finally, not; and thereby, perhaps, to tell the truth that hardly anybody else is telling. (An example is the short essay Barthes wrote after a trip to China in 1974.) Barthes had many affinities with Gide, and much of what he says of Gide applies unaltered to himself. How remarkable to find it all laid out—including the program of "perpetual self-correction"—well before he embarked on his career. Barthes was twenty-seven, a patient in a sanatorium for tubercular students, when he wrote this essay, in 1942, for the sanatorium's magazine; he did not enter the Paris literary arena for another five years.)

When Barthes, who began under



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the aegis of Gide's doctrine of psychic and moral availability, started writing regularly, Gide's important work was long over, his influence already negligible (he died in 1951); and Barthes put on the armor of postwar debate about the responsibility of literature, the terms of which were set up by Sartre—the demand that the writer be in a militant relation to virtue, which Sartre described, tautologically, as “commitment.” Gide and Sartre were, of course, the two most influential writer-moralists of this century in France, and the work of these two sons of French Protestant culture suggests quite opposed moral and aesthetic choices. But it is just this kind of polarization that Barthes, another Protestant in revolt against Protestant moralism, seeks to avoid. Suppose Gidean that he is, Barthes is eager to acknowledge the model of Sartre as well. While a quarrel with Sartre's view of literature lies at the heart of his first book, “Writing Degree Zero” (Sartre is never mentioned by name), an agreement with Sartre's view of the imagination, and its obsessional energies, surfaces in Barthes's last book, “Camera Lucida” (written “in homage” to the early Sartre, the author of “L'Imaginaire”). Even in the first book, Barthes concedes a good deal to Sartre's view of literature and language—for example, putting poetry with the other “arts” and identifying literature with prose, with argument. Barthes's view of literature in his subsequent writing was more complex. Though he never wrote on poetry, his standards for literature approached those of the poet: language that has undergone an upheaval, has been displaced, liberated from ungrateful contexts; that, so to speak, lives on its own. Although Barthes agrees with Sartre that the writer's vocation has an ethical imperative, he insists on its complexity and ambiguity. Sartre appeals to the morality of ends. Barthes invokes “the morality of form”—what makes literature a problem rather than a solution, what makes literature.

To conceive of literature as successful “communication” and positioning, however, is a sentiment that must inevitably become conformist. The instrumental view expounded in Sartre's “What Is Literature?” (1948) makes of literature something perpetually obsolete, a vain—and misplaced—struggle between ethical good soldiers and literary purists (that is, modern-

ists). Riven by his love of literature (the love recounted in his own perfect book, “The Words”) and an evangelical contempt for literature, one of the century's great *littérateurs* spent the last years of his life insulting literature and himself with that indigent idea “the neurosis of literature.” His defense of the writer's duty to be committed politically is no more convincing. Accused of thereby reducing literature (to politics), Sartre protested that it would be more correct to accuse him of overestimating it. “If literature isn't *everything* it's not worth a single hour of someone's trouble,” he declared in an interview in 1960. “That's what I mean by ‘commitment.’” But Sartre's inflation of literature to “everything” is another brand of depreciation.

Barthes, too, might be charged with overestimating literature—with treating literature as “everything”—but at least he made a good case for doing so. For Barthes understood (as Sartre did not) that literature is first of all, last of all language. It is language that is everything. Which is to say that all of reality is presented in the form of language—the poet's wisdom, and also the structuralist's. And Barthes takes for granted (as Sartre, with his notion of writing as communication, did not) what he calls the “radical exploration of writing” undertaken by Mallarmé, Joyce, Proust, and their successors. That no venture is valuable unless it can be conceived as a species of radicalism—radicalism thereby unhinged from any distinctive content—is perhaps the essence of what we call modernism. Barthes's work belongs to the sensibility of modernism in the extent to which it assumes the necessity of the adversary stance: literature conceived by modernist standards but not necessarily a modernist literature. Rather all varieties of counterposition are available to it.

Perhaps the most striking difference between Sartre and Barthes is the deep one, of temperament. Sartre has an intellectually brutal, *bon enfant* view of the world, a view that wills simplicity, resolution, transparency; Barthes's view is irrevocably complex, self-conscious, refined, irresolute. Sartre was eager, too eager, to seek confrontation and the tragedy of this great career, or the use he made of his stupendous intellect, was just his willingness to simplify himself. Barthes preferred to avoid confrontation, to evade polarization. He defines the writer as “the



watcher who stands at the crossroads of all other discourses"—the opposite of an activist or a purveyor of doctrine.

Barthes's utopia of literature has an ethical character almost the opposite of Sartre's. It emerges in the connections he makes between desire and reading, desire and writing—his insistence that his own writing is, more than anything, the product of appetite. The words "pleasure," "bliss," "happiness" recur in his work with a weight, reminiscent of Gide, that is both voluptuous and subversive. As a moralist—Puritan or anti-Puritan—might solemnly distinguish sex for procreation from sex for pleasure, Barthes divides writers into those who write *something* (what Sartre meant by a writer) and the real writers, who do not write something but, rather, *write*. This intransitive sense of the verb "to write" Barthes endorses as not only the source of the writer's felicity but the model of freedom. For Barthes, what makes literature an instrument of opposition and subversion is not the commitment that writing makes to something outside of itself (to a social or moral goal) but a certain practice of writing itself: excessive, playful, intricate, subtle, sensuous—language which can never be that of power.

Barthes's praise of writing as a gratuitous, free activity is, in one sense, a political view. He conceives of literature as a perpetual renewal of the right of individual assertion; and all rights are, finally, political ones. Still, Barthes is in an evasive relation to politics, and he is one of the great modern refusers of history. Barthes started publishing and maturing in the aftermath of the Second World War, which, astonishingly, he never mentions; indeed, in all his writings he never, as far as I recall, mentions the word "war." Barthes's friendly way of understanding subjects domesticates them, in the best sense. He lacks anything like Walter Benjamin's tragic awareness that every work of civilization is also a work of barbarism. The ethical burden for Benjamin was a kind of martyrdom; he could not help connecting it with politics. Barthes regards politics as a kind of constriction of the human (and intellectual) subject which has to be outwitted; in "Roland Barthes" he declares that he likes political positions "lightly held." Hence, perhaps, he was never gripped by the project that was central for Benjamin, as it is for all true modernists: to try to fathom the nature of "the modern." Barthes, who was not tormented by



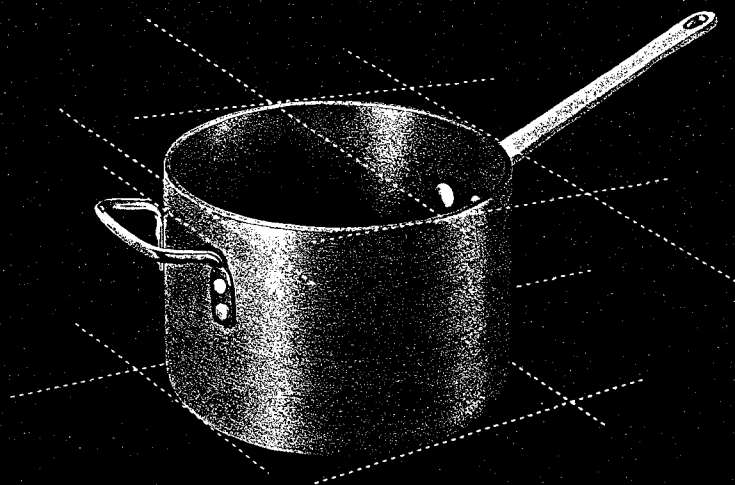
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the catastrophes of modernity or tempted by its revolutionary illusions, had a post-tragic sensibility. He refers to the present literary era as "a moment of gentle apocalypse." Happy indeed the writer who can pronounce such a phrase.

MUCH of Barthes's work is devoted to the repertoire of pleasure—"the great adventure of desire," as he calls it in the essay on Brillat-Savarin's "Physiology of Taste." Collecting a model of felicity from each thing he examines, he assimilates intellectual practice itself to the erotic. Barthes called the life of the mind desire, and was concerned to defend "the plurality of desire." Meaning is never monogamous. His joyful wisdom or gay science offers the ideal of a free yet capacious, satisfied consciousness; of a condition in which one does not have to choose between good and bad, true and false, in which it is not necessary to justify. The texts and enterprises that engaged Barthes tend to be those in which he could read a defiance of these antitheses. For example, this is how Barthes construes fashion: as a domain, like eros, where contraries do not exist ("Fashion seeks equivalences, validities—not verities"); where one can allow oneself to be gratified; where meaning—and pleasure—is profuse.

To construe in this way, Barthes requires a master category through which everything can be refracted, which makes possible the maximum number of intellectual moves. That most inclusive category is language—in the widest sense, meaning form itself. Thus, the subject of "Système de la Mode" (1967) is not fashion but the language of fashion. Barthes assumes, of course, that the language of fashion *is* fashion; that, as he said in an interview, "fashion exists only through the discourse on it." Assumptions of this sort (myth is a language, clothes are a language) have become a leading, often reductive convention of contemporary thought. In Barthes's work, the assumption is not reductive but proliferative—embarrassment of riches for the critic as artist. To stipulate that there is no understanding outside of language is to assert that there is meaning *everywhere*.

By so extending the reach of meaning, Barthes takes the notion over the top, to arrive at such triumphant paradoxes as the empty subject that contains everything, the empty sign to which all meaning can be attributed. With this euphoric sense of how

meaning proliferates, Barthes reads that "zero degree of the monument," the Eiffel Tower, as "this pure—virtually empty—sign" that (his italics) "*means everything*." (The characteristic point of Barthes's arguments-by-paradox is to vindicate subjects untrammelled by utility: it is the uselessness of the Eiffel Tower that makes it infinitely useful as a sign, just as the uselessness of genuine literature is what makes it morally useful.) Barthes found a world of such liberating absences of meaning, both modernist and simply non-Western, in Japan; Japan, he noted, was full of empty signs. In place of moralistic antitheses—true versus false, good versus bad—Barthes offers complementary extremes. "Its form is empty but present, its meaning absent but full," he writes about myth, in an essay in the nineteen-fifties. Arguments about many subjects have this identical climax: that absence is really presence, emptiness repletion, impersonality the highest achievement of the personal.

Like that euphoric register of religious understanding which discerns treasures of meaning in the most banal and meaningless, which designates as the richest carrier of meaning one vacant of meaning, the brilliant descriptions in Barthes's work bespeak an ecstatic experience of understanding; and ecstasy—whether religious, aesthetic, or sexual—has perennially been described by the metaphors of being empty and being full, the zero state and the state of maximal plentitude, their alternation, their equivalence. The very transposing of subjects into the discourse about them is the same kind of move: emptying subjects out to fill them up again. It is a method of understanding that, presuming ecstasy, fosters detachment. And his very idea of language supports both aspects of Barthes's sensibility: while endorsing a profusion of meaning, the Saussurian theory that language *is* form (rather than substance) is wonderfully congruent with a taste for elegant—that is, reticent—discourse. Creating meaning through the intellectual equivalent of negative space, Barthes's method has one never talking about subjects in themselves: fashion is the language of fashion; a country (Japan) is "the empire of signs"—the ultimate accolade. For reality to exist *as* signs conforms to a maximum idea of decorum: all meaning is deferred, indirect, elegant.

Barthes's ideals of impersonality, of reticence, of elegance are set forth

most beautifully in his appreciation of Japanese civilization: in the book called "The Empire of Signs" (1970) and in his essay on the Bunraku puppets. This essay, "Lesson in Writing," recalls Kleist's "On the Puppet Theatre," which similarly celebrates the tranquillity, lightness, and grace of beings free of thinking, of meaning—free of "the disorders of consciousness." Like the puppets in Kleist's essay, the Bunraku puppets are seen as incarnating an ideal "impassivity, clarity, agility, subtlety." To be both impassive and fantastic, inane and profound, unself-conscious and supremely sensuous: these qualities that Barthes discerned in various facets of Japanese civilization project an ideal of taste and deportment, the ideal of the aesthete, which has been in general circulation since the dandies of the late eighteenth century. Barthes was hardly the first Western observer for whom Japan has meant an aesthete's utopia, the place where one finds the aesthete's views everywhere and exercises one's own at liberty. The culture where aesthete goals are central—not, as in the West, eccentric—was bound to elicit a strong response. (Barthes mentions Japan as early as the Gide essay, in 1942.)

Of the available models of the aesthetic way of looking at the world, perhaps the most eloquent are French and Japanese. In France it has largely been a literary tradition, though with annexes in two popular arts—gastronomy and fashion. Barthes did take up the subject of food as ideology, as classification, as taste—he talks often of savoring; and it seems inevitable that he found the subject of fashion congenial. Writers from Baudelaire to Cocteau have taken fashion seriously, and one of the founding figures of literary modernism, Mallarmé, edited a fashion magazine. French culture, where aesthete ideals have been more explicit and influential than in any other European culture, allows a link between ideas of vanguard art and fashion. (The French have never shared the Anglo-American conviction that opposes the fashionable to the serious.) In Japan, aesthete standards appear to imbue the whole culture, and long predate the modern ironies; they were formulated as early as the late tenth century, in Sei Shōnagon's "Pillow Book," that breviary of consummate dandy's attitudes, written in what is for us an astonishingly modern, disjunctive form—notes, anecdotes, and lists. Barthes's interest in Japan ex-

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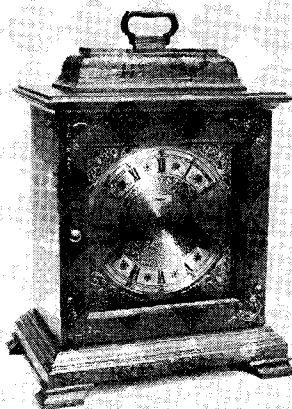


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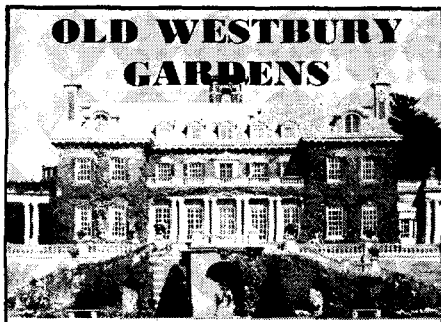


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presses an attraction to this less defensive, more innocent, and far more elaborated version of the aesthete sensibility: emptier and prettier than the French, more straightforward (no beauty in ugliness, as in Baudelaire); pre-apocalyptic, refined, serene.

In Western culture, where the dandy's attitude remains marginal, it has the character of an exaggeration. In one form, the older one, the aesthete is a willful exclusionist of taste, holding attitudes that make it possible to like, to be comfortable with, to give one's assent to the smallest number of things: reducing things to the smallest expression of them.

(When this taste distributes its pluses and minuses, it favors diminutive adjectives, such as—for praise—happy, amusing, charming, agreeable, suitable.) Elegance equals the largest amount of refusal. As language, this attitude finds its consummate expression in the rueful quip, the disdainful one-liner. In the other form, the aesthete sustains standards that make it possible to be pleased with the largest number of things; annexing new, unconventional, even illicit sources of pleasure. The literary device that best projects this attitude is the list ("Roland Barthes" has many)—the whimsical aesthete polyphony that juxtaposes things and experiences of a starkly different, often incongruous nature, turning them all, by this technique, into artifacts, aesthetic objects. Here elegance equals the wittiest acceptances. The aesthete's posture alternates between *never* being satisfied and *always* finding a way of being satisfied, being pleased with virtually everything.

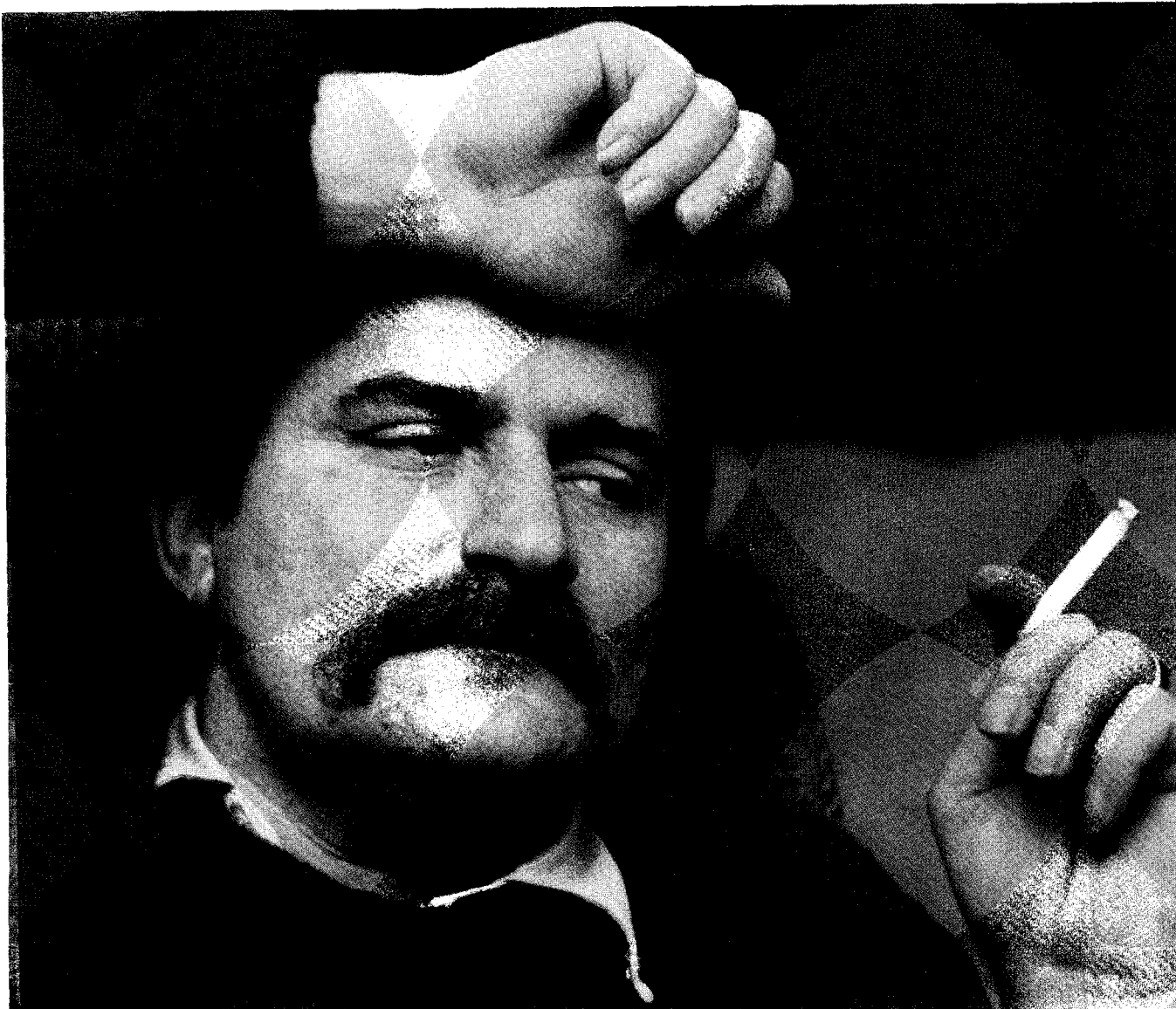
Although both directions of dandy taste presuppose detachment, the exclusivist version is cooler. The inclusivist version can be enthusiastic, even effusive; the adjectives used for praise tend to be over- rather than understatements. Barthes, who had much of the high exclusivist taste of the dandy, was more inclined to its modern, democratizing form: aesthete levelling—hence, his willingness to find charm, amusement, happiness, pleasure in so many things. His account of Fourier, for example, is finally an aesthete's appraisal. Of the "little details" that, he says, make up the "whole of Fourier," Barthes writes, "I am carried away, dazzled, convinced by a sort of charm of expression. . . . Fourier is swarming with these felicities. . . . I cannot resist these pleasures; they seem 'true' to me."

Similarly, what another *flâneur*, less committed to finding pleasure everywhere, might experience as the oppressive overcrowdedness of streets in Tokyo signifies for Barthes "the transformation of quality by quantity," a new relation that is "a source of endless jubilation."

Many of Barthes's judgments and interests are implicitly affirmations of the aesthete's standards. His early essays championing the fiction of Robbe-Grillet, which gave Barthes a misleading reputation as an advocate of literary modernism, were in effect aesthete polemics. The "objective," the "literal"—these austere, minimalist ideas of literature are, in fact, Barthes's ingenious recycling of one of the aesthete's principal theses: that surface is as telling as depth. What Barthes discerned in Robbe-Grillet in the nineteen-fifties was a new, high-tech version of the dandy writer; what he hailed in Robbe-Grillet was the desire "to establish the novel on the surface," thereby frustrating our desire to "fall back on a psychology." The idea that depths are obfuscating, demagogic, that no human essence stirs at the bottom of things, and that freedom lies in staying on the surface, the large glass on which desire circulates—this is the central argument of the modern aesthete position, in the various exemplary forms it has taken over the last hundred years. (Baudelaire. Wilde. Duchamp. Cage.)

Barthes is constantly making an argument against depth, against the idea that the most real is latent, submerged. Bunraku is seen as refusing the antinomy of matter and soul, inner and outer. "*Myth hides nothing*," he declares in "*Myth Today*" (1956). The aesthete position not only regards the notion of depths, of hiddenness, as a mystification, a lie, but opposes the very idea of antitheses. Of course, to speak of depths and surfaces is already to misrepresent the aesthetic view of the world—to reiterate a duality, like that of form and content, which the aesthete precisely denies. The largest statement of this position was made by Nietzsche, all of whose work advances a criticism of fixed antitheses (good versus evil, right versus wrong, true versus false).

But while Nietzsche scorned "depths," he exalted "heights." In the post-Nietzschean tradition, there are neither depths nor heights; there are only various kinds of surface, of spectacle. Nietzsche said that every pro-



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found nature needs a mask, and spoke—profoundly—in praise of intellectual ruse; but he was making the gloomiest prediction when he said that the coming century, ours, would be the age of the actor. An ideal of seriousness, of sincerity, underlies all of Nietzsche's work, which makes the overlap of his ideas and those of a true aesthete (like Wilde, like Barthes) so ambiguous. Nietzsche was a histrionic thinker but not a lover of the histrionic. His ambivalence toward the spectacle (after all, his criticism of Wagner's music was finally that it was a seduction), his insistence on the authenticity of spectacle, means that criteria other than the histrionic are in effect. In the aesthete's position, reality and spectacle reinforce and infuse each other, and seduction is always something positive. In this respect, Barthes's ideas have an exemplary coherence. Notions of the theatre inform, directly or indirectly, all his work. (Divulging the secret, late, he declares in "Roland Barthes" that there was no single text of his "which did not treat of a certain theatre, and the spectacle is the universal category through whose forms the world is seen.") Barthes explains Robbe-Grillet's empty, "anthological" description as a technique of theatrical distancing (presenting an object "as if it were in itself a spectacle"). Fashion is, of course, another case-book of the theatrical. So is Barthes's interest in photography, which he treats as a realm of pure haunted spectatorship. In the account of photography given in "Camera Lucida" there are hardly any photographers—the subject is photographs (treated virtually as *objets trouvés*) and those who are fascinated by them: as objects of erotic reverie, as memento mori.

What he wrote about Brecht, whom he discovered in 1954 (when the Berliner Ensemble visited Paris with their production of "Mother Courage") and helped make known in France, has less to do with the theatrical than does his treatment of subjects as *forms* of the theatrical. In his frequent use of Brecht in seminars of the nineteen-seventies, he cited the prose writings, which he took as a model of critical acuity; it was not Brecht the maker of didactic spectacles but Brecht the didactic intellectual who finally mattered to Barthes. In contrast, with Bunraku what Barthes valued was the element of theatricality as such. In Barthes's early work, the theatrical is the do-

main of liberty: the place where identities are only roles and one can *change* roles, a zone where meaning itself may be refused. (Barthes speaks of Bunraku's privileged "exemption from meaning.") Barthes's talk about the theatrical, like his evangelism of pleasure, is a way of proselytizing for the attenuating, lightening, baffling of the Logos, of meaning itself.

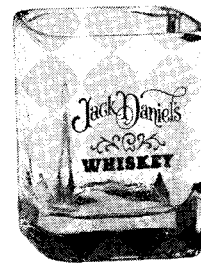
To affirm the spectacle is the triumph of the aesthete's position: the promulgation of the ludic, the refusal of the tragic. All of Barthes's intellectual moves have the effect of voiding work of its "content," the tragic of its finality. That is the sense in which his work is genuinely subversive, liberating—playful. It is outlaw discourse, in the great aesthete tradition, which often assumes the liberty of rejecting the "substance" of discourse in order better to appreciate its "form": outlaw discourse turned respectable, as it were, with the help of various theories known as varieties of formalism. In numerous accounts of his intellectual evolution, Barthes describes himself as the perpetual disciple—but the point that he really wants to make is that he remains, finally, untouched. He speaks of his having worked under the aegis of a succession of theories and masters. In fact, Barthes's work has altogether more coherence, and ambivalence. For all his connection with tutelary doctrines, Barthes's submission to doctrine was superficial. In the end, it was necessary that all intellectual gadgetry be discarded. His last books are a kind of unravelling of his ideas. "Roland Barthes," he says, is the book of his resistance to his ideas, the dismantling of his own authority. And in the inaugural lecture that marked his acceding to a position of the highest authority—the Chair of Literary Semiology

at the Collège de France, in 1977—Barthes chooses, characteristically enough, to argue for a soft intellectual authority. He praises teaching as a permissive,

not a coercive, space, where one can be relaxed, disarmed, floating.

Language itself, which Barthes called a "utopia" in the euphoric formulation that ends "Writing Degree Zero," now comes under attack as another form of "power," and his very effort to convey his sensitivity to the ways in which language is "power" gives rise to that instantly notorious hyperbole in his Collège de France lecture: the power of language is "quite simply fascist." To assume that society is ruled by monolithic ideolo-

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gies and repressive mystifications is necessary to Barthes's advocacy of egoism, post-revolutionary but nevertheless antinomian: his notion that the affirmation of the unremittingly personal is a subversive act. This is a classic extension of the aesthete attitude, in which it becomes a politics: a politics of radical individuality. Pleasure is largely identified with unauthorized pleasure, and the right of individual assertion with the sanctity of the asocial self. In the late writings, the theme of protest against power takes the form of an increasingly private definition of experience (as fetishized involvement) and a ludic definition of thought. "The great problem," Barthes said in a late interview, "is to outplay the signified, to outplay law, to outplay the father, to outplay the repressed—I do not say to explode it, but to outplay it." The aesthete's ideal of detachment, of the selfishness of detachment, allows for avowals of passionate, obsessed involvement: the selfishness of ardor, of fascination. (Thus Wilde speaks of his "curious mixture of ardour and of indifference. . . I would go to the stake for a sensation and be a sceptic to the last.") Barthes has to keep affirming the aesthete's detachment, and undermining it—with passions.

Like all great aesthetes, Barthes was an expert at having it both ways. Thus, he identifies writing both with a generous relation to the world (writing as "perpetual production") and with a defiant relation (writing as "a perpetual revolution of language," outside the bounds of power). He wants a politics and an anti-politics, a critical relation to the world and one beyond moral considerations. The aesthete's radicalism is the radicalism of a privileged, even a replete, consciousness—but a genuine radicalism nonetheless. All genuine moral views are founded on a notion of refusal, and the aesthete's view, which can be conformist, does provide certain potentially powerful, not just elegant, grounds for a great refusal.

The aesthete's radicalism: to be multiple, to make multiple identifications; to assume fully the privilege of the personal. Barthes's work—he avows that he writes by obsessions—consists of continuities and detours; the accumulation of points of view; finally, their disburdenment: a mixture of progress and caprice. For Barthes, liberty is a state that consists in remaining plural, fluid, vibrating with

doctrine; whose price is being indecisive, apprehensive, fearful of being taken for an impostor. The writer's freedom that Barthes describes is, in part, flight. The writer is the deputy of his own ego—of that self in perpetual flight before what is fixed by writing, as the mind is in perpetual flight from doctrine. "Who *speaks* is not who *writes*, and who *writes* is not who *is*." Barthes wants to move on—that is one of the imperatives of the aesthete's sensibility.

THROUGHOUT his work Barthes projects himself into his subject. He is Fourier: unvexed by the sense of evil, aloof from politics, that "necessary purge;" he "vomits it up." He is the Bunraku puppet: impersonal, subtle. He is Gide: the writer who is ageless (always young, always mature); the writer as egoist—a triumphant species of "simultaneous being" or plural desire. He is the subject of all the subjects that he praises. (That he must, characteristically, praise may be connected with his project of defining, creating standards for himself.) In this sense, much of what Barthes wrote now appears autobiographical.

Eventually, it became autobiographical in the literal sense. A brave meditation on the personal, on the self, is at the center of his late writings and seminars. Much of Barthes's work, especially the last three books, with their poignant themes of loss, constitutes a candid defense of his sensuality (as well as his sexuality)—his flavor, his way of tasting the world. The books are also artfully anti-confessional. "Camera Lucida" is a meta-book: a meditation on the even more personal

autobiographical book that he planned to write about photographs of his mother, who died in 1977, and then put aside.

Barthes starts from the modernist model of writing that is superior to intention or mere expressiveness; a mask. "The work," Valéry insists, "should not give the person it affects anything that can be reduced to an idea of the author's person and thinking." But this commitment to impersonality does not preclude the avowal of the self; it is only another variation on the project of self-examination—the noblest project of French literature. Valéry offers one ideal of self-absorption—impersonal, disinterested. Rousseau offers another ideal—passionate, avowing vulnerability. Many themes of Barthes's work lie in the



classic discourse of French literary culture: its taste for elegant abstraction—in particular, for the formal analysis of the sentiments; its disdain for mere psychology; and its coquetry about the impersonal (Flaubert saying "*Madame Bovary, c'est moi*" but also insisting, in his letters, on his novel's "impersonality," its lack of connection with himself).

Barthes is the latest major participant in the great national literary project, inaugurated by Montaigne: the self as vocation, life as a reading of the self. The enterprise construes the self as the locus of all possibilities, avid, unafraid of contradiction (nothing need be lost, everything may be gained), and the exercise of consciousness as a life's highest aim, because only through becoming fully conscious may one be free. The distinctive French utopian tradition is this vision of reality redeemed, recovered, transcended by consciousness: a vision of the life of the mind as a life of desire, of full intelligence and pleasure—so different from, say, the traditions of high moral seriousness of German and of Russian literature.

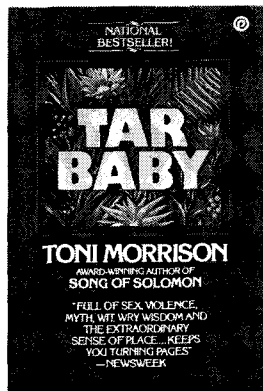
Inevitably, Barthes's work had to end in autobiography. "One must choose between being a terrorist and being an egoist," he once observed in a seminar. The options seem very French. Intellectual terrorism is a central, respectable form of intellectual practice in France—tolerated, humored, rewarded: the "Jacobin" tradition of ruthless assertion and shameless ideological about-faces; the mandate of incessant judgment, opinion, anathematizing, overpraising; the taste for extreme positions then casually reversed, and for deliberate provocation. Alongside this, how modest egoism is!

Barthes's voice became steadily more intimate, his subjects more inward. An affirmation of his own idiosyncrasy (which he does not "decipher") is the main theme of "Roland Barthes." He writes about the body, taste, love; solitude; erotic desolation; finally, death, or rather desire and death: the twin subjects of the book on photography. As in the Platonic dialogues, the thinker (writer, reader, teacher) and the lover—the two main figures of the Barthesian self—are joined. Barthes, of course, means his erotics of literature more literally, as literally as he can. (The text *enters, fills, it grants* euphoria.) But finally he seems fairly Platonic after all. The monologue of "A Lover's Discourse," which obvi-

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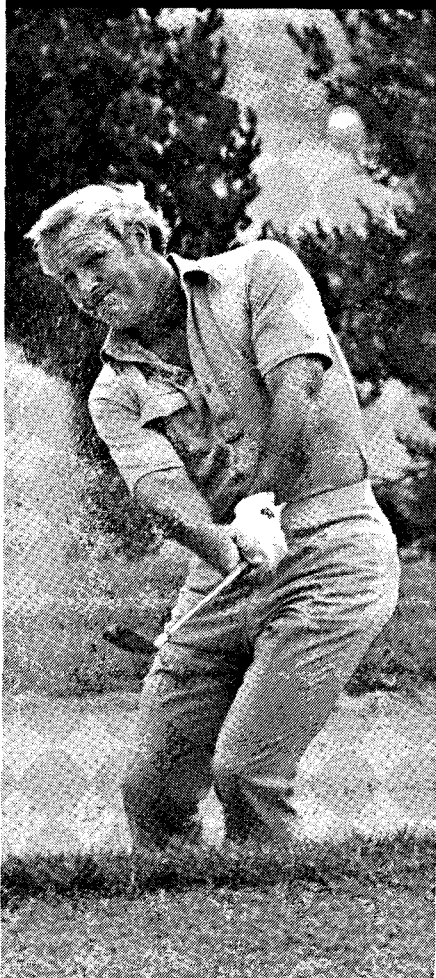


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ously draws on a story of disappointment in love, ends in a spiritual vision in the classic Platonic way, in which lower loves are transmuted into higher, more inclusive ones. Barthes avows that he "wants to unmask, no longer to interpret, but to make of consciousness itself a drug, and thus accede to a vision of irreducible reality, to the great drama of clarity, to prophetic love."

As he divested himself of theories, he gave less weight to the modernist standard of the intricate. He does not want, he says, to place any obstacles between himself and the reader. The last book is part memoir (of his mother), part meditation on eros, part treatise on the photographic image, part invocation of death—a book of piety, resignation, desire; a certain brilliance is being renounced, and the view itself is of the simplest. The subject of photography provided the great exemption, perhaps release, from the exactions of formalist taste. In choosing to write about photography, Barthes takes the occasion to adopt the warmest kind of realism: photographs fascinate because of what they are about. And they may awaken a desire for a further divestment of the self. ("Looking at certain photographs," he writes in "Camera Lucida," "I wanted to be a primitive, without culture.") The Socratic sweetness and charm become more plaintive, more desperate: writing is an embrace, a being embraced; every idea is an idea reaching out. There is a sense of disaggregation of his ideas, and of himself—represented by his increasing fascination with what he calls "the detail." In the preface to "Sade/Fourier/Loyola," Barthes writes, "Were I a writer, and dead, how pleased I would be if my life, through the efforts of some friendly and detached biographer, were to reduce itself to a few details, a few preferences, a few inflections, let us say: to 'biographemes' whose distinction and mobility might travel beyond the limits of any fate, and come to touch, like Epicurean atoms, some future body, destined to the same dispersion." The need to touch, even in the perspective of his own mortality.

Barthes's late work is filled with signals that he had come to the end of something—the enterprise of the critic as artist—and was seeking to become another kind of writer. (He announced his intention to write a novel.) There were exalted avowals of vulnerability, of being forlorn. Barthes more and more entertained an idea of writing

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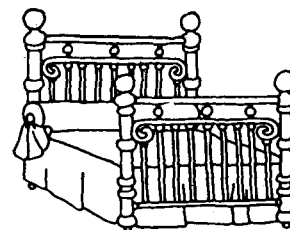


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which resembles the mystical idea of *kenosis*, emptying out. He acknowledged that not only systems—his ideas were in a state of melt—but the “I” as well has to be dismantled. (True knowledge, says Barthes, depends on the “unmasking of the ‘I.’”) The aesthetics of absence: the empty sign, the empty subject, the exemption from meaning were all intimations of the great project of depersonalization, which is the aesthete’s highest gesture of good taste. Toward the close of Barthes’s work, this ideal took on another inflection. A spiritual ideal of depersonalization—that is perhaps the characteristic terminus of every serious aesthete’s position. (Think of Wilde, of Valéry.) It is the point at which the aesthete’s view self-destructs: what follows is either silence—or becoming something else.

Barthes harbored spiritual strivings that could not be supported by his aesthete’s position. It was inevitable that he pass beyond it, as he did in his very last work and teaching. At the end, he had done with the aesthetics of absence, and now spoke of literature as the embrace of subject and object. There was an emergence of a vision of “wisdom” of the Platonic sort—tempered, to be sure, by wisdom of a worldly kind: sceptical of dogmatism, conscientious about gratification, wistfully attached to utopian ideals. Barthes’s temperament, style, sensibility, had run its course. And from this vantage point his work now appears to unfold, with more grace and poignancy and with far greater intellectual power than that of any other contemporary, the considerable truths vouchsafed to the aesthete’s sensibility, to a commitment to intellectual adventure, to the talent for contradiction and inversion—those “late” ways of experiencing, evaluating, reading the world; and surviving in it, drawing energy, finding consolation (but finally not), taking pleasure, expressing love.

—SUSAN SONTAG

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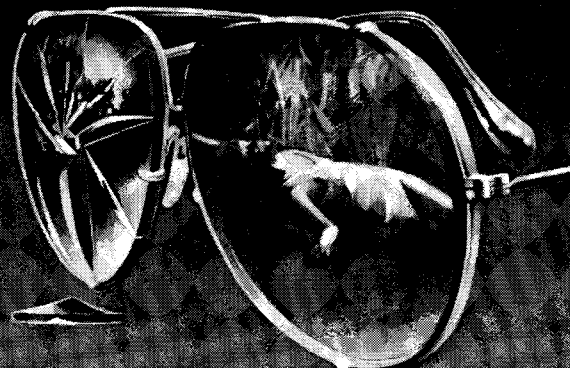
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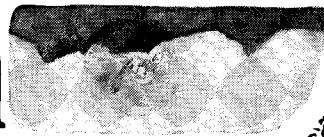
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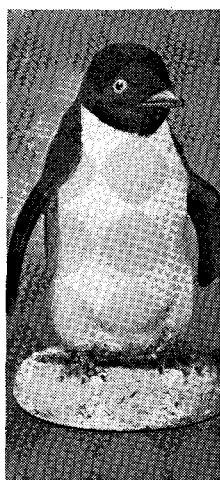
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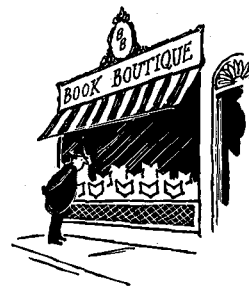
FICTION

LAST QUADRANT, by Meira Chand (Ticknor & Fields; \$10.95). A typhoon is a purge in three parts: the two punishing front quadrants of wind and rain; then a spell of tense, eerie calm as the storm's eye hovers overhead; and finally the two rear quadrants as the winds wheel around and attack with renewed force. In this story of a typhoon that strikes a small Japanese orphanage, Meira Chand makes full use of the symbolic possibilities. By the time the first rains begin, she has assembled inside the orphanage most of her characters: a stoical, solitary Englishwoman, the orphanage's director; her nephew, guilt-ridden because he has survived a car accident in which his best friend died; the director's Japanese-American adoptive daughter, an exile from both cultures; the girl's sluttish mother, who has come to reclaim her after a twenty-odd-year absence; an unhappy Irish nun suffering from spiritual aridity (her Mother Superior's diagnosis); a retired English businessman and amateur historian, afraid of old age and a prey to nostalgia; and a lot of winsome Japanese orphans. During the lull between quadrants, they scurry to the sturdy house of a well-to-do Englishwoman down the road; by the time the last quadrant has passed, a boat is floating in her lounge and two lives have been lost, but the survivors have been saved—spiritually—by having their world turned upside down and inside out. Meira Chand's descriptions of the typhoon's effect on wood, plaster, glass, and flesh—it is like a bomb, only cold and wet—are fine, and so is her blend of Oriental and Western imagery, which points up her characters' special sense of alienation.

GENERAL

THE RABBI ON FORTY-SEVENTH STREET, by Ann Birstein (Dial; \$13.95). A delightful biography of the author's father, who made a small synagogue famous by opening

its doors to its neighbors, the Jewish (other-than-Orthodox) community of Broadway. In 1912, as Beril Birstein stood in line on Ellis Island, he was already an Orthodox rabbi (a graduate of a distinguished Lithuanian yeshiva) and a nervous husband (his twenty-four-year-old wife was five years his senior), but he did not become the Rabbi of Forty-seventh Street until



fifteen years later—not until he had served time supervising kosher slaughterhouses in Georgia, raising funds for the Jewish Outpatients Sanitarium in Denver, and juggling the duties of rabbi, cantor, and Hebrew-school teacher in

Canarsie; and not until he had suffered the death of his first wife and some of the complaints of his second, and had sired one son and four daughters. The author, his youngest child, was born in 1927, two years after her father became the rabbi of the West Side Hebrew Relief Association (later to be known as the Actors' Temple); that same year, he recruited Sophie Tucker, Smith and Dale, Buck and Bubbles, Jimmy Durante, and a dozen other celebrities for the first annual benefit for the ailing *shul*. Ann Birstein's childhood memories of her father—including a tour of Fifth Avenue on a double-decker bus and an afternoon at the Polo Grounds, where her father shouted himself hoarse and she yearned for a non-kosher hot dog—are full of fine details; her occasional lapses into speculation about scenes she could not have witnessed violate only the letter, not the spirit, of biography.

BEATRIX POTTER'S AMERICANS: SELECTED LETTERS, edited by Jane Crowell Morse (Horn Book, Boston 02116; \$35). In 1921, at the age of fifty-five, Beatrix Potter greeted her first American visitor, a librarian and children's-book specialist named Anne Carroll Moore, who had ordered fifty French translations of "Peter Rabbit" and "Benjamin Bunny," for distribution in French villages ruined by the last war. Other Americans, on learning that Miss Potter was not as fierce or as reclusive as her London pub-

lisher had made her out to be, soon began to write and to visit, and a lively transatlantic correspondence grew up over the next twenty years. Beatrix Potter felt that Americans, unlike the English, appreciated not only her pictures but her stories (her favorite, "The Tailor of Gloucester," did not sell as well in London toy shops as the adventures of "those wearisome rabbits," as she put it), but the Second World War found her complaining about Americans' reluctance to do their share in the war effort. (As late as August of 1943, four months before her death, she wrote to an old friend in Philadelphia, "Uncle Sam has not lived near enough to hxxl.") For her, stormy weather and the troubles that come with old age were at least as worrisome as blackouts, a sprinkling of bombs, and shortages of butter and sugar, and all these combined could not spoil her pleasure in living, and describing, her old-fashioned life. "I stopped in bed through the cold weather... like Mrs. John Dormouse," she wrote to a good friend in May of 1940. "Tell Nonya how many baa lambs I have on the sheep farm, 999, and the shepherd thinks there are a dozen more not counted and marked." Illustrated with her paintings and drawings, mostly from private collections, including twenty color plates.

IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF JOHNSON AND BOSWELL, by Israel Shenker (Houghton Mifflin; \$13.95). Johnson and Boswell, touring Scotland in 1773, would not have seen a truck transporting Tudor Crisps past the Firth of Forth; would not have heard Fort George's military band playing tunes from "My Fair Lady;" would not have seen a copy of Harpo Marx's autobiography on a bedside table in Macbeth's castle, at Cawdor, or Skin Rejuvenation cream on sale at the gift shop outside; and would not have heard (everywhere) debates about the causes and effects of "the glissade and the declension and the decadence" of society (as a minister of the Free Presbyterian Church put it), which began to ruin Scotland in the nineteen-sixties. In many other respects, however, Scotland has remained unchanged—most important, in its turbulent weather and its rough terrain, which prevent its inhabitants from finding food or time to waste, or from hoping for more

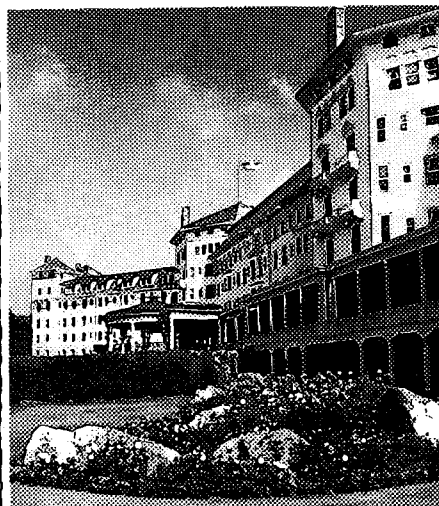
than the harshest religious doctrines offer. For all of Scotland's troubles and complaints, Mr. Shenker lost his heart to the country; in a preface to these twenty-four entertaining chapters (headed by apt excerpts from Johnson's and Boswell's accounts of *their* journey, and featuring visits with the descendants or the counterparts of the people they met), he confesses that he and his wife have chosen to settle there.

THE TUGMAN'S PASSAGE, by Edward Hoagland (Random House; \$12.50). This collection by one of our premier essayists includes travel pieces (from Africa), nature writing (from New York and Vermont), reporting (on a Port of New York tugboat pilot), and history (on Johnny Appleseed), as well as reflections on the Bicentennial, women's liberation, the difficulties of solitude, and the perplexities of writing. Much of Mr. Hoagland's charm is due to his attentiveness: his ability to be still and observe something unfold without interrupting. His patience before reality is married to a wry pleasure in existence and a keen delight in language. He is aware of contrast, but he conveys more deeply the continuity of all forms of life wherever he goes. He persuades us of the kinship of the exotic and the domestic, of the Sudan and Staten Island.

NOTE: "The Fate of the Earth," Jonathan Schell's assessment of the catastrophic dangers posed by nuclear weapons, has been published by Knopf (\$11.95). All the contents originally appeared in *The New Yorker*. . . . Lawrence Weschler's "Seeing Is Forgetting the Name of the Thing One Sees: A Life of Contemporary Artist Robert Irwin" has been published by the University of California Press (\$14.95). Some of the contents originally appeared in these pages. . . . "A Childhood in Scotland," Christian Miller's recollections of life in her family's castle, has been published by Doubleday (\$12.95). Again, much of the contents first appeared here.

SEX AFTER SIXTY, a helpful guide for both men and women by medical experts. Answers many questions people have about their love life in later years. Printed in extra-large bold type so it's easy to read. —*Spring catalogue from New Hampton, of Hanover, Pa.*

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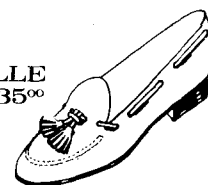
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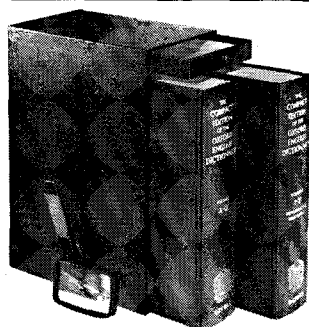
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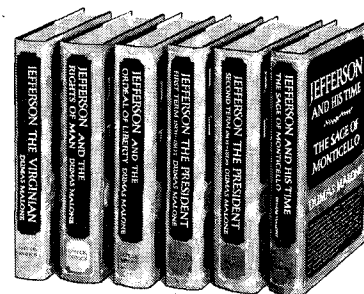
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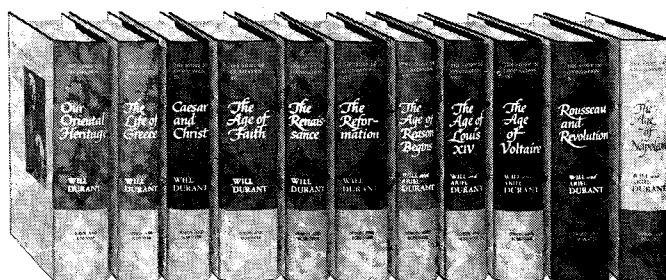
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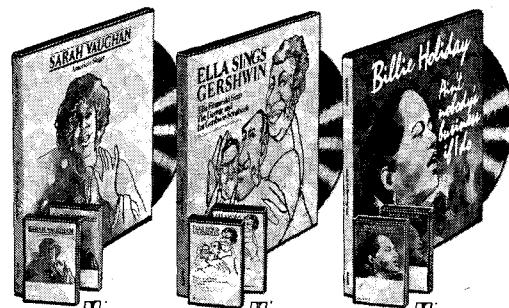
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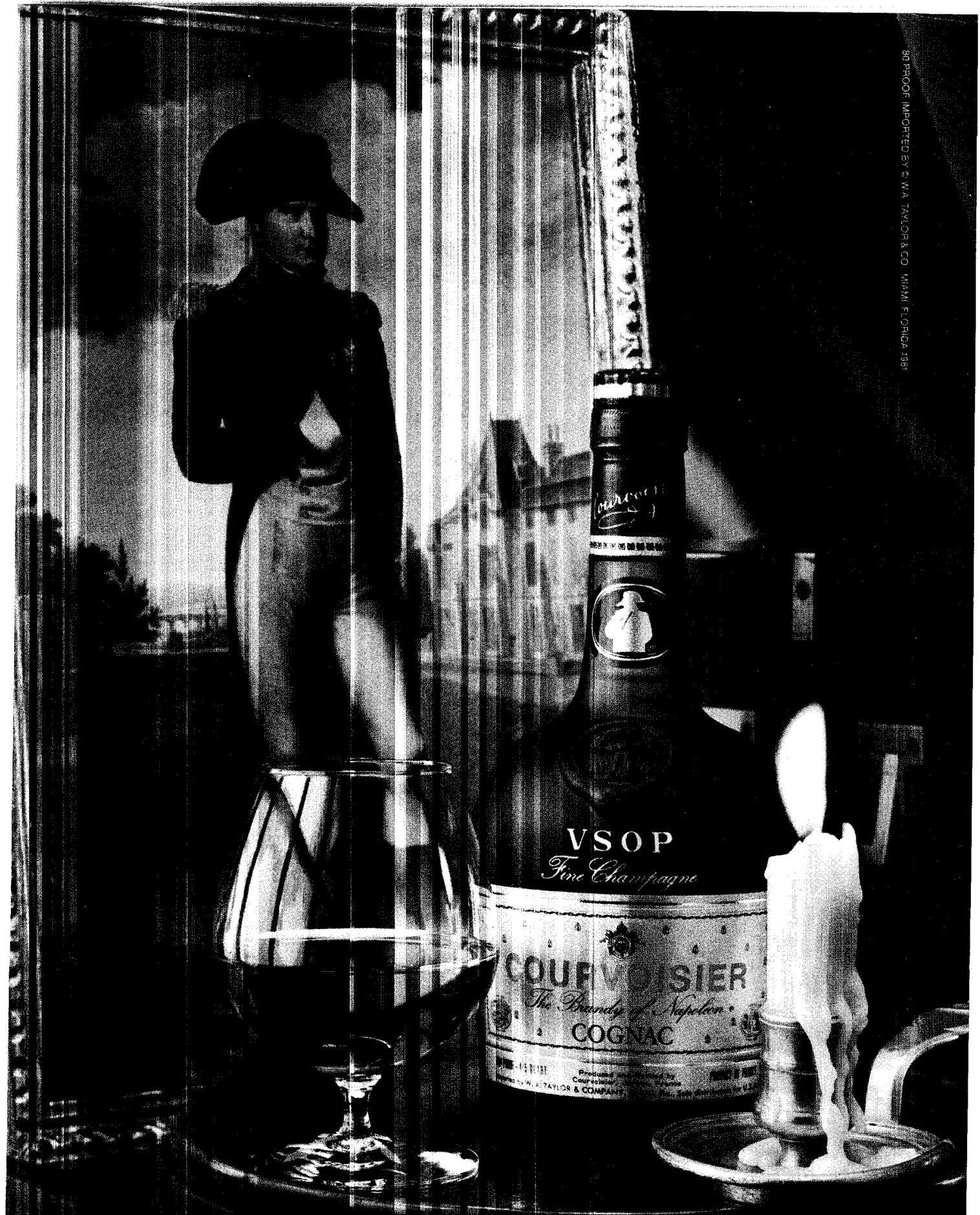
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